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"Lest we forget"

To Willard Weiss

In Friendship

Fred Luther '66

“LEST WE FORGET”

REMINISCENCES

OF

THE PIONEERS

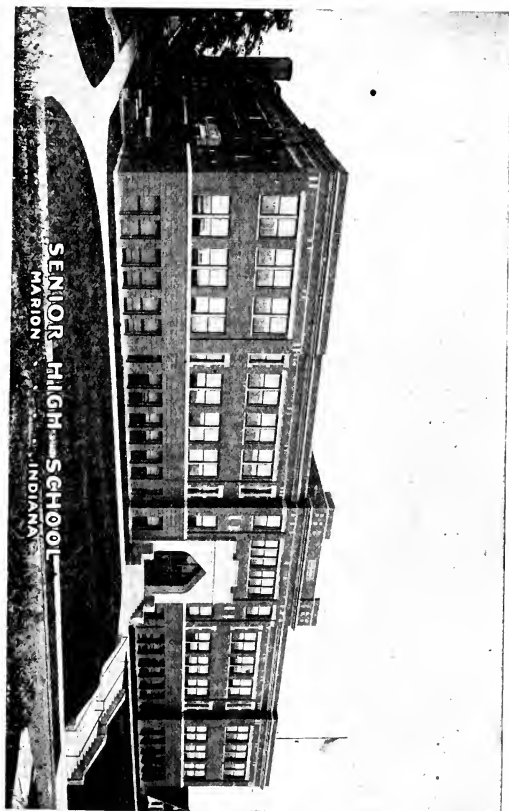
OF

GRANT COUNTY, INDIANA

COLLECTED
BY
HISTORY DEPARTMENT
OF
MARION HIGH SCHOOL
UNDER THE DIRECTION
OF
CORA M. STRAUGHAN

PRINTED
BY
PRINTING DEPARTMENT
MARION HIGH SCHOOL
UNDER THE DIRECTION
OF
B. H. PENROD

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To the Pioneers of Grant County

Who,

By their unceasing toil,

And heroic self-sacrifice

Have made possible the glorious Present,

This little Booklet is affectionately dedicated

FREPACE

In making this collection of stories of pioneer days in Grant County the compilers desire to preserve for this, and future generations, the rich store of material that is swiftly becoming inaccessible. With the passing away of this generation of pioneers the last of those early settlers who blazed the forest trails and laid the foundation for our present prosperity will have departed forever. The crude cabin has given way to the comfortable, modern home; the primitive forest has fallen to give place to cultivated fields and smiling meadows; the plodding ox-team has been displaced by the swift automobile. And we would not choose to have it otherwise. The world grows apace; yesterday may not become today; tomorrow will be rich in advancement.

The pioneer days in Grant County are gone forever, but we do not want them forgotten. The fearless men and heroic women who battled with the wilderness; who made self-sacrifice a joy; who toiled unceasingly that the virgin earth might yield her treasures, have handed down to us of the present too rich a legacy to receive no measure of devotion, no tribute of appreciation in return.

So the History Department of the Marion High School has attempted to save a few stories of these early days in Grant County. We do not claim that all contained in our little booklet is authentic. Old age forgets, and legend is not always truth, but the philosophy of these older people has been as a sort of benediction, and a joy has been ours as we followed them into the recesses of memory as they lifted the veil of the past; yes, more than that, we of the now have seen in their dear old faces the Light that fades not, the dawn of a Beyond that they are nearing.

We have realized the delicate nature of the undertaking. There are so many older persons whom we have not been privileged to meet whose wealth of information would have enriched our source material; we could not get to all parts of the County, but have endeavored to reach representative localities.

We feel especially indebted to Supt. A. E. Highley and the Board of Education for encouragement and support in this undertaking; to Mr. B. H. Penrod and the Printing department for courtesy shown in the publication; to parents who have aided the work of compilation; to friends who have rendered assistance in every way possible, and especially to pupils who have labored "over hours" that this little Booklet may be a success.

MARION HIGH SCHOOL,

HISTORY DEPARTMENT.

Marion, Indiana, 1921.

Cora M. Straughan, Teacher.

HOPE

By Cora M. Straughan.

It is not night though the sun has set;
On the western hills the light shines yet,
And even though the twilight fall
The evening star keeps watch for all.

It is not night though age has brought
The silvered head and the sobered thought,
And even should the Unknown call
The light of Love illumines all.

There is no Death, there is no Night,
We pass Beyond into the Light;
The aged face with its sun-kissed Smile
Is harbinger of the Afterwhile.

GABRILLA HAVENS (101 YEARS OLD)

"I was born in Bradford County, Pennsylvania, February 25, 1820. In 1837 my father, mother and their nine children came to Ohio where we remained long enough to raise a crop (or about a year) then we came on to Grant County, Indiana. Father did not like the country and did not want to stay but we children started to clearing the land and so we remained.

"When I grew older I taught four terms of school, receiving two dollars per week. By and by a man came along who had a farm and he persuaded me to come and live with him. I would have been happier if I had not gone with him. Girls, never marry; just stay in Marion and teach until you are gray-headed; Lord, you ought to be happy!

"I was twenty-two years old when I married. I have done a lot of hard work. My husband and I cleared twenty acres of land. He would get discouraged with the farm work, then I would go out into the fields and help him. We had eight children, so I had to work hard.

"My husband died June 30, 1863, and I was left with the care of the children, the youngest one being but three years of age; but we managed to get along. I would go out into the fields and work like a man. I raised those children with my own two hands.

"I had many chances to re-marry but I did not want a man. I never ran after the men; if I had, I'd a got one. One day I was out in the orchard with my children when a neighbor man came and asked me to marry him. 'I guess not,' I said, and turning to my children—'I will not leave them for any man.'

"What church do I belong to? I was a Methodist all my life until 1879 when I became an Adventist. Oh, I believe in it.

"You ask if my father had slaves? No-o-o-o, I guess not. Why, I would have burned my shirt to make a light for a run-away slave. My uncle sheltered Fred Douglas for four days in an 'underground station,' that being his cellar. He hid behind potato barrels, and they covered him with comforts to hide him from the slave owner.

"My great grandfather was in the Revolutionary War. My grandfather was seven years old when his father was called to war. The mother soon died and left grandfather with the care of four little sisters, two of them being twins but six weeks old. Some neighbors took the little girls and grandfather was sent down the river seventy miles with a flock of sheep. He took a saddle horse and food enough to do him a week. He was only seven years old and got lost in the woods. At night he tied himself to his horse so he could sleep and not lose it. For three weeks he wandered about and when his food was gone he ate with the horse—roots, grass, etc. At last he came to a 'clearing' and begged food. They took him in, but he never got back to his family for seventeen years.

"Yes, those were heart-rending times.

"Oh, must you go? I wish you could stay longer. Well, girls, remember what I said—DON'T marry, and may the dear Lord bless you. Tell your friends that an old woman one hundred and one years old blessed you. Good-bye."

This dear aged old lady was interviewed by Miss Gladys Cole (Senior, 1921) and Miss Straughan. She was sitting quietly in her old chair when they entered her room, apparently asleep, but when told there were two ladies who wished to talk with her she was instantly alert and delighted to talk with them about her "early days."

It was an inspiration to see the "light that fades not" in her countenance and feel the benediction of her last words.

"Of such is the Kingdom."

MARY WILLIAMS—LEAR

Mrs. Lear has reached the advanced age of ninety-five years, having been born January 27, 1827, in Fayette County, Indiana.

Mrs. Lear has been a widow for forty-seven years. "Yes, I am ninety-five years old and have had a hard, hard life," she said. "I lived in a little old log house with a fire-place so big that it took a man to carry in the back log. I often cut these back logs, then Old Rhoda, the mare, would haul them up to the house.

"I cooked over this fire-place. I had a number of 'hands' to cook for.

I would also do big washings for people and get twenty cents for my day's work.

"I was the mother of eleven children. How I did the work for them I do not know for there was no help in those days. Oh, what would people think of such a life now! We had nothing to drink but spice bush or sage tea.

"One time I gathered an apron full of chips for the fire-place and when I went to empty them a big snake crawled out upon the hearth. People had to be brave in those days.

"I can well remember Andrew Jackson and all the presidents that came after him. My father was in the war of 1812 and had some dreadful experiences. One time his company had to cross Niagara river. Only himself and two others made it alive. My grandfather was in the Revolutionary war. He saw the smoke of many burning homes. One time while out on the march he came across a woman that had been scalped by an Indian. She was lying in a pool of blood. He carried her across the river and bound up her head as best he could. Soldiers see such awful sights and war is a dreadful thing. I have heard them tell dreadful tales of battle."

"This dear old lady was lying in bed at her daughter's home, just east of Hackleman. She seemed to be suffering intensely but was very anxious to talk about the old days.

"When I look back over my life I think how good God is to keep me. I can't rest for pain but I am going to a Land where pain is no more. I'm not afraid to meet my God for I have tried to be good to His children. I have never seen a need that I have not tried to supply. All my neighbors relied upon me when there was sickness. 'In-as-much as ye have done it unto the least of one of these' is my promise."

There were fifteen in her father's family, only three of whom are living—herself and two brothers, age eighty-nine and eighty respectively.

What a testimony from one nearly a century old!

THE GHOST THAT WENT DOWN INTO THE GROUND

One day during the winter of 1890 a farmer living north of Marion butchered some hogs and among them was one that wasn't fit for meat. This gave some of the boys an idea to play a joke on a group of farmers who held meetings at No. 4 school house in Washington Township. The farmers who held these meetings belonged to an organization called "The Farmers' Alliance" and would never allow any of the boys to attend their secret meetings, much to the disgust of the boys.

A group of boys, about seventeen or eighteen years of age, decided to take the dead hog and try to scare the farmers at their meeting that night after the butchering, so, after taking all the hair off of the body they left it outside to freeze. They then took some red paint and painted the head, and this, together with wide-open mouth presented a ghastly appearance. They also took some of the hair and stuck it on the shoulders so that the hog would resemble a lion.

That evening, a short time after dark, this group of mischievous boys started across the fields toward the school house, carrying the frozen body of the hog. There was no snow on the ground and everything was frozen solid so there was no danger of leaving any tracks by which they might later be discovered. In order to make a safe escape doubly sure they sent one of their party around the road with a horse and buggy, that would be waiting for them after their joke had been completed.

Arriving at the yard of the school house they carefully looked around to make sure they had not been seen, then they cautiously mounted the steps of the porch. As soon as they were on the porch the frosty boards began to creak as if in warning to those inside, who were busily engaged in conversation. The boys gained the door in safety and carefully placed the stiffly frozen body against the door, standing it up on its hind feet and with its front feet and head against the door. All of the boys but one quickly retreated to the waiting buggy and the other, after giving a quick, loud knock, joined his companions and they were safely out of reach before the door was opened.

The farmers, when disturbed by the loud knock, first hesitated, then one of them advanced to the door and swung it open. With the opening of the door the frozen hog fell head foremost into the group of astonished

farmers, almost falling against the man who opened the door. All the farmers gasped in surprise when they saw this unusual object plunge into their midst uninvited, and a number of them felt rather weak and nervous, for the painted, frozen body certainly presented a ghost-like spectacle when coming so suddenly out of the darkness into the rather dimly-lighted room.

After a few moments, in which the farmers partially recovered their composure, the president appointed a committee of three to bring the body up to the desk where all of them inspected it. He then offered to give one of the men fifty cents to bury the body, so it was taken out into the woods and buried. They never found out who the guilty parties were and a small group of boys certainly had a good laugh over the joke they played upon this group of farmers.

This affair is regarded by many as a real ghost story and a large number of people who never saw the hog believed it was a ghost from what they heard and from what they read in the papers. In one instance a certain party said he could trace the "ghost" up to the school house by drops of blood and from there it could be traced out into the woods, where it "went down into the ground."—Lauretta Oatess.

WILLIAM AND NANCY MAINE (POINT ISABEL)

Mr. Maine was born in St. Joseph County, February 23, 1841. His parents moved to Howard County when he was about ten years old.

When he was a little fellow he was afflicted with "white swelling," which made him a cripple for life. His father started to take him to Niles, Michigan, to see a specialist, when he was six years old. They went in a big wagon and when they came to the river bridge his father thought it unsafe to cross with the horses and wagon, for the bridge was not a good one, so he left little William in the wagon to watch the horses and he went on for the doctor. Soon William heard a peculiar noise and looking up the river he saw a great object moving down toward the bridge. When it got nearly to the bridge, the bridge moved slowly back and let it pass, then spring back to place. It was a steamboat and a movable bridge, but to his childish mind it was the miraculous.

In 1851 they started to move to Howard County in big wagons. They made seven miles the first day. Some difference between that rate and modern vehicles! In four or five days they arrived at his uncle's home. His aunt had a good supper, among other things TOMATO PRESERVES, which he had never eaten before. Tomatoes then grew wild as weeds do now.

When they arrived at their new home the first thing they did was to clear a space large enough to build their cabin, then get the logs ready for this one-room house with its big fireplace of stones and its doors and window consisting of quilts. The first night after they moved in it snowed, but they used the "quilt" door and window most of the winter.

He had very little chance to go to school, but there was a "Geography school" at night to which his father took him on horse back. Old and young attended this "geography school" to see the maps and learn where the different towns were located.

He never saw many Indians; can remember when he was a little fellow seeing them going through the woods and knew by their walk they were not white men.

From Howard County he came to Point Isabel where he has lived many years.

When asked if life was worth while this dear old man of eighty smiled sweetly and said, "Yes, it has been good," although he has been a cripple and has worked very hard to get along.

Mrs. Nancy Hood-Maines was born in Rush County, Indiana, May 20, 1848. When she was five years old they moved to Liberty township, Grant County. They settled on a farm of 100 acres, only one and a half acres being cleared. Their home was a one-room cabin with a "ground-floor" porch.

The first night after their arrival the dogs were driven under the house by wolves, which frightened the children very much for they were not used to wolves.

She did not get to go to school very much on account of weak eyes. The games they played at school were ball and "black-man" and the girls would

jump the rope, or rather a grapevine.

In nice weather she helped pick brush to burn so the land would be ready to cultivate. Corn was planted by hand and covered with a hoe.

When a campaign year came around all the young folks would decorate a "float" or big wagon, with bunting and drive for miles to the rallies.

When she was ten years old they moved to Green Township, where she yet lives at Point Isabel.

These worthy old people work hard at carpet weaving. It is a pitiful sight to see them for Mr. Mains is badly crippled and she almost blind, but they are happy and contented. To such there will come "that perfect rest" which the Lord giveth to his faithful ones.



HISTORY OF GRANT COUNTY

The following is the story told by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Druckemiller, born February 26, 1849, and October 22, 1852, respectively:

In pioneer days the church services were nearly always held in school houses. In conducting Sunday school some one would read a chapter from the Bible and explain it. The preacher or "circuit rider" only preached about every two weeks. He would travel from one place to another on horseback. On the Sunday when he wasn't there, there would be prayer meeting after Sunday school. In the church the men, women, boys and girls sat in separate groups. Services were held only in the summer because the roads were so bad in winter.

The early school houses were built of logs. The windows were holes cut in the logs, and greased paper served as the window pane. There was a large box in the rear of the school room which had a slanting lid on it and served as a writing desk. The larger pupils were permitted to use this during the day when they had writing to do. Before they left of an evening all the pupils would put their books in this box to keep the rats and mice from them.

The pupils sat on backless benches made of split logs, and there were no desks at all. They used to get very tired sitting on these benches all day long.

The teacher was almost always a farmer also, teaching alone would not make a living. School only lasted three months and the wages were very small. The teacher would carry his broom from home to sweep the school house. His wife would use it before he started to school and then do without it until he returned at night. The teacher had the larger boys to cut wood at the noon hour.

The pioneer homes were built of logs, and were heated by a fireplace over which all the cooking was done.

Parents were somewhat strict. When they told children to do anything it was done without a second telling.

The roads were mostly corduroy. Men would cover the logs with dirt so they would not be so rough riding over them, but they were very rough even with the covering.

The Roseburg pike, just south of Roseburg, near Pipe Creek, would often flow over. The water would wash the logs loose and it would be dangerous to drive over it. People would travel at the side of the road in order to avoid traveling on the logs. The water and mud would come up to the horse's side. The only way one had of traveling was by going in a big wagon, on horseback, or walking. In walking to church or school one often went across the fields so it would not be so far.

The clothing worn by people was very plain. It was mostly homespun. The trousers were all home-spun and made of different kinds of materials, either linen, cotton or wool, according to the weather at the time of wearing. The best suits that were homespun were "four-leaf" jeans. One could make "two or three" leaf jeans if he wanted to. The suits were mostly two or three leaf jeans. The dresses were mostly home-spun and made very plain with plain waists and gathered shirts. They were opened down the back. A linen dress was considered very fine, for it lasted a long time and new dresses were hard to get.

There were not many amusements. There was hunting and apple-butter making and in the fall folks would collect and play games and have a good time. They would take turns in stirring the apple butter. When

they hunted the game consisted of deer, bears, 'oppossums, foxes, coons, porcupines, rabbits and squirrels..

They did not embalm when a person died. The friends or neighbors would take a stick and measure the dead person, then take the measurement to a man that made caskets. At the grave the casket was lowered into the grave with the lines from the horses harness. They would pile the dirt on the grave about a foot and a half high and make it into the form of a body.

People raised corn, oats, wheat, a little rye and much buckwheat. The wheat and oats were cut at first with a sickle in swaths, and then some one would follow and bind it into sheaves. Later the cradle was used and as years passed on better harvesters came into use. The wheat, oats and corn were stored in the barn, then in the winters the neighbors would gather and shuck the corn and thresh the oats and wheat. One way of threshing was to pile it on the barn floor and lead a horse over it until the grain was scattered out. Another way was flailing, which was done by piling the grain and beating it out with a flail. The flail was a stick about five or six feet long, having holes bored in one end, and another stick about half as long strapped or tied to this one. A person using the flail had to be careful that the end did not come back and hit him. After the grain was beat out it was picked up, chaff and all, as you could not separate it, and then went to a wind mill where it was cleaned. Later threshing machines came into use; not these run by steam engines, as they are now, but by horses going 'round and 'round. These were followed by better machines.

There were no railroads in Marion in those days so all the grain had to be hauled to Wabash. It took two days to make the trip—one day to go, and one day to return.

"When I (Mrs. Druckemiller) was about five or six years old, an old Indian lived about a quarter of a mile back of us. We all called him 'Injun Jim.' He used to come over to our house often and he has held me on his lap many times. Once I got sick and he told my parents what to do. His medicine was found in the woods. I kept getting worse and he got alarmed and said that he expected my parents should call a doctor.

"Injun Jim' was very fond of hunting. He had a pet deer that he caught when it was little. It ran in the field with the cows and when they would come to the barn in the evening for milking the deer came with them. He killed many deer in the woods but he was very careful that no one killed his pet.

"I remember of the Indian squaws coming to our house once in a while but they never stayed very long. The pappoose was tied to a board which stood outside the door while the squaws were inside the house.

"A neighbor of ours used to come to our house once in a while in the evening. He was an old man and always delighted in telling stories. I don't remember any of the stories but they were always about ghosts, goblins and witches. We children always hated to see him come because we were always afraid to go to bed after he left. When we went to bed we imagined we saw all kinds of things.

—Compiled by Geneva Druckemiller, 1920.

ABSILLAR EVANS WHITE, 82 YEARS OLD. (Colored, living on 32th St.)

Absillar Evans was born between Smithfield and Raleigh, North Carolina, March 10th, 82 years ago, although she is not exactly sure of her age.

"That is what the insurance people told me," she said. She had two brothers and six sisters.

Her parents were not slaves, for her mother's mother was white; her father was an Indian, and his mother was a gypsy, so she hardly knows what race she belongs to.

However, her people were treated no better than slaves. The whites would not let them come about their homes.

When a tiny child she remembers playing with a "pine-bough baby," which was nothing more than the bough of a pine tree dressed up for a dolly. But the pickaninnies had little time for play for they were kept at work from daylight until dark—always something to do. She worked in the cotton fields and the rice swamps. She would "drap" corn, plow corn and "uck" corn in the planter's fields; all day long she worked until

she could scarcely walk when night came.

She said she had also worked in indigo. This was put into a "barl" (barrel) and soaled, then churned with a hoe when it would curdle like butter. Then this "mud" would settle and the water was then "dreaded" off. The contents was put into a leg, lye was mixed with it and it was used for coloring goods. "A collar that never faded," she said.

Sometimes we niggers had plenty to eat and sometimes we didn't. We lived on corn meal, rice, fat pork and berries. We drank water out of a gourd and milk out of a "cymblin" (or small gourd). We had pewter plates, dishes and spoons, which we had melted into shape. Our knives and forks were made out of fish poles. We used wooden combs and home-spun clothes. A woman's dress was made with one straight piece of cloth with a draw string at the waist and neck. We wore a rag over the head, or went bare-headed."

She never had a shoe on her foot until she came to Indiana when she was thirteen years old.

The "white trash" and "niggers" would start to church bare-footed but when they got nearly there, to the "meeting" house, they sat down on a "foot-log," brushed their feet with a cloth and put on their shoes. They did this so they would not wear out their shoes.

But the "aristocrats" would go to church in a carriage that would dazzle the eyes. The "niggers" would sit behind on a "waiting board." The carriage had curtains that protected the "fine folks" from sun or rain. The "nigger" boys went along to hitch the "hosses," while the "agls" went to "hisk" the "umberels."

The slaves ate breakfast at ten o'clock and dinner at five. The overseer would blow a horn (the "mess call") and the colored folks would hurriedly collect about a trough into which their food was poured as if for hogs.

One of the slave owners near her mother's home owned five hundred slaves.

"I never saw a white man good to his slaves," she said.

Another master whipped a stout young slave, Boston Avery, until his clothes stuck to the clotted blood on his back. Then he sold him to a Southerner, a planter, but he died from "nose bleed" caused by the flogging.

She remembers the "Patteroles" who would ride about after night-fall and every black person they found without a "pass" from his master they would whip.

The "Speculators" would also collect negroes and sell them, like a drove of hogs. They would be separated from their families whom they would never see again.

When a slave died he was buried in the lonely woods after night, with nothing to light up the dismal scene except a torch, or "pine-knot." No funeral was preached. "Why should a hog's funeral be preached?" she pathetically said.

Once a man came to her mother's home and told her if she would go with him he would take her to a FREE land. A group of sixteen colored folks collected and came to Indiana with the man.

At the age of sixteen she married William White of "Kanetucky," and they came to Grant county where she has lived ever since. At that time there were no railroads nor "turn-pikes" and water stood in pools on the ground the year 'round.

Marion consisted of a few log houses and one store.

The first she knew about the Civil War was one morning she went to wash for the "missus" and the "missus" was crying and said "Jim" (her husband) would have to go to war. She persuaded Mrs. White to go to Jonesboro with her. She did not want to go for every one would call her "nigger." But that day there was a big crowd collected, talking excitedly about the war. One woman said: "Why can't we let the 'niggers' go and do the fighting for themselves? The war will be over by breakfast time." But breakfast, dinner and supper passed by many times before the awful war was over.

Mrs. White is the mother of ten children, five boys and five girls, all but two of whom are dead. She is a pleasant old lady with snow-white hair and kindly eyes. She would laugh merrily at parts of her own story; at others she would assume a tragic, pitiful, or half-defiant air.

"I'm glad I've lived although I've worked like a 'clinker'! I've worked all my life and have nothing to show for it, but I'm glad I'm livin'. I hope to go to rest when I'm done with this life. Surely I've a right to REST."

"INTERESTING FACTS"

The first negro brought into Grant County was brought by Mrs. John Wallace, the mother of the present Mr. John Wallace. Her husband had been appointed paymaster over this territory and she came from Washington ahead of her husband with the negro, Frank Lewis. After he began to work for them he took the name of Wallace, which was the custom in those days. Mrs. Wallace came over the old Marion-Anderson stage line. The negro rode until he reached the city when he climbed out and walked beside the coach. The citizens raised quite a disturbance about it, but Mrs. Wallace stepped out and showed them her small pearl handled revolver and said that they touched the negro at their peril. Mr. Wallace was a very prominent man and that was probably the reason that they obeyed. After Mr. Wallace died Frank went to Peru, where he lived until a few years ago, when he died.

Mr. John Wallace, Jr., was the first boy to take piano lessons and his father brought the first piano into the county, and Hiram Weeks, an uncle, brought the first melodeon.

Mr. John Wallace, Sr., was the first judge to sentence a man to be hung in this county. The crime was not committed here, however, but in Wabash. A man and woman had killed five people and buried them on their farm under their bedroom and directly under their bed. Mr. Hubbard was the defendant's name. The crime was committed on the farm of Mr. John Wallace's uncle and the defendant was a brother to the judge. The man was sentenced to be hung and the woman to life imprisonment. Mr. Wallace almost gave up the judgeship before he would give the death sentence. There has never been such a touching scene since in the court rooms of Marion.

Recently Mr. Wallace, Jr., paid the lady a visit. She seemed to be in perfect health for an old lady; in fact, she was handsome and had a beautiful complexion. She told Mr. Wallace that her trial was absolutely just and also that of her husband. (She was supposed to be the worse of the two). It has been but a few years since she passed away. She was never violent, but always calm. It is said that if one would look at her they would never guess her a murderess.

—Told by Mr. John Wallace.

GEORGE BECHTOL (63 YEARS OLD)

Mr. Bechtol was born three miles east of Wabash, Indiana, sixty-three years ago, but has lived in Grant County for thirty-seven years.

When he came to Washington township there was very little clearing and practically no ditching done, for the water stood on the surface of the ground most of the year.

He paid \$800 for forty acres of land, clearing the forest, ditched it, and built his little cabin. When he and his young wife first came to their new home they came over a "puncheon" road that was so narrow that one wagon could not pass another. One had to be sure he had the "right of way" or he might have to "back up" so the other fellow could go by.

In an early day a part of Mr. Bechtol's farm had been prairie land, due to a beaver dam near by. The beavers had cut all the large trees down. He has often unearthed large oak logs that once made a part of the dam, but when they are exposed to the air they dry up, or wither.

This "open space" was the only part of the surrounding land that was not heavily wooded. The early settlers had used this open space for a common meadow land and when the grass was "ripe" they would all come in and cut and "cure" it and then haul it to their several homes on "Yankee sleds"—a kind of mudhoat.

Mrs. Bechtol said if she had seen the home to which she was coming before they moved they probably would not have come, for it looked like "desolation" with its old dilapidated cabin, and the water standing everywhere. She said many a time the first season, they would have to get up in the night to move out of the range of the shower, for the roof leaked

so badly that it would be pouring down upon the bed.

She had to keep old coverlets and comforts piled thick upon the beds to keep the water from the feather beds. But soon they built a better cabin and started their pioneer home.

The last deer killed in that part of Grant County was shot on his place. The old "Indian Trail" from Marion to Fort Wayne also went through this place.

Mr. Bechtol hauled flour from Lagro to Marion forty years ago and delivered it at Mose Bradford's grocery, and at Koontz's restaurant which was located where Price's clothing store now is.

"But that old swamp-land is now the richest land found anywhere, and Grant County roads are superfine," said Mr. Bechtol.

AN OLD MARION FAMILY

The name Goldthwaite, sometimes spelled Goldthwayte, Goldthwaite and Goldthait, came from a family in Yorkshire, England—a part of England occupied by Nidderdale Yeomen. The name "thwaite" means a clearing, or land reclaimed from the forest, and "Gold" was probably a baptismal name.

Cimon Goldthwaite's people came from England and settled in Massachusetts. His father, John Goldthwaite, came with an expedition led by Gen. Rufus Putman to Ohio in 1789.

Cimon Goldthwaite was born in 1820 in Fairfield county, Ohio. While a youth he moved with his mother and sisters to Marion, Indiana. Mr. Goldthwaite taught school, studied law, was admitted to the bar, but soon abandoned the profession for a mercantile business which his sons carried on until January, 1916.

He was a man of earnest convictions and a high sense of honor; a strong local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal church. He died in 1875 leaving a widow with seven small children. It was in 1848 that he met and married Martha Emily Stevens, who had come with her parents to Indiana in 1846, from Logan, Hocking county, Ohio.

Martha Emily Stevens was the daughter of Elias Robert Stevens and Matilda Brown Rose. The Stevens family came to America from Wales and settled in Pennsylvania. Elias' father, William Stevens, was a soldier in the American Revolution. The father of Matilda Brown Rose was John Rose, a gunner on Perry's battleship, and lost his life in the battle of Lake Erie. The Rose family came from Scotland. Martha Emily Stevens, or Mrs. Cimon Goldthwaite, was the grand-daughter of William Stevens and John Rose.

Mrs. Goldthwaite possessed a most interesting history. She was born in 1832 in Bedford county, Pennsylvania, at an inn on the top of a mountain situated on what is now the Main Continental Highway. Her parents county, Ohio. She lived through the period when the flints gave way to candles which in turn were followed by lamps, gas and electricity.

While Mr. and Mrs. Goldthwaite had owned two small houses, the one in which they reared their family is what is still called a picturesque residence property. From a cornfield the place developed and every shrub and vine were planted by Mrs. Goldthwaite. Even to the end, at the age of eighty-seven, she kept in close touch with the managing of her house and she took an intense interest in life. Such a character developed a family devotion that left an imprint on the large circle of friends.

—Contributed by Miss Emily Goldthwaite, 1920.

EARLY GRANT COUNTY

Mrs. tout has heard her mother and her husband's mother tell much about the Indians. She said the Indian men and women both rode astride, the women using shawls and blankets for skirts and tying large bright handkerchiefs around their heads.

The Indian Reserve was near Jalapa and in 1828 there were 1,800 Indians on the banks of the Mississinewa and Wabash. Her father traded with them. They made maple sugar and molasses. She said as far back as she had heard of them the Indians were very friendly. Some of their words were, pakoosh—"meat," and paqua-heegun—"bread."

Often as many as twelve Indians would come to a white man's house

and stay all night. The white people in the early days had log cabins with hatch strings on the doors. No one ever thought of locking their doors.

There are Indian mounds all through the woods and in plowing the men often find darts and weapons used by the Indians.

In 1829 there were only about two or three houses and a small store in what is now Marion. In 1827 there was the first mill on the Mississinewa, where Charles' mill now stands.

As late as 1836 and '40 there were deer to be found around the county. Bears, coons, 'opossums, skunks, wolves, otters, beavers, wild cats and foxes were hunted for their furs. One man claimed that he saw a lion but that is doubted.

Every family had its riding horses, with a saddle for the women. Her mother spun the flax and made table cloths, grain sacks and carpets. She has a ball of thread yet that her mother made. It is strong and very durable.

Her father's mother in 1830, with three small children, traveled alone from New York to Grant county. She came by way of the Great Lakes and canals and stage coaches. There were very brave women in those days. They were not afraid of work. Her mother-in-law worked in the fields showing all of the children how to work.

—told by Mrs. Laura J. Stout, aged 77 years, 1920.

ALEXANDER LINDSAY (65 YEARS OLD)

Mr. Lindsay was born April 23, 1856, about one and one-half miles east of Fairmount. The family moved two miles south of Sweetser in 1857, so most of his life was spent there.

This part of Grant county was low and flat. There were ponds and marshes that were open the year 'round. A green scum would collect on these which produced malaria. People would have ague all summer. The remedy was a dose of quinine, as much as could be lifted on a case-knife blade. About four doses would break up the ague for a week. Finally the malaria would develop into "third day ague." Mr. Lindsay had it in its worst form when he was a boy. One day an old lady, named Eliza Paine, told him she would cure him if he would do just as she said.

When he felt the chill coming on heat water and put into a "tobacco" bucket; make half gallon of ginger tea; put the feet into the hot water and drink the tea. As soon as sweat started go to bed, cover with four or five comforts and a feather bed on top.

He tried this remedy and slept for two hours. When he awoke he was as wet with sweat as if he had been dipped in the river, but it was a cure for he ever had the ague again.

He never went to school one hundred and fifty days in his life. He started in Ray's old Third Part Arithmetic and in thirty-four days was over to "Interest." He never got a "whipping" himself but one time when the teacher was whipping another boy the end of the rod hit him and he thought he was hurt and just cried and cried.

He used to work for \$15 per month, or fifty to sixty cents a day.

He was small when the Civil War broke out but he remembers the soldiers going to the war. He lived back off of the road and ran down to the bars when he heard the fife and drum. The only man in their neighborhood who took a weekly newspaper was Elijah King. It was the Cincinnati Enquirer. One night about two o'clock Mr. King came to Mr. Lindsay's father's home and knocked and Mr. Lindsay invited him in. He said: "Well, Dan, the war's 'broke out!'" They lit the old grease lamp, stirred the fire, read the paper and talked until morning. They talked about the attack on Fort Sumpter.

Mr. King would bring his paper over every week and they would discuss the contents. He went over the neighborhood and read the paper to the people, keeping them informed of events.

Mr. Lindsay recalls when the soldiers began to come home wounded. Mr. Byrun Heavilin had one-half of his hand cut off. Daniel Shockey was shot in the mouth. The ball was taken out at the back of his head; half the under jaw was removed, and he is living yet.

The following was found by Mr. Lindsay in a tile mill in Liberty township. It was taken from an old Justices Guide Book of the Statutes of 1845:

"State of Indiana to Andrew Buller, J. P. Grant County, Constable of Liberty Township, greeting: You are hereby commanded to summon Martin Bates to appear before me, Solomon Parsons, a Justice of the Peace of said township, at my office on the 25th day of November at 11 o'clock a. m. on said day to answer to Alexander McKee on a due bill to the amount of \$2.62, 10c interest here on and make due service and return.

"Given under my hand and seal this 24th day of November A. D. 1845, one dollar credit the 25th of July A. D. 1845.

(S. L.)

"SOLOMON PARSONS, Justice of Peace."

Mr. Lindsay went to the old Indian church (west of Fox Station) in a "spring wagon" forty-seven years ago. An Indian, Wan Coon, preached. He tried to teach the Indians to be civilized. While he preached he placed a revolver on the pulpit desk and thus impressed them. They were well-behaved at all times during the service.

One time James Sassafras, called "Indian Jim," was going on the old Delphi road. Two other Indians met him, saying:

"Where go, Jim?"

"Go to preach."

"What get for preach, Jim?"

"Get dollar."

"That's damned little pay for preach."

"Well, it's damned little preach!"

Not unwitty even for an Indian.

Mr. Lindsay was afraid when he was a child of old Indian Jim because he was an "Injun."

"O, times have changed so much since I was a boy. Young fellows did not have much chance to make good then except by hard work. There was no bluffing—life was a stern reality. But even at that the old days were good," was Mr. Lindsay's words at parting.

MEMORIES OF THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN IN MARION LONGEST— 85 YEARS

David Hogan was born at Lancaster, Ohio, March 22, 1832. His parents came to Marion in 1836, hence he has been a resident of Marion for eighty-five years.

He has watched the growth of Marion from a little pioneer village to a thriving industrial center.

He does not remember the "falling stars" of 1833 for he was a mere infant, but has heard his parents tell about it often. Many people thought the end of time had come.

In the great flood of 1847 he was one of those who went in a flat boat to rescue a widow, Mrs. Edwards, and three or four children. Mr. Hogan does not think anyone about Marion was killed in this flood, but it did a lot of damage, carried down fences and hay stacks—one with an old rooster on it crowing lustily.

They were building the first frame court house when the Hogans came to Marion. It was used as a school house also, for at time. Robert Guilbert and Dr. Ayers were teachers there. This old frame court house was finally sold to a man named Butler, who used it for a hotel and called it the "White House." It burned later.

The old frame court house was replaced by one of brick. The bricks were made of clay found in the Indian mounds around town and were burned on the ground where used.

When the Hogans first came to Marion there were only a few families living here, among them being Sam McClure and Robert McClure, who owned a hotel back of the Goldthait store, called the "Indiana House"; Riley Marshall, grandfather of Vice-President Thomas Marshall; Tom Wall, a tanner whose tan-yard was on Boots street, north of the present post-office (Mrs. Kile is his great-granddaughter); John Moore, Billy Miles, a blacksmith who married John Moore's daughter; James Sweetser, who owned a store on the north side of Third street; his brother, Bill Sweetser, who owned a store on the south side, just across the street; Mr. Stubbins, a tailor; Martin Boots who had a distillery and sold whiskey at 10 cents a gallon; Reddin Chance, county treasurer, and David Branson.

Bill Sweetser lived in a cabin in the woods on what is now the alley

back of the I. O. O. F. hall; Mr. Stubbins lived on the lot where the Marion National Bank now stands.

Dan Lease came July 4, 1836. He settled on the river at what is now Branson street and started a tan-yard. Shortly after coming he invited several families to his home one Sunday morning at nine o'clock for a Methodist class meeting. The night before he set a seine and caught a four-pound bass. It was too late to clean it before the meeting so he put it in a tub of water. He asked Mr. Hogin and family to stay for dinner. Said he didn't enjoy the meeting very well for that fish kept floundering in the water and making so much noise he was afraid the people would hear it and all of them want to stay for dinner.

The father of Sam and Bob McClure built the first log jail on Boots street, beyond the postoffice. Once a man was put in the front room of the jail but he tore the door down and carried it down to the mill pond and threw it in, saying: "I get tired of opening that damned door." The other door he took and placed under Riley Marshall's barn.

Once the Methodists were holding a revival in the old court house. A preacher, Rev. Hall, was conducting a quarterly conference when a fellow by the name of Branson (a saloon keeper) came over and told Hall he wanted him to quit preaching as it hindered his business. Hall left the pulpit and came down to where Branson stood, took him by the coat collar and the seat of the pants and tossed him out of doors on a wood pile. (Apparently Rev. Hall watched as well as prayed.)

Enoch Hendricks would get intoxicated once in a while. One time when a little too full he said, "Well, I have made Marion, and a h—ll of a make have I done!"

The first regular school house was built on the Horton place at what is now Eighth and Washington streets. There was a big woods between it and town. It was a two-room building of slabs of logs. The seats were of the same material, placed half way around the wall so that the pupil, while studying, had his back to the center of the room. The first cemetery was on Fifth and Gallatin streets on what is now Joel Overman's property. It was just a small cleared place in the woods. When the town grew up to it, it was removed to Third street hill. There were never more than seven or eight persons buried in this first cemetery.

There was a ferry boat at Adams street for crossing the Mississinewa river. The island just west of Washington street bridge was much larger than now and was "farmed." Corn was planted there.

No street had gravel on it. Some of the storekeepers brought slabs of stone from the river and put in front of their stores for a walk. It was a treat to walk on a sidewalk.

There was a dwelling house where the Oyster Bay was located. Across the alley was the block house for protection from the Indians. It was made of logs split in two without the bark on them. It had holes in the chinks for the guns. The whole town came here for protection when there was a raid by the Indians. When Mr. Hogin first remembers it the children used it for a play house, and it was torn down three or four years later.

The county treasurer was Reddin' Chance. He went about the county to collect taxes taking pay in skins. He would sometimes come back to town with only his head showing above the furs. Mr. Hogin's father bought these furs of Chance and sold them to Davy Conner. Often he has seen their barn stacked with fur from floor to rafters—beaver, fox, raccoon, deer skin and squirrel.

David Conner was a very early settler in Grant County. He had a trading post down the river at Sutton's Ford. He had a grist mill, later sold to Barley, and known as Barley's mill. Conner was also government agent for the Indians. He would go to Fort Wayne in a big wagon with a nail keg full of silver half-dollars with which to pay the Indians. He owned a small store and generally got back most of their money. He also bought furs of the Indians and sold them to Eastern merchants or Detroit buyers.

One time four Indians came into Conner's post to kill him, for they thought he had wronged them in some way. He picked up a hammer and burst in the top of a keg of powder, struck a match and said, "We will all go to hell together." The Indians left with precipitation.

One time Conner was sick and sent to Marion for Dr. Shiveley. When the doctor was ready to leave Conner asked him what he owed him. Shiveley said he supposed it would be worth about a dollar. "I want to pay you," said Conner, and sent his daughter to the cellar for some money. She returned with a wash-pan full of half dollars. "Take your pay," said Conner, and of course she did. "I said she took two dollars," said Shiveley, "but you are coming out here," and made him take all he could hold in both hands.

Mr. Hogin said there were six or seven hundred Indians on the Reservation. They would come to town, men and women, on horseback single file. They got in the habit of riding that way when there were no roads and continued to do so after roads were built.

If an Indian killed anyone the rest of the Indians would punish him. A certain Capt. Dickson shot a man on Jim Turner's porch on the Peru road. The local authorities were going to send men to capture him, but the Indian Chief, Meshingomesia, sent a posse of Indians after him saying, "No! No! White man no find, Indian find him." They came back—all but the murderer. They had punished him.

Mr. Hogin said he learned to talk enough of the Indian language to talk to them when they came to the store. He has often been to their adoptions and feasts. They usually had whiskey, dog meat and hominy to eat. He could drink a little whiskey and eat a little hominy, but he could not go the dog meat.

One time, when just a boy, Mr. Hogin was standing back of his father's store, (located where Merritt's drug store now stands), and several Indians came filing into town to trade. One squaw took her papoose which was strapped on a board and stood it against a stump, then she threw the reins of her pony over the same stump and went into Jim Sweetser's store to buy something. Mr. Hogin heard the little papoose scream and turned in time to see a great fierce sow pull down the board upon which the papoose was strapped and with one awful bite take in the whole face of the baby. The mother, too, heard her baby's cry, and rushed out only to find the awful tragedy finished. Her agony was indescribable. Then with that silent Spartan-like indifference to pain that characterizes the Red race, the Indians collected about the scene. One young warrior picked up the dead child and placed it in front of him on his pony and started for Indian Village. The other Indians, including the broken-hearted mother, mounted their ponies and silently fell into line, and thus this weird cortege left the village of Marion, with one more sad incident added to its pioneer history.

Mr. Hogin cast his first vote for Scott in 1852. He was not quite twenty-one but was married and started in business so no one thought to challenge his vote, but he, himself, was so sorry after he put the ballot in the box, that he would have given ten dollars to recall the act, but he could not do it then. He did not even tell his wife what he had done, for he was sure she would not have approved his act. That was the last Whig election.

Mr. Hogin said he was raised a Methodist and has always liked them very much, but his wife belonged to the Christian church, so he went into that. "One can live right in any church if he wants to; it is a question of the heart, after all," he said.

In those early days there was an abundance of game—deer, wild turkeys, squirrels, etc. People generally lived on venison. Wild hogs were very dangerous. The settlers would kill the hogs, cure the meat, then take it to Cincinnati to sell or trade. The trip was made in about twelve days. They drove to Richmond, took the stage to Hamilton, Ohio, then a large bus from there to Cincinnati. They usually hitched from six to eight horses to the stage or bus on account of the roads, and had to change every eight or ten miles. They made about twenty-five miles in a day.

The first two weeks after the Hogins came to Marion they lived on venison and potatoes for they could not get a pound of flour. They finally had to send a man to Fort Wayne to get flour.

People would often get lost in the dense forests of Grant County in those early days. One time a man and his daughter started somewhere and got lost. About forty or fifty neighbors started to search for them and at last found them, the father, exhausted, sitting against a tree asleep, and the little girl was lying with her head on his knee. They were so weak

they could not go any farther and were nearly eaten up by mosquitoes.

After this long conversation with Mr. Hogin we arose to go, under protest from him, for he said he loved to talk about those old days. "Tired? Well, I guess not. I am not old, I'm eighty-nine years young!" And truly it would seem so, for this venerable gentleman is youthful in spite of his silvered hair and well-nigh sightless eyes.

"May peace be with you," were his last words to us, and we felt the benediction of eighty-nine rich, full years upon us.

—Elizabeth Wilson, Cora Straughan.



ONE OF GRANT COUNTY'S HAUNTED HOUSES

There used to be an old log house of one room and a loft, about twelve miles below Marion on the Mississinewa river. It was built by a pioneer from Ohio, who was killed by an Indian soon after he settled there, and his wife was carried away by the Indians. The log hut was built several rods back from the road, which, at this point, ran through a dense forest.

Naturally, after the tragedies above mentioned, the house was said to be haunted. Stories were told of fires and strange lights seen in the lower room, and mysterious sounds heard in the loft. As a result, no one would live in the hut.

One winter afternoon three boys living several miles up the river, decided they would hike to the hut, and, if possible, find out just what caused these "haunts."

They arrived at the house about the middle of the afternoon. They had been telling so many stories of the house that when they got to it they were almost afraid to enter it. Finally they ventured in, but heard nor saw nothing, so they built a fire in the great fireplace, declaring they were going to make it so warm that the ghosts would leave. They bantered each other to sleep there all night, and finally decided to do so. Darkness drew on, and the boys ate their supper. A little later they heard a strange noise in the loft. They were too frightened to speak and the awful silence added to their terror. They listened intently and heard a sound as if some one were rocking in an old broken rocking chair, then they heard a woman singing her baby to sleep. By this time they were able to talk and reasoned that some one had recently moved into the house. They went softly up the peg steps to the loft to beg pardon for intruding but when they got there the sound ceased and not a person could be seen. There was nothing there but an empty rocking chair. One of the boys tried to summon his courage by sitting in the old chair.

There was a roll of rag carpet standing in one corner of the loft; it began to rock back and forth. The two boys ran to the steps, but the one sitting in the chair said, "Let us kick the devil out of that carpet," and kicked it vigorously. Some unseen force, which felt like a man's hand, shoved them all down and piled them in a heap at the bottom. They all plunged for the door at the same time, and didn't stop their high speed until they were half way home.

Those who were not superstitious explained the matter by saying the wind blew through the cracks of the old loft and produced the singing noise and the sound as of the rocking chair. The rest, they said, was fear and imagination.

—Told to Eugene Wilson by his grandmother.



CHARLES HOLSINGER

Mr. Charles Holsinger was born at Wurtemberg, Germany, in 1845.

He went to the German school until he came to America, at nine years of age. The German teachers were very strict. The pupils did not dare to assert themselves. Mr. Holsinger was whipped at school for being tardy. He remembers when he was quite small of his aunt carrying him to school to be vaccinated, for the teachers did the vaccination.

He came across the ocean in the "Solomon Fox" vessel. It required thirty-four days to make the voyage from Havre, France, to New York.

At Strassburg he saw the wonderful cathedral.

His father came to America because of the rigid military service in Germany. It took too many of the best years of a man's life.

Great numbers of Germans emigrated to America because they were dissatisfied with the German government.

Often the government would loan its war horses (no longer fit for vigorous service) to farmers to cultivate their fields. He remembers seeing one such horse begin to fall into line of battle when it heard some military music.

When he came to New York emigrant station there was a missionary selling Bibles for thirty-six cents each. He went up and asked the missionary to give him one but the missionary told him he could not read it. "Let me show you," said Holsinger, and he proceeded to read it, whereupon the missionary gave it to him, and he has it yet in his possession, a much cherished volume.

From New York the Holsinger family came to Cincinnati and from there to Preble County, Ohio, where they farmed a nice farm.

Mr. Holsinger was married to Malinda Harter in 1881. She was a Hoosier girl, having received her education at Liber College.

They lived in Indiana for a time then went to Nebraska and remained for two years near North Loupe; then back to Indiana and on to an English settlement in Tennessee, named Rugby. This was an "ideal" settlement formed by Thomas Hughes and Charles Kingsley, but like the Owen experiment at New Harmont it proved a failure, and was changed into a health resort. Thomas Hughes visited the colony three times. It was located in the Tennessee mountains.

The Holsingers lived in the house which had been erected for the Browns of England.

The Holsinger children attended the Rugby Road school, taught by Laura Taylor, sister of Rev. James Taylor, now president of Taylor University. His father was the "circuit rider" of Rugby neighborhood.

From Rugby Mr. Holsinger and family came to Grant County and are now living near the Soldiers' Home Corner.

Erlert Holsinger, former teacher in Marion High School, is a son of Charles Holsinger.



REV. KEMMER

Rev. Kemmer was born in 1847 in Germany, but his parents, thinking America would be a better place to raise their child came to the United States and settled in Ohio in 1850. They lived in Lima until 1872, then went to Zanesville where Mr. Kemmer served as pastor in a Lutheran church. They came to Grant County in 1882.

Mr. Kemmer was well educated and while preaching decided he would teach too. He had to go a long way to take the examination and, because of the distance, was late. The others had begun and the officials were afraid Mr. Kemmer would never make it, so advised him to wait. He wanted to begin teaching and had to have the certificate, so he talked it over with the clerk and the father of the clerk knew Kemmer and knew he was gaining a fine reputation so they granted him a certificate to teach without taking the examination. The next year he took it and made good.

In 1872 he married Catherine Fouts in Morgan County, Ohio. They had twelve children, seven of whom are still living.

Mr. Kemmer had a charge near Wabash in a Lutheran church until 1893, when he retired. He then moved to Converse. From there he went to a farm about seven miles from Marion and about seven years ago he moved to 2127 South Washington street, where he and his wife now live.

They came to Grant County about the time of the discovery of gas. He saw Marion as a small village and now sees it as a small city. He said the great "jump" came with the coming of the gas for then the people began waking up.

Rev. Kemmer does not preach regularly, but occasionally.



SCHOOLS OF WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP—PAST AND PRESENT

It is not our purpose to give an extended account of the rural schools of the township, or county, but to state in a general way the progress as observed and experienced by the writer in the locality in which he spent his boyhood days, presuming that like conditions prevailed in the other localities.

Free education is a basic principle of our country. It is true the maintenance of our schools is by taxation, but the benefits are shared by rich and poor alike. Some, however, object to this arrangement or system for the reason that having no children of their own to send to school they contend they reap no benefit from it.

They fail to recognize the fact that the common school is one of the mainstays of our civilization and one of the chief corner-stones of the republic. There is no greater a security or guarantee (except the Christian religion) for the safety and happiness of a people than a well directed system of education.

That the schools of Indiana in an early day, as well as now, were not perfect is self-evident. There were many difficulties to overcome, log cabins with paper windows and benches without backs for seats. This kind of buildings used.

The text books, while answering the purpose, were not the best. The length of the school term was two and a half to three months during the winter when going to and from school was the most difficult, on account of bad roads, and often the lack of any roads at all.

One of the first school houses built in the northwest part of Washington township was in section eight on the land now owned by Moses T. Bradford's widow. It was a long cabin typical of all other school houses of that time. Any one that could read, write, spell and perhaps cypher a little, was permitted to teach.

Such, in brief, were some of the conditions and difficulties under which the schools in an early day were established and maintained. But this state of affairs did not last many years, for, as the population increased, better houses and accommodations and more efficient teachers were demanded, consequently the little frame building took the place of the log cabin, and the teacher had to know, besides reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic, something about geography, grammar and history.

Previous to this time the school houses were located where they were the most convenient to the greatest number, but when the frame houses were built they were placed on section lines two miles apart so that all the children living on four sections could attend the same school.

These frame houses were a wonderful improvement over the log cabin and served for school purposes for almost a generation, but as the country continued to grow in population and wealth, other and better buildings became necessary and the brick began to replace the frame buildings. Physiology also was added to the course of study.

The requirements of the teachers were raised, the school law modified, revised and amended until Indiana occupied an enviable position in her school system, having almost reached the top in the efficiency of her schools.

—O. L. Bish (Age 75).



HISTORY OF GRANT COUNTY

The Indian was the sole inhabitant of the county until 1823, when the white man came. Goldsmith Gilbert, from near Muncie, was the first white settler, and he established an Indian trading post in Pleasant township. Martin Boots entered the first land in Grant county, after the county was organized.

The first marriage in the county was that of Mr. and Mrs. John McCormick. The second was that of Nelson Conner and Sallie Boots, daughter of Martin Boots. These were both in 1830, and as the county was not organized at that time, they had to go to Muncie to get their license. The first license to be issued was to John Smith and Mary Ann Thomas, in 1831. The first birth in the county was Robert Mallott, in 1827, and the first death was Charity, daughter of David Branson, in 1826.

The first court house was built on the site of the present court house, and was built of wood. This was built in 1833-34 by James Trimble. The second court house was built in 1838 by George W. Webster, and was built of brick.

The first jail was built in 1831. It was built of logs, and cost about \$500. In 1868 it was declared insufficient for prisoners, and a new one was contracted for. This one had a residence connected, and cost about \$34,000.

The first school was held on the Foster farm, in 1828. It was in a log cabin. William James was the first teacher. In 1830 a school was held in a small log house on the Martin Boots farm, now the west side of the public square. The only qualification necessary for a school teacher were to be able to read fluently, spell correctly and to know the multiplication table up to the third table.

The first newspaper was the Marion Democrat-Herald, which was first published in 1842.

About 1890, some surveyors who were digging for the Kirkwood gravel road, southeast of Fairmount, uncovered an Indian burying ground. The peculiar thing about this was that they were buried in a sitting posture, the heads being uncovered first. The bones were yellow with age, but the teeth were well preserved.

Also, when Marion was first laid out, several Indian mounds were found. One was situated just back of Buchanan's old marble shop on Third street, and the first court house was built on a mound. This one was the largest in Grant county, being sixteen feet in height and sixty feet in diameter. These mounds contained many human bones, and an expert from Chicago said that the people must have been seven feet tall.

The bones of some mastodons were also found. These were broken up, but a part of a jaw-bone was found which weighed thirty-seven pounds. Also, a tooth was found which weighed seven pounds. The expert said the mastodon itself probably weighed nine tons.

—Extracts from an old Atlas of 1877, Compiled by Janice Wall, 1920.

MRS. ELIZABETH HOBAUGH-ALLEN

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Allen, mother of Mr. Alvin Allen, tells the following story of early days:

When a tiny girl she used to go on horseback from her home on to her Grandfather Hobaugh's home near the old Hobaugh cemetery. She had to go through a dense woods, so thick she could not see the sunshine. She had to pass close to the cemetery and coupled with a fear of Indians (who were not likely to be there) her journeys on the bridge path were not altogether pleasant. She was also afraid of a great log which lay by the path, which to her childish imagination, was the place of concealment of "wood-ogres."

When she started to go home her grandfather would place back of her a sack of fine apples on the side-saddle, half the sack of apples would be on one side of the saddle and the other half on the other side, thus balancing itself. And what apples they were! Not like these "sickly" four-cents-a-piece apples one buys these days, but great rosy vandivars and yellow bell-flowers that grew in luxurious bunches on the old apple trees.

Her grandfather's cabin consisted of a living room, bed room and kitchen, which in those days was quite palatial.

When her aunt, Priscilla Hobaugh, died in 1847 she remembers they placed the casket on the front porch for those who wished to view the corpse, although it was in February, and quite cold.

She says she can almost hear yet the barn-raising "call" of her father. He would call out to the lifters, "hea-o-hea" as they hoisted the great logs in to place in building the barn.

Her father worked for old Johnny Bocock for 60 cents per day, splitting rails, clearing the forest, and all kinds of hard work. She recalls old Johnny Bocock's wife, quite blind, sitting by the open fireplace and knitting stockings. Every now and then she would say, "I've dropped a stitch," and someone would have to come and correct it, then she knit on.

The house is yet standing where she and Mr. Allen were married fifty years ago. She says the neighbors had threatened to serenade or "cow-bell" them, so they were married at night and not even the nearest neighbor knew it for ten days.

Her husband, James Allen, was teaching at the time, and she was taking care of her aged parents.

When little Alvin was old enough to walk he would "toddle" down to the plank fence, climb to the top, slip the ring off the gate and run off to the school his father was teaching, about forty rods away. She says: "I can see his little bare tracks in the dust yet. Oh, the sweet memory of

those past days. It has saved the world, the fact that mothers do not forget."

"Little Alvin seemed to have a mania for teaching. Before he had learned his letters I would ask him what he was going to do when he grew up and he would say, 'I will teach school like my papa.'

"I began to teach him early. When he went to his first term he took his First reader, and I had a Second reader so he could study it at home.

"Little Alvin's dream came true, for, sure enough, he taught school for many years, and is yet teaching history in the Marion High School.

Mrs. Allen said she could remember long ago when she used to go with her grandfather to feed the sleek white pigs. She would ask him: "Grandpa, are you a Democrat or a Whig?" and he would say, "I am a Whig," so it must have been before "Republican" times.

In conclusion, Mrs. Allen said, "Oh, those childhood memories—how sweet to think of them."



MRS. Wm. LENFESTY

In 1847 Sarah Coggeshall was born about one and one-fourth miles from the Frame Love farm, south of Marion. Her father entered land in about 1840. His land lay from about 34th and Washington streets to near Thirty-sixth, going west, covering forty acres. They next moved to the Frame Love farm. This was when Sarah was about thirteen years old. She went to school in a little log house, starting when she was about six years of age.

Mrs. Lenfesty told of when her father first came here. He was working for only 50 cents a day and they had no meat when they got word that the grandparents were coming. They were much worried for they thought they would have to go hungry and have nothing to give the grandparents to eat. Mrs. Lenfesty's father just happened to open the door and look out when he saw a great flock of wild turkeys. He shot some and indeed, then they had a glorious feast. They thought it must be Providential that it should happen that way.

Mr. Coggeshall was a great abolitionist in time of the Civil War. He helped many negroes to get to Canada. They had a big covered wagon that they put them in and then tied chairs and other pieces of furniture on the back to make it look as if they were moving.

When the war was over and the smuggling of slaves was over with Mr. Coggeshall began on the liquor traffic. He was a strong prohibitionist, one of the first in the party. All his children and all his sons-in-law were prohibition workers too.



MRS. LUCY GOODRICH

Lucy J. Miller was born February 26, 1847, in Sandusky County, Ohio. Her father was Christopher Miller and her mother Katherine Senter. In the Miller family there were six boys and six girls, Lucy being either seventh or eight, she has forgotten which.

In 1854, when little Lucy was seven years old, they came to Grant County in a big covered wagon. While on the way, the man who was driving was talking and laughing with the girls and forgot to watch where they were going. Suddenly the wagon went over a high embankment but no one was seriously hurt.

Mr. Coggeshall had never had but a few weeks of education but when his children were young he studied with them. He was well posted on educational lines and was a very ardent worker.

Miss Coggeshall was married to William Lenfesty in 1871, and has since then lived in Marion.

She has been in W. C. T. U. work for fifty years and has worked diligently all that time. She was one of the few who tried so hard to keep the saloonkeepers from getting license, but they managed to get it anyway.

Mrs. Lenfesty said she thought on the whole, the world was better then than now for the young people had higher ambitions and higher standards than they do today. She wonders what the coming generation will be.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lenfesty are now living on West Fourth street, Marion, Indiana, and seemingly are well contented and very useful citizens.

When they went through Van Buren the mud was so deep they sank to the axles. It was very early in the spring and the mud was so bad that it was almost impassable.

The Miller home was about two miles north of Sweetser, not far from the river. William Raypholtz and Abraham Picksler owned the land north and northwest of them, James Weaver on the west, and on the south and east Moses Harter, William Hess and Harrison Bragg.

For one whole winter the family, as large as it was, lived in a little round log cabin, about 15x20 feet. They were glad to get even this kind of home for the journey had been hard.

Mrs. Miller and her daughters raised flax and made linen; they also raised sheep and made flannel. They spun and colored the fibers themselves but hired the weaving done. They made their linen as it is made today but had ruder implements. They hackled and scutched and broke the stalks and combed it but they had no means by which to weave it into cloth.

Besides the care of the youngest child Lucy did a great deal of work on the farm. When the river rose too much for people to ford it, Lucy, with her canoe, carried them across.

Sweetser was a village with one home, a log cabin, in it at the first appearance of the Millers' in Grant county.

In 1864, when Mr. Miller went on a trip to Idaho in a train of wagons, Lucy worked on their own farm, helped the neighbors, planted the corn, tended it, harvested it and helped her uncle so he would be willing to help her in return. She also prepared the cane and took it to the sorghum factory. She was paid for this whole season's work her board and a new calico dress.

The Civil War is still very clear in her memory for she had three brothers in the army and one in the standing army. One was killed, one wounded, and the other went through without even a scratch. The wounded one is still living in the Soldiers' Home at Danville, Ind.

She said she never had but one dress at a time and they were all muslin that her mother dyed with maple bark, making them a clear purple. She went through the grades and went to the high school in Sweetser that lasted about six weeks. The Millers' were Methodists and attended Mt. Zion church, a little frame structure which has long ago fallen into ruin.

When she was young the only amusement was dancing but she did not go to these very often.

The first political campaign she remembers was when Buchanan and Fremont were candidates. This was when she was only ten years old but she remembers it distinctly.

Lucy saw the first train pass through Marion. It was on the Pennsylvania line and was a great event. The railroad was almost out of town, for at that time Fourteenth street was the beginning of the country proper.

The brick court house was new when they came here and was a very imposing building. The jail was a log cabin with iron doors. It was on Boots street, down near the river.

On March 22, 1881, Lucy J. Miller married Ezra C. Hill with whom she lived until his death. Her second marriage was to Andrew Goodrich, September 9, 1905. She was the mother of two girls, one of which died when four years old and the other is now living on a little farm a few miles southwest of town.

Mrs. Goodrich has a watch taken from a rebel. It ran until recently, when she wound it too tight.

She said she well remembered the plank and corduroy roads and the great difficulty they had in going over them, especially when a plank or two was out.

Mrs. Goodrich now lives on her own little farm southwest of Marion, and is contented. She is a well-read, intelligent woman. Her mind is clear for she practices the things she preaches. She says, "My body must get old but my mind never shall for I don't like to think of becoming old."

—Mary Herzog.

Type by C. Stanley.



TOLD BY AN OLD RESIDENT, ABOUT 75 YEARS OLD

1. Early Churches—

The early churches in Marion were just like they are now except that there were only two or three of them. The Methodist church was the first one here. The new sects coming in first had itinerant preachers, but this one lasted a short time.

2. Early Schools—

One of the earliest schools here was the old Academy, located where the Central School is now. It had one teacher, a Mr. Spurbeck. Another school was the so-called college. It was where the Charles Block is now. Mr. Samuel Sawyer was the teacher there.

3. The Pioneer Home—

Pioneer homes were quite often log cabins, with crude furnishings, made by the same hands that built the cabin, though sometimes people would bring some furniture with them when they came here from the East. The cabins were sometimes one room and sometimes two, with a porch between, separating them entirely.

The main thing in the cabin was the fireplace, which was usually quite large, so that immense logs could be brought in and used in them as back logs, to burn for a long time. The fireplaces were used both to heat the houses and for cooking purposes. They were provided with large cranes to hang pots or kettles on. These cranes swung back and forth over the fire or out over the hearth. Skillets with legs about two or three inches high were used. They could be set down in the fire over the coals. Another thing used was a metal reflector that sat in front of the fire and reflected the heat back on the things cooking in the fireplace. Some things, such as potatoes, were just put into the hot ashes and baked.

4. Travel—

In pioneer times Marion had no railroads, consequently all the travel from here was done by stage coach or on horseback. The nearest trains were at Anderson and Wabash. There was canal travel out of Wabash, too. Mail came to Marion every other day, by stage coach from Anderson or Wabash.

5. Amusements—

The greatest amusement of pioneer children was the circus. It did not come to Marion very often, only about once every year. Other amusements were Maypole parties and taffy-pullings. By the time these children had grown up the amusements were much more like they are now, such as dances and oyster suppers at the Spencer House. However, the amusements of these childrens' parents were log-rolling, husking bees, quilting bees, apple-parings, barn raisings, etc.

6. Indians.

Early Marion had gravel streets and no sidewalks. Most of the houses sat out close to the street with their yards or gardens behind. Almost every day Indians would come to town riding along single file, the chief one among them riding in front and the squaws behind the men. They came to town to trade for, or buy calico for dresses. They always bought just eight yards.

Only part of the people's clothes were made from hand-woven cloth at this time. Most of them were made from cloth brought from cities such as Toledo and Cincinnati.

—Information obtained by Susannah Jones.



A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848

Mrs. Josephine Taylor tells the following story of her parents' experience in France before they left for America in 1848:

"Just before the real war started the men were warned to get out of Paris as quickly as possible. My father was one of the lucky few that succeeded in getting away before the gates were closed, but his wife and two babies were left in the basement of their home while the fighting was going on.

"They fought for three days and three nights without ceasing. My mother said there were so many killed that one had to step in blood if he went upon the streets. As it was in warm weather cholera developed and many people died. The disease would seize people so quickly that they

would drop dead in the streets. My mother sent her maid for some groceries, and on her way she took cholera and dropped dead before she could get home.

"In a few days after the war was over the gates of Paris were opened and every one permitted to come back, but as they came to the gates if they had the least sign of dirt or blood on their clothes, or even dirty hands, they were allowed to step within the gates only to be shot down like dogs. My father chanced to be dressed in white so they passed him in with honor. He said there were already about twenty-five men lying in a heap dead.

"As this was too horrible to live in, my father and mother decided to come to America.

"My mother had a brother who was a general in the Revolution so he arranged for them to come at once."

—Told to Daunita Taylor, Grand-daughter of Mrs. Taylor.

NANCY WHITE-PRICKETT

At Deerfield, Randolph County, Indiana, eighty-six years ago, Nancy White was born. Her parents moved to near Jalapa, Grant County, when she was twelve years old, so she has lived here in Grant County for seventy-four years.

Her father's farm and Joaquin Miller's father's farm "cornered." She remembers young Miller quite well, for he and her brother were "cronies." "Miller was just a common kid so far as I could see," she said. "His name was Heine, but folks called him 'Heiner.' The name 'Joaquin' must have been given him later. I think it must have been about 1850 that his people moved away and I never heard of him any more until he became a noted poet."

When Mrs. Prickett was a little girl she had lots of fun playing "ring-around-a-rosy," blind-fold, drop the handkerchief, and other interesting games. "My mother was as good a mother as ever lived, but father was stricter—he saw to it that I 'toed the mark.'"

She went to school about two or three months every year; never went to any teacher except her father, with the exception of summer terms. Her father made all his pupils goose quill pens. The school house was made of rough logs; the seats of split logs with pegs for legs. The writing desk was a board placed on pegs in the wall; the windows were made of greased paper. Her father whipped her once only, at school, but she sometimes had to stand on the bench for punishment. "I was not very bad like children are now," she said.

She had rheumatism when only a child. She slept in the trundle bed by herself for fear the other children would hurt her.

She also had chills and "shaking" ague. When she felt a chill coming on she would run outside and gather up trash and start a fire in the fireplace and lie down on the floor with her feet toward the fire. After the chill was over she would have high fever.

She was very much afraid of the Indians when they first moved to Grant County for she had heard dreadful stories of their cruelty, but she soon got used to them and often attended their Sunday meetings in the old Baptist church. They would give testimony in their own language and seemed quite happy. Reverend Smith was the white preacher who converted many of the Indians.

Old Wau Coon was their native preacher. Mrs. O. M. Thomas and Lillian Prickett (Mrs. Prickett's daughters) were invited to old Wau Coon's for Sunday dinner once. And a good dinner it was, consisting of fried chicken, sweet potatoes, pie, cake and other "goodies." They were treated royally.

She remembers the election of James K. Polk. This was one of the campaign songs:

"Hurrah for Polk and George M. Dallas:
The Whigs are going back to the gallows!"

She heard a lot about the Mexican war. Not many men went from their neighborhood except Bill Morehead and Bill Dawson.

When her parents first came to Grant County they lived near Jalapa in a log hut. The fireplace had a dirt floor. Once in a long while water would rise up in this fireplace and put out the fire. They could not under-

stand it.

One time a neighbor, Mrs. Bechtel, was going to see them and had to pass through a lonely wood. Midway of this wood she saw a man coming toward her. He seemed to be a pecker for he had a pack on his back. As he drew near her he disappeared mysteriously. She was disconcerted and afraid and when she got to White's she asked Malinda Fields, a cousin of Mrs. Prickett, and a medium, concerning the strange disappearance of the man. Malinda said the "spirits" told her this man was Jim Clay, an Indian, and that he was buried under the floor. He had been shot in the forehead and killed, then buried and Whites had built their house over his grave. He told Malinda if she would take up his bones and bury them in the White-neck cemetery the water would not rise in the fireplace again.

The neighbors soon heard this story and came over. The floor was removed and they dug down about a foot and found a skeleton, an Indian blanket and some long hair. Mrs. Prickett tied all this in a rag and buried it. The water never raised in the fireplace again.

Mrs. Prickett does not try to explain this. She simply says she tells the solemn truth. This thing occurred over seventy years ago. It was her brother James, and Henry Sutton, who took the bones and buried them.

Mrs. Prickett is remarkably active and bright for one of her age, and is very interesting to talk to.



SHORT HISTORY OF SWAYZEE

(By Mr. and Mrs. Munea)

Mr. and Mrs. Munea moved to Swayzee about the 15th of October, 1885, from Bunker Hill.

When they moved there were no sidewalks, and when it rained and they wanted to go any place, they had to wade through the mud. It is said that it was so muddy in Swayzee that a garter snake would mire down going across the road.

There were very few business places in Swayzee then. There was one brick building owned by the Plank boys, and one store owned by Mart Smith, and also one or two small storerooms. There were also two churches, the Methodist and Christian.

The first railway was the Narrow-gage railroad, the rails being about four feet apart. When one rode on that railway they never knew whether they would reach their destination or not.

Swayzee's first great improvement was in 1893 when they built a glass house. A brick building was erected later, owned by Mr. Larkin, Mr. Fry and Mr. Munea. After that they began to build sidewalks. At first the buildings were all brick, later they were built of cement.

About 1889 the first town council met. Those present were M. D. Bish and John Daugherty; Elgin McCorkle was the first clerk and treasurer; Jim Mullen was the first marshall. Mr. Munea has served on the town board for about twenty-four years. He first served sixteen years, then was off for about four years, then served about eight years more.

The first bank was in 1894, and was the Farmers' Bank. In 1910 it was consolidated with the First National Bank. Eliot Curtiss started the First National Bank. Jimmie Curliss was the cashier. The directors were Marion Curtiss, Charley Leer, Meredith Leer, Titus, John Miller and George Smith.

The Farmers' Bank was started by M. J. Lozier, Mr. Daugherty later. After he died the directors were Mr. Larkin, Mate Lazier and John Peterson.

In about 1881 or 1882 they had their first postmaster, John Greenlee. There was a mill in one end of the town close to which the vehicles were hitched. They drove two-wheeled wagons then drawn by two horses, because the mud was so deep. The old mill burned down quite a while ago.

When Mr. Munea moved to Swayzee he stopped at the old mill and unhitched some of his wagons and made his load lighter because a heavy load could not be hauled over such bad roads. Everyone moved in wagons then. When they came to Swayzee it was almost all woodland but it was soon cleared away.

In 1903 a canning factory was started but after awhile it burned down.

Mr. Munea is a very pleasant man. He was born in Tippecanoe County

in 1855. He has lived in Swayzee for nearly thirty-five years.

—Contributed by Esther Cammack.

MORTON MILES

"Ikey" Gentis was born in 1844 in Ohio. He came to Grant County in 1850.

The community in which he lived in Ohio was undeveloped but the people always sought new opportunities and the frontier life appealed to them. Mr. Gentis' father, upon coming to Grant County, together with some other men, cut a road through what is now Swayzee. The ground was swampy and even after Swayzee had become a village, water stood in the roads most of the year.

Some of the earlier settlers had cleared a tract of land north of what is now Swayzee and although this was three miles from their home the Gentis family rented part of it and farmed it until their own was cleared.

An interesting fact is that although they settled here in November, it was not until the next spring that the Gentis family learned of the village of "Slasher," only two miles distant. Some men were taking produce to Wabash, the nearest trading post, and the trail that they traveled went through Jonesboro, but hearing that another trail existed they tried to find it and discovered this small village.

The early settlers consumed large quantities of game. Wolves were plentiful but wild hogs caused more trouble than the wolves.

The nearest grist mill was Somerset. Slasher had two stores at this time.

A mail carrier made a trip each week from Marion through Roseburg, Slasher and Greentown to Kokomo. This man was Irish and always rode a mule.

When the Pennsylvania Railroad was built through Marion it brought a market nearer the community where the Gentis' lived. Later a narrow gauge road was built through Swayzee and Swayzee became a rival of Slasher.

People did all their own work and the children thought themselves lucky to be allowed three months schooling during the year. Even though the families were separated by dense forests and streams the sound of a bell or a horn was sufficient to bring in friends in time of sickness or trouble.

Mr. Gentis joined a company at Slasher and served in the Civil War with George Steele as his major. He said he was glad that the people of today could not apprehend the hardships and trials of soldier life at that time.

Land around the home of Mr. Gentis in an early day sold for one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre. Many people looked forward to the price going higher and so bought a great deal of land. The speculators came around each spring and subtracted a small amount and then a road tax was made so the "profiteers" really lost a great deal.

MEMORIES OF MRS. LOUISE NELSON, AGE 82.

AND MR. M. R. PEARSON, FIRST SETTLERS

There has been much discussion as to who the first settlers of Grant County were. The records show that John Smith and Ann Thomas were the first people married and coming into the county one month after its organization. People remember having heard their ancestors say that the Malott and Adamson families were the first people to enter what is now Grant County. Samuel Adamson was the first white male child born in the county.

The settlers were widely scattered, each settler having to build his log cabin of one or more rooms, clear his land, and live among the Indians.

The settlers had to drive in a two-horse wagon many miles to reach a store. Usually there would be but one store for many miles. Mr. Martin Griffin, who lived just across the river east of the Soldiers' Home had a store. He drove to Cincinnati and bought the groceries for this little store. He had a grist mill which was run by a large wheel six feet in diameter; he also had a saw mill. All these things kept him busy much of the time.

Just east of Mr. Griffin's farm was a snake den. It was one hundred and fifty feet from the water (a creek being just below it.) During the heat

of the day the snakes would crawl out on the rocks to sun themselves. In the den were all kinds of snakes, mostly the black and yellow rattlers. The den was made of stone. It is told that Mrs. Griffin crawled into the den one day to see about some traps which he had thrust into it. He found there were holes as round as could be and it was as smooth as glass. The den was made like a honey-comb.

Before Mr. Griffin was married the Indians camped above this snake den. They had dug many holes in the ground looking for money they had hidden there. At night they paddled out in their canoe down the river and lighted fires. They then put out "deer licks." This was salt for the deer and when they came into the light they stood still and the Indians killed them.

Near Jalapa then was an Indian village and another one east of Marion several miles. They traveled from this village to the one near Jalapa, and on their way they stopped at Mr. Johnathan Pearson's for food. They would come to the door and as they could speak very little English, they made signs indicating they wanted food. They always traveled on ponies. They sat down on their feet while eating and then would run out and jump on their ponies. They didn't thank nor offer to pay Mr. Pearson for the food as they gladly gave it to them.

Soon more and more people came to the county, each man clearing his ground and building their cabins and barns.

The Pennsylvania Railroad started to build a railroad from Union City to Marion, cutting through what is now Puckett Cemetery. They made the

—Contributed by Irene Pearson.

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SOME WAR STORIES

(By Griffith Nelson)

"I was born May 19th, 1845, in Monroe Township, Grant County."

"The day before I enlisted in the army I was threshing at the home of Israel Lucas. This was on Saturday and on Sunday there was a meeting at the old 'meeting' house. Some men came out and was calling for volunteers and I enlisted. I was only sixteen when I enlisted and served three years.

"I fought in the battle at Vicksburg. We were in fourteen big battles. One time we fought twenty-four days without stopping. Was mustered out of the army at Mobile, Alabama, and was discharged at Indianapolis and then I came back to my home and made my living by ditching, until I moved to where I live at the present time, First and A streets, Gas City. I saw pretty hard service.

"At Atlanta, Ga., we fought a hard battle. For seven days and nights I lived on parched corn. We then marched through Mississippi, Georgia, Kentucky, Alabama and across the corner of Florida. Bob Andrew came to me at Yellow Bids and was pretty near all in.

"I was then taken prisoner at Montersville, Kentucky, but was prisoner only one day and night when I made my escape.

"This is the way I escaped: I had a folding tin cup, and when it was opened it held a quart. I went to a pond and the water was covered with dead frogs, moles and leaves. I brushed the trash back and got my water. Pretty soon old Jim Bragg rode up and asked what I'd take for my cup. I said, 'I don't want to sell. 'I'll fill it with brandy,' said old Jim. He filled the cup and I drank it.

"I thought I had the privilege of going where I pleased. Well, I had a blanket and a revolver. One guard wasn't going to let me pass and just then old Jim Bragg rode up and said, 'Let that little soldier go where he pleases.' I passed the guard and I like to swim pretty well so I lumbered off toward Green River. I swam across the river and went up hills and hollows. We met some other vagabonds like myself and we went along the fields or country where there were no inhabitants, so we ate green briars. Once I was getting green briars and got hold of something else green. It happened to be a green snake. That broke me of eating green briars.

"Soon we came to where an old man lived. We ate our supper of bread and milk and afterwards there was to be an apple-peeling. We peeled apples and afterward danced until morning and then the old gentleman

took us across the Ohio river. From there we went up to New Albany, then Indianapolis, where I got my discharge, and then to Wabash. There I met my old neighbors, David Pearson and Gilbert Nelson.

"While in the army I laid in the hospital seven days and nights with measles and pneumonia. The doctors told me I was going to die. I told them to give me some lemonade. I went to sleep and when I woke up I was sweating like a trooper. I got better and was soon out in the weather again.

"Once we marched through Missouri, making forty-five miles in one day. It was so muddy the cavalry couldn't get through. We caught old Price in his headquarters and routed him out, following him to Blue River, and gave him a whippin'. He went to Texas and another band met him there with the cavalry.

"Another time when we marched through Tennessee 'twas muddy, as it usually is, and we plowed up to Nashville. The snow was six inches deep and I pulled off my shoes, put on two pairs of sox and went barefooted through it.

"Once when we went in camp I was walking along and came on to a big snake about ten inches in diameter. It wouldn't go in a wash tub. Of course I was scared to death so I shot. Up came an officer and said, "Who shot?" Not one would tell on me. He came to me and said, "Do you know who shot?" "Yes, 'twas me," I said. "Do you know that's against the orders?" "Yes," says I, "but look there!" There was that great big snake tumbling around on the ground. The officer looked up and said, "I'd have shot, too," and walked off. That place was the one where we moved our beds so much the bed bugs couldn't catch up with us.

"Another place where we were camped, an officer rode up on a mule. I asked if I could have the mule for a little while. I said that I wanted to go and get something to eat. (I never stole before in my life). I went out and got a watermelon, about a half bushel of potatoes and a chicken.

"I got my things together, got on the old mule and started for camp. I just got a good start and heard rebels coming. I made the greatest retreat ever known in history. The old mule was running and he jumped a rail fence. I got across that forty-acre field and behind a woods. I thought I was safe then. I turned the old mule around and fired. The first thing I knew the bullets were flying thick and fast. My mule went down and I thought he was killed. He jumped up and we started for camp again, losing no time.

"Pretty soon we (the old mule and I) met some officers. They asked what was the trouble. I told them there were two thousand rebels coming after me. He told me I had made a brave fight and asked if I would go back with him. It was a pretty hard thing to do because I thought I was already shot. I felt something cold and thought it was blood, so I made an investigation and found that it was my watermelon bursted while making my retreat."

—Collected by Irene Pearson.

* MARTIN MONTGOMERY

Martin Montgomery was born in Ohio, March 26, 1841. He gives the following story:

"We came to Grant County in '54 and I attended a little school by the name of Puckett. The house was made of logs, with hewed log benches, and greased paper windows.

"Where the town of Marion is now located was then two-thirds woods.

"When I was eighteen years old I went to fight in the Civil War. I was in the Southern Department, 13th Army Corps and Third Division. I was mustered in the army at Indianapolis and was discharged March 23, 1864.

"In our department there were one hundred that was lost, killed and died.

"We did the most of our drilling at Evansville, Indiana, but we didn't drill very long as we were at Evansville only three months.

"Our camps were very poor. Several times we lost our tents and had no others. We just 'laid' out like hogs. We 'fit' right along, however.

"We were ordered to stop drilling and go to Fort Donaldson to guard the prisoners. We were there three months.

"In May, 1862, we were called to the front. We went to Kentucky and fought John Morgan, the rebel.

"In the summer of '62 I was taken prisoner (for the first time) at Mumfordsville, Kentucky. At this time only sixty-two prisoners were taken with me.

"I was taken prisoner twice and what we had to eat was scarce, indeed. Sometimes we had sweet potatoes, sometimes corn bread mixed up and put out like it was *for hogs*. At other times we had molasses and corn meal made into mush. We ate with splinters of wood, as they did not allow us to have knives."

"One month after being released we went to the front again. We were sent down the Mississippi to Vicksburg. I was then in the Battle of Arkansas Post where I was shot in the leg.

"After this battle we were again ordered to Vicksburg. Our first battle was on the Ola, or Black River. We 'fit' seven days and nights and was whipped. We escaped at night and went to our boats and sailed down the Mississippi river.

"We met General Grant, who took command in the next battle at Ball's Bluff. We surrounded Vicksburg and 'fit' Johnson. He retreated to Jacksonville, Mississippi. The first stand made by the rebels, we whipped them. We followed them and 'fit' in line of march on to Jacksonville, where we had a three days' battle and whipped them. We then went back to the Ola River and closed in on Vicksburg. The siege lasted twenty-four days and nights. Vicksburg surrendered on the twenty-third day of July, and turned in their arms July 24, 1863.

"Almost all the time our food was hardtack, sow-belly and beans. Now it is called 'pork and beans.' Sometimes we would have rice, coffee and sugar, and at rare intervals we got tea.

"We had Springfield rifles and cannons to fight with and we 'fit' in all kinds of weather. Many a time we 'fit' all day and waded in marshes, lakes and rivers."



HISTORY OF GRANT COUNTY, FROM 1840-1880

(Ada M. Hawkins)

At this time the court house was a two-story brick building with the court room on the second floor and the offices were on the first floor. There were no accommodations in the court house and they didn't even have coal-oil lamps. In the country they used for a lamp a sencer which had some sort of oil in it and then a wick was held in the oil or tallow that they burned.

Samuel Blinn had the first manufacturing establishment in Marion besides the brick making establishment and he manufactured earthenware out of clay. The pottery shop, as it was called, was located where Kelley's store now stands.

William Gregg was the town shoemaker and he made the shoes out of the whole leather, just as it came from the tan-yard.

There was a tan-yard on the southeast corner of First and Boots streets and another on the northeast side of the square, or about down where the Leader-Tribune office is now.

Where the shoe factory is on the south of Branson street bridge, or a little back of that, it was all a swamp and there was a pond about half way between First and Second streets on down to the river.

James Sweetser built the first sidewalk out of flagstone and he also built the first brick sidewalk. The roads or streets were then just like the mud roads in the country. There was only one bridge over the river and that was on Washington street. It was made of logs with posts sunk down in the river under the bridge and they were propped on both sides by other logs to hold it up.

The town of Marion at this time run from about Tenth or Eleventh streets to the river but the houses were very much scattered in the south part. East and west it run from Branson to Boots and on either side it was woods and fields.

Where the swamp was between the river and Second street there was a saw mill and a card machine.

There were four churches in Marion then, the Methodist, Christian,

Presbyterian and Wesleyan Methodist on South Washington street, which was called the "Hog-Eye" church because it was built up off the ground and as the hogs ran around over town at their own will they got to sleeping under the church of nights and gave it this name.

The first two newspapers in Marion were the Marion Democratic Herald and the Marion Telegraph, a Republican paper.

The water works and fire department were established in about 1877 and it was introduced by Samuel Hully at a council meeting.

The telephone system was introduced about 1880 or 1882 and it was under the management of John Anderson and at the end of the first year there were seventeen instruments in use in Marion.

At this time Me-Shin-Go-Me-Sia was chief of all the Indians around Jalapa or the Indian Reserve District. They used to come to Marion on ponies in single file with their chief at the head of the line and next came the warriors then the squaws with their papooses on their backs and then the little Indian boys and girls came last. Sometimes when they would come to Marion they would give a war whoop when they had arrived. They interested the children very much because they wore such funny looking clothes and the women with their bright colored shawls and papooses on their backs made quite an interesting line of people.

—Information from H. Z. Blinn.

MRS. LOUISA BENSON

Mrs. Benson was born September 25, 1847, about one and one-half miles west of Banquo, in Huntington County, Indiana.

Later she, with her parents, moved to Grant County, Indiana.

She told the following story:

"The early settlers had to cut down trees for space enough to build their house upon. Their cabins were made of logs, hewed out so they could be piled upon one another for the siding. Clay or mud was used for filling between the logs to keep out the cold. In one side of the room was a fireplace which was made from poles and mud before brick was used. When the fire went out people had to go to the neighbors and borrow a shovel of fire, for no one had matches. The cabins also had puncheon floors, made by splitting logs in two and turning the bark downward, leaving the smooth side to walk on. The floors were scrubbed white and kept clean by a broom known as the 'split' broom. This was made by hand out of a hickory pole.

"Before men began to clear the land much they had to blaze the trees so people would not get lost as they traveled through the forests. They did this by splitting a strip of bark off a tree every little while.

"The Indians in this part of the country were not barbarous. They traveled through the country hunting for wild game, but they never harmed anyone.

"When the country began to be more thickly settled, the men began to cut down trees so they could have the land to cultivate. When they got the forests cleared they piled the logs and left them to 'cure,' as they called it, then burned them to get them out of the way.

"The people at this time wore linen and woolen clothing. Sheets, pillow cases and linen dresses were made from the flax.

"After the sheep were sheared the wool was washed and picked ready for the carder, who made it into rolls, then it was spun into yarn, then colored, after which it could be woven into flannel and linsy."

Mrs. Benson is now seventy-four years old. She lives with her children and grandchildren, as her husband is dead.

—Mamie Cramer.

CRANE POND

The Crane Pond does not have a name distinguished enough to enable one to get the correct idea of it. It was more like a large marsh or jungle. This pond might well have been named "Mosquito Marsh" as most every one remembers that unpleasant part of it. It was especially noted for its cranes.

This pond extended about one and a third by three-fourths mile, situated approximately two miles west of the present site of the Malleable Iron Works. It was surrounded by a forest and was a very distitute place.

It was inhabited by cranes, fish, frogs, possums, skunks and insects without number, namely the various biting insects such as mosquitos. Indeed the mosquitos were so thick and numerous that the custom was, when one went blackberrying in the swamp to put on a very wide straw hat, draw over the hat and around his shoulders a mosquito net, tied around the neck with a string, then put on gloves that reached beyond the sleeves so as to insure himself from mosquito bites. One can imagine such a sport.

The plant life was very complex and probably as near a jungle as most of us have seen. It was thick with bushes and trees growing in wildest profusion. The trees, when they fell, were allowed to remain, thus forming a means of walking through the pond. At times the pond was almost dry, what one might call a swamp, and at other times water "deep enough to swim a horse," as the expression ran. The elm, maple and buttonwood grew there and nearly every kind of bush. The weeds grew from ten to twelve feet tall.

At that time the land was practically worthless but now forms some of Grant County's richest soil.

Some very gruesome and interesting tales are told concerning the Crane Pond; one being that of Paddy Chase and his son who had taken their horses to pasture over by the river near Jalapa. They were returning with the bridles and in the evening wandered into the thicket and swamp. They were lost in the thicket all night with no food or drink. They became exhausted and probably fainted. They were found the next day unconscious, eyes swollen and overcome by mosquitos and other insects. The son revived and lived but the father died as he was bitten and poisoned beyond recovery.

Another time a horse got into a muddy part of the pond as large as the ground on which a house stands. Just its head was above the mud hole. Help was sent for. It was impossible for men to extricate the horse without endangering their own lives. The horse floundered around and finally was killed by being hit on the head with the blunt end of an axe. The body of the dead horse sunk and was left in the swamp. His bones are probably there yet.

—Loreen Leamon.

*

JAMES KIRBY, 92 YEARS OF AGE, 35TH AND HAYMAKER STREETS (COLORED)

James Kirby was born in Bourbon County, "Kanetucky," ninety-four years ago.

He was a slave for thirty-four years; was put on the block and sold like a horse. Three times was he sold.

"My father was a white man and treated me like a dog. He, nor his family, ever would recognize me as his child. I was whipped with a rawhide many times for little things that did not matter. Sometimes because I did not eat fast enough.

One time my grandfather (my father's father) whipped me with THONGS. This was the crime I committed: I went out to hunt one Sunday morning and treed a rabbit in a holler ash tree. I burned the tree to chase the rabbit out and my grandfather was angry about it and whipped me with thongs.

My father died with "yaller" fever when I was nine years old. The only one of his people that treated me right was his brother, Enoch, a real Methodist. He was the only master I ever had that treated me kindly. If he is not in heaven there won't be any whites there.

I didn't always have enough to eat. What I did have was hominy, fat meat and potatoes, and sometimes on Sunday morning I would get ONE egg and a biscuit. Think of it—one egg!

I wore a flax shirt in summer that hung down like a night gown. It scratched me for it was "sticky."

I was in the Civil War for two years, eight months and eleven days. I was thirty-four years old when I went in. My captain was Captain Chatfield. I get a pension of \$50 a month now.

At one time I was sold South to Nachez, Mississippi. I stayed there six years then came back and found my wife. She got down on her knees and plead that I be not sold again.

After the war I came across the Ohio river into Southern Indiana

and bought me nineteen acres of land. I stayed there until my wife died then I came to Kokomo, Howard County. Kokomo is the best town anywhere. Did you ever trade with Walter Davis?

I came over to Marion to get this ole woman. She won't go back to Kokomo.

I'm glad I've lived; I'm glad God Almighty has let me live as long as He has. I want to live one more year so I can get my little place paid for, then I'm ready to go. I pray every day for God to keep me good. I'm going to a better world sometime. Doing the best I can to get there. I can't read nor write, but all is w 'll."

ISAAC GENTIS

"My father came to Marion in 1832. I was born in 1860.

"Marion was quite small when I first remember it. The north corporation line reached to Bradford street, while South Marion extended no farther than 15th or 16th street.

"Branson street was named for old David Branson; McClure street for 'Sammy' McClure, and Boots street for Martin Boots. I t is said there is no other Boots street in the world. Spencer Avenue was then only a grove, and where the present High School stands was a picnic ground, while South Marion was pasture land.

"We boys liked to go hunting. It was the height of our ambition to own a gun. We fished in the river close to where the Rutenber Motor now stands.

"If we wanted a sled or a wagon we had to make them. The wheels of our wagon were made of solid wood, sawed from a round log, and the body of the wagon was a box.

"Girls stayed at home and spun and helped their mothers with the work.

"The court house yard was full of trees. The band would sometimes play there, which delighted the young folks very much.

"The jail was a little log house north of the present post-office.

"The Indian Reservation was out at Conner's Mill. I have often watched them come, single file, to Sam McClure's store, close to Cubberley's cigar store. They were half civilized and took the 'trail' from Jalapa to Marion along the river.

"The Spencer House was a three-story brick building. Across the alley was a barn, where horses were kept to accommodate travelers. My friend and I drove cattle for Mr. Spencer from his farm to this barn.

"In the basement of the Spencer House was a barber shop; under the office was a saloon called the 'Snake Hole,' because there was a snake, painted red, to finish the railing.

"There was just one colored family in town then, named ———. He had the barber shop in the Spencer basement and got pretty well-to-do.

"The colored folks out in Liberty and Franklin Townships used to hold 'camp meetings.' They would sing lustily, the preacher would preach a weird sermon, then they would sing again. We boys went out to hear them and to see what they did.

The Pennsylvania Railroad was put through in 1867. When it was completed everybody got a free ride.

"When I was thirteen years old there was an awful storm. I remember there were trees blown down across the path when I drove cattle out to 17th street for pasture.

"The first gas well was dug in Marion on 15th street; the second was in Johnstown, and the third in North Marion. People would come for miles to see these 'gushers' and thought them wonderful.

"Years ago Messrs. Hogin and McKinney played on a baseball team called the Red Sox. They were star players.

"But times have changed much since then."

THOMAS CULBERTSON (AGE 79)

"I was born March 29, 1842, in Ohio.

"I came to Grant County in '51 from Ohio, when I was nine years old. When I came here David Hogin and Bob McKinney had a store where the Merritt drug store now stands. I remember we got some groceries and things there when we came through. When I was a boy one could go sev-

eral miles without seeing a house, and then only see little log cabins, most of them having only one room and a 'lean-to.' The lean-to was simply boards laid up against the main part of the house. It was usually used as a place in which to cook the meals. Most of the horser had holly growing all around them. Sometimes they grew to such height that one could barely see the house itself.

"Of course there weren't many fences then, and the cattle and hogs all run loose. The land was almost all swamp in the spring of the year. When the roads were especially muddy all the men in the neighborhood would have a 'get-to-gether' meeting and fix the roads. Trees were cut down and trimmed and then laid cross-ways along the road. This was called a corduroy road."

Here Mr. Culbertson paused as if thinking, stroking the Angora kitten all the while.

Finally he chuckled to himself and at last said: "You know there was very little cleared land then. My father had two good-sized fields just north of the house. One evening I went over to the old shoemaker's just across the two fields and on in the woods a piece, to get my shoe fixed. As I was coming home it was just about dusk and I thought I heard something behind me. I looked, but did not see anything, so I went on. Finally I got to the fence between the woods and my father's clearing and climbed upon the post to rest. I heard the noise again, this time getting closer. By this time I was determined it was a bear. I no sooner made this decision than I jumped off the post and ran. It seemed to me that it was miles across those fields. I believe I stumbled over every stump on the way. I not only imagined I heard the bear growl, but almost imagined I felt his breath on me. The next morning I went squirrel hunting but was not gone long when my attention was attracted by my dog barking. Looking up I saw the same old bear watching me from behind a clump of trees."

"That reminds me," he went on, "of a neighbor boy of mine. He went hunting with his dog and stepped upon a log. A great black bear jumped up, apparently from nowhere, and made a grab for the dog. Of course, he hugged the dog to death. The boy ran, but if it had been me I'd of killed that bear."

"What other kinds of animals were there in the woods at that time?" I asked.

"Well, there weren't many other dangerous ones, except snakes. I remember when I was ten or eleven years old, my two older cousins and I were hunting May apples. My uncle had recently cleared some land and great piles of brush were lying around. It was under these piles of brush that the May apples were abundant. As I was smaller than the other boys and could crawl under the brush piles easier than they, they let me get those while they looked around for them in other places.

"Just as I was getting out I looked up and saw a black snake coiled 'round and 'round, his head about three feet from the ground. I called the boys and as soon as they could get over to me, instead of shooting it, they began quarreling as to who should shoot it. One had a rifle and the other a shot gun and both thought he should have the honor of killing the snake. You see the kids then weren't any different then they are now. They always have fusses and always will. Finally the one with the shot gun shot and blew off the snake's head. My! that snake lashed around worse than a horse could have done. One of the boys had a two-foot rule in his pocket, and as soon as we could straighten the snake out I measured it. It measured something over twelve feet and doubtless would have been longer if we could have gotten it straightened out. That was the largest snake I ever saw.

"I remember the first sewing machine in the neighborhood," he went on. "One of our neighbors had it." Here Mr. Culbertson chuckled to himself. "I can remember, too, how old man Smith would saddle his horse and ride to town, grumbling all the time about 'how much thread them new-fangled sewin' machines take.' Then everybody, of course, rode horseback. They would put their lunch in the saddle-bags and sometimes leave early in the morning for town. That evening they would return with their saddle-bags full of groceries. The saddle-bags would hold about as much as a

bushel basket I expect. Sometimes a person going to town would bring the mail for the neighbors for miles around. Even at that the mail would consist of a couple of letters and probably a paper. It was a rare event in our family to get a letter.

"When we came from Ohio, me and Becky, my sister, could out-spell anyone in the whole school, but when we came here the books were different and I haven't been good at spellin' since. They used to go 'round to each house to see how many parents would let their children go to school. Each parent agreed to pay so much for each child for the teacher's salary, and if the teacher did not live close they agreed to keep him for a certain length of time, usually a week or two."

"How did you get a doctor when you needed one?" I asked, hoping his interesting story would continue for an indefinite time. "Well, there wasn't so much sickness then (except typhoid) as there is now, because everyone was out in the open most of the time and if a person did take cold the women folks knew what to do to ward off pneumonia or anything serious. Now a person can't sneeze but what he has the doctor. People did not eat so much candy and nick-nacks then as they do now, either. When it was necessary to have a doctor the doctor went on horseback as close to the house as he could and if it was winter and the roads were bad he would tie the horse and walk the rest of the way. I don't suppose you ever seen the toll-gates, did you?" he asked.

"No, tell me about them, please," I replied.

"There used to be one up at the top of the next hill on Wabash pike," he said, "close to the stone quarry. A Mr. and Mrs. Smith used to run it. They had a couple of good-sized posts, one on either side of the road, and a pole on one side fixed so that by pulling a rope it would lay down across the road 'till they paid their toll. The charge was usually about one cent per mile for one horse, wagon and the like. They charged a little more for heavy wagons. Some people would go a mile out of their way through the woods to keep from paying toll. I can see Smith yet running out to head 'em off."

At this time I saw his daughters coming home for supper and as we had been talking for more than an hour I bade him goodbye and gladly promised at his request to come again soon that he might tell me more.

—Told to Cleo Harter.



MIRANDA REAVIS-FENSTERMAKER

"I have lived in Grant County all my life. Was born October 2, 1850, near Marion. My parents were Reverend and Mrs. Reavis.

"I had a harder time to get an education than most children today. I have 'cooned' fences with rushing water beneath; have waded snow that was so deep I could scarcely get through. We played 'blackman,' 'dare-baste' and 'drop the handkerchief' and had good times, however. The seats were so high that our feet dangled until we grew to fit the seat.

"Our parties were different, too. We did not have party dresses as girls do now. We had to work at something like bean-shelling, apple paring, or corn husking. What would girls think of that today?

If the church was not too far away we would walk, but if farther away we rode horseback or in a big wagon.

"We wore home-made flannel in the winter, spun all our own wool, and knit our stockings. In summer we wore calico or lawn, and in spring and fall we wore half wool and cotton goods.

"The pioneers used wooden ploughs and cut wheat with a cradle. They put the hay in shocks, tied a rope around them and dragged them to the stack with a horse.

"We used hickory bark for torches or lanterns made of tin with candles inside.

"In case of sickness the neighbors would do all in their power. Nurses were scarcely heard of. In case of death the friends of the family would 'sit up' at night, but in those days the body was buried the next day or even the same day.

"We baked corn bread, made apple butter and pumpkin butter. Sometimes we cooked before the fire and sometimes in big kettles over a fire.

"O, those were the good old days!"

HOGS IN EARLY TIMES

There was no available lumber for fencing in Grant County when the early settlers first arrived here, so they let their hogs run wild, which made them very hard to catch. They could catch them either by shooting them at close range or by making a trap out of heavy logs with a sliding door. This trap was then taken far into the woods, a line of corn scattered to the door. The hogs, seeing the corn and being hungry, would soon be in the trap. The sliding door was then closed, there being men there ready to kill and dress the hogs.

DRIVING WILD HOGS TO MARKET

Walash or Anderson in the early history of Grant County were the closest railroad stations. The wild hogs were driven to either of the two stations.

One old gentleman says he spent six days helping drive one thousand hogs, and then he bought up the teams and wagons.

When a hog was out he was put into a fence corner and shut in by logs. The men then put the hogs and loaded them in the wagons. The next days were spent in very early feeding and watering the drove. The foreman went around carrying plates for the men to eat and sleep.

THE DEADENING OF TREES

The early settlers went to the woods, marked out their pieces of ground, cut notches all around the tree, killing the sap of the tree and finally the tree itself so they could have a corn field. This was called "deadenings." Men with sharp axes cut the fallen trees into large logs. These logs were placed in the open then burned. There was always a great social gathering at these "deadenings," and all the neighborhood was invited to them.

MRS. WEISER'S STORY

We moved to Marion, Ind., about 1860 from Ohio. We rode part of the way on a wagon and walked the rest of the way.

Marion at that time was a small place. From the Pennsylvania railroad to the hill on Washington street there was a board walk. From 15th street on to the hill it was all marshy. This was said to be the old river bed. On the corner of 16th and Branson stood the Quaker church. School was held in it during the week.

I remember when the first train came through Marion on the Pennsylvania. Everybody went to see it go through. After that every time the children heard a train whistle they would run out of school and the schoolmaster would run after them with a whip, but they paid no attention to his commands to go back into school.

When the government bought the land near Marion from the Indians, all of them bought whiskey with their money and the squaws got high black silk hats which they wore with great pride.

—Contributed by Maurine Aldrich.

GRANDFATHER'S STORIES—A HAUNTED HOUSE

On the county line, between Grant and Miami counties, there stands a house which was said about thirty years ago to be haunted. The family living in the house declared that at night they could hear strange rappings and supposed they were made by "ghosts."

One dark and stormy night the mysterious noises were so frequent that the occupants could not sleep. Finally they dressed and walked a mile to a neighbor's house where they spent the rest of the night. After this the family would live in the house no longer, so they moved.

Mr. M., who lived near the house, declared he did not believe in ghosts and said he would move into the place to prove his statement.

For several weeks nothing happened and then one stormy night the rappings were resumed. Mr. M., of course, was awakened and after listening to the strange noises, dressed and investigated. The sounds seemed to come from the south side of the sitting-room, but nothing was revealed which might have caused the disturbance. Mr. M. went back to bed, but slept no more that night.

The next morning he examined the outside of the house and, as the wind was still blowing, discovered the cause of the former occupants' sleepless nights. A lightning rod had been cut off about six feet from the ground and when the wind blew this caused the rod to scrape against the house.

*
NATHAN HILL

At the close of the day we motored over the hills to Jonesboro to have a little conference with one of its ancient citizens, Nathan Hill, aged 82 years. He has been a resident of the county all his life, having been born one and one-half miles south of Jonesboro. He has been a farmer, having cleared about forty acres of his land.

When a child he remembers the Indians, though not many lived in that part of the county. He has seen as many as a dozen at one time in his father's orchard. They stopped to get peaches, then they would go on. They talked but little for they could not be understood.

"Yes, I know about the 'underground railroad' system, for my father, Aaron Hill, kept a station. The run-away slaves came from Anderson to my father's home, then on to Mose Bradford's home at Marion, then on to Wabash.

"I remember how stealthily the slaves would approach our house for fear they had not found the right station and would be detected. They would look about very carefully to find the 'signs' they had been told to look for. Quite often they came at night so as to meet few people on the road. We would keep them over until the next night then send them on to the next station.

"They would eat heartily anything that was set before them. They were often well armed and would have died before they would have gone back into slavery. They often told about their life in the South while in slavery.

"The officials never bothered us about the slaves, but they nearly got Mose Bradford a few times. One man who suspected that Bradford was shielding a runaway, asked him if he might see his slave. Bradford said 'yes, if you give him a dollar.' The man quickly took Bradford up on that proposition, thinking he had caught him at last. 'Now,' said Bradford, 'if you ever chirp about this, I'll have you arrested for assisting a runaway slave. You have paid a dollar to a fugitive.'

"Some slaves were very poorly dressed and showed the hardships through which they had passed. We always hid them in our loft.

"I voted for Abe Lincoln the first time I voted. I have never voted for a Democrat—Have been a consistent Quaker."

When we asked this fine old man if he thought the world was getting better or worse, he was somewhat guarded in his reply: "It's hard to tell; there seems to be more wickedness, but it may be because there are more people."

He said that living right was the surest way to succeed.

*
MINERVA BALDWIN SMITH

Minerva Baldwin was born Aug. 4th, 1864, at Fairmount. Her father built the first house in Fairmount and kept store there for several years. He helped to lay out the town. He bought his first stock of goods of Thomas Jay, of Jonesboro.

Her mother's father was David Stanfield. He was also quite an early settler in Fairmount. They wanted to name the town for him, but he didn't want it named Stanfield, but Fairmount, so it was so named, although at first they called it "Pucker."

Her father and his family came from Richmond, Indiana, in covered wagons. On the way they stopped over night at her uncle's. They slept upstairs on a pallet. Her father awakened and saw the stars falling—the fearful night of 1833. He hastily awakened the other folks and they all prayed and cried aloud, for they thought the end of the world had come.

When she was thirteen years of age her father sold his farm at Fairmount and bought one in West Marion, and she has lived there ever since. Her present home is at Twenty-sixth and Valley Avenue.

She married Leander Smith. His father and mother took out the

first marriage license ever issued in Marion. It was for John Smith and Mary Ann Thomas.

As a child she did not care much for a doll, but would ride about on a stick. She liked to be out of doors.

One time her mother was making garden and gave her a bit of ground. She planted it in beans and waited impatiently for them to come up. When they did come up she thought something was wrong, so she took them and buried, or planted, them again. Her friends never forgot this joke. Years afterward when she was planting her garden her cousin came along and said: "Minerva, thee be careful how thee plants beans."

She remembers the Indians, how they would come past her father's house on horseback, single file. One time her mother bought enough RED calico of them to make her (Minerva) a little bonnet, and paid for it with beans. She was very proud of it but lost it one day while playing in the woods. She cried as if her heart were broken.

She remembers hearing her mother-in-law, Mrs. Smith, tell that down near Richmond the Indians would strap their dead papposes on to the limb of a tree, away up high, so no animal could get to them.

The Quakers were the first denomination to build churches in Grant County. She remembers when they held their quarterly meetings at Back Creek. When they were ready to transact business the one presiding would say: "We will now close shutters."

Mrs. Smith says to be successful, one should do right—be honest, kind and helpful to those who need assistance. "I have always tried to do this," said this faithful old Quaker mother. She is a niece of the old Lydia Baldwin, whose autobiography also appears in this book.



A BURIAL IN EARLY DAYS

The following description of a pioneer burial is given by Mr. Isaiah Wall, born in Monroe township, seventy-six years ago.

"If any one got sick in those early days someone had to go on horseback for the doctor; the doctor, in turn, would come to the house on horseback to see the patient. Often the primitive remedy administered saved the life of the sick one; sometimes death resulted.

The corpse was not embalmed but friends would keep cloths wet with camphor over the face. Of course the body could not be kept long; usually over night. Neighbors would come to stay with the family and attend to the body.

"When the person first died he was laid on a 'cooling board' until the coffin was made. Some one would take the measure of the body, then take the order to a cabinet maker or a carpenter, if there were no cabinet maker, who would make the coffin of walnut or oak.

"The dead was carried in a two-horse wagon to the graveyard; a procession of friends followed in wagons, for the whole neighborhood would go to a funeral. People were very kind in those days and much sympathy was shown. Friends always volunteered to dig the grave and when the body arrived they would take the lines from the harness and let the coffin down into the grave. They never had the extra box in those days. The undertaker did not go to the cemetery for his services were not needed.

If a child died it was nearly always buried in white; if an adult, friends made a shroud of black material. Sometimes the individual was buried in his "good clothes" that he had worn while living.

Sometimes the funeral service was not held for months after the person died for they could not procure a preacher until the circuit rider of that district made his round. When these preachers did preach the funeral they usually told the truth about the life of the individual.

Mr. Wall said his parents came to Monroe Township, Grant County, in 1837 from Clinton County, Ohio. His father entered the land from the government, went to Fort Wayne on horseback to transact the necessary business and carried his silver dollars in the saddle bags.

Nearly all the old settlers in Monroe Township came from Clinton and Highland counties, Ohio, among them being Jenkins, Leonard, Dwiggins, Strange, Wickersham, Hulst and Lundy.

Samuel Adamson was the first child born in Monroe Township.

Mr. Wall says when he was just a little fellow his father and he took

a grist down to Conner's Mill one show day. On the way they met a long line of Indians going single file to the show at Marion. The squaws were carry on their pannoses on their backs; they wore bright colored shawls or blouses. Mr. Wall was afraid of them and were glad when they were past.

Mr. Wall has been a very successful farmer all his life. Is known for his high sense of honor and justice; at present is living on West Third street, Marion, Ind.

MINERVA M. THOMAS

Minerva Thomas was born November 30th, 1840, six miles south of Marion, and has lived in Grant County all her life.

Mrs. Thomas went to the school located where Deer Creek crosses the Sand Pike. It was one of the first school houses built in Grant County. It had the slab benches and the "writing board" around the wall, but in her day it had a big box stove, instead of a fireplace.

The children used the writing board for writing only, for their other lessons must be gotten "in the head" with no writing done. They usually studied silently except when it came "turns" for spelling, when each pupil studied out loud, probably each with a different word. "Sometimes we got a little mixed up, but we generally knew our lessons. On Friday afternoon we had our spelling match and we looked good. It was the day for fun. One day my teacher gave me some words too hard for me so she put me back into the 'a, b, c' class to learn to spell such words as a-b, ab, etc. She let me leave the room so I could study alone, and I said my words over and over so I would know them. When I went back into the room everybody laughed, even the teacher, and I was bored to death."

"When recess came we played ante-over and 'teetered' on stumps.

"There was one mischievous girl who was always making us laugh. The teacher had whipped her without avail, so one day when she was up to her old tricks, he decided on a different punishment. The great box stove had no fire in it so he put her in it. But she was not daunted. She found some straw that had been placed in the stove and took a single straw and poked it in and out at a hole in the stove. The children nearly died laughing and the teacher finally found out what she was doing, but he was at his ropes end—he let her go without further punishment.

"When we pupils finished the 'fifth reader' we were done with our schooling for there was no such thing as graduation."

Her father's home was a "station" of the "underground railroad." One time he kept some slaves secreted through the day, so when dusk came he sent her alone, a child only four or five years old, with the slaves to their neighbors, Allen Allens or another neighbor, Nathan Coggeshells. They took the slaves to Mt. Etna where there was another "station."

At one time while passing over the underground railroad near her home, a slave mother gave birth to a little babe. Mrs. Thomas' mother took her, a tiny child, to see the little black baby, but she was afraid of it and would not nurse it, but she often played with the other little pickaninies.

She also remembers a band of the Miami Indians who lived in wigwams on the Orphans' Home hill. They would often visit at her father's house but would never take any food. They would take everything that was left and put it into a pouch which hung from their belts.

One time the Friends arranged with the Indians to meet them for a religious service. There was a mistake made concerning the hour of meeting and the Indians came an hour sooner than the Friends. When the Friends arrived they found the Indians leaving. They tried to coax the Indians to remain, but on no condition would they stay—"You fool Indian once, you no fool him again." And the Friends never could make an appointment with those Indians again.

The mosquitoes were very bad in an early day. When people went to milk they would take cobs or chips and start a fire so the smoke would drive the mosquitoes away.

One time the old man Ferguson and his little grandson and their dog started to go somewhere. They had to go through a swamp and the old man fell in and died. The boy and dog wandered about completely lost. The neighbors scoured the country for three days and finally found them, but the mosquitoes had nearly eaten the face of the poor boy.

A girl got lost in the woods where North Marion now is located. She had no idea which way to go, but she heard a cow bell and followed the sound until she found the cow. She held to the cow's bell strap all night for she knew in the morning the owner would come for the cow. This he did and she found he was one of their neighbors, so she was rescued.

There was much game in the forest. When the hunter wanted a turkey he would take a quill and call a gobbler. By and by the gobbler would answer and come up, then the hunter shot him. Then with their hounds they would "trail" a coon or opossum.

"Once when I was real young father brought home four opossums. We children thought they were dead they were so quiet, but father said he would prove that they were not dead, so he tied their tails together, hung them over the clothes line, and put fire to their noses. We soon saw they were alive.

One morning when her father got up he saw two deer standing on the door step, but when they heard him they sped away like lightning, before the dogs could get them.

One of their neighbors, Mr. Freeman, killed a bear and dressed it and divided the meat with his friends. "My father got a portion and when I put a bite into my mouth I chewed and chewed it but the more I chewed the bigger it got. So I never cared for bear meat afterward."

One time a preacher came to the neighborhood to preach. While there someone killed a wild turkey and fixed the wings and tail so when he left the community they decorated him with turkey feathers. Off he went, clear to Richmond, with the wings and tail of that turkey attached to his clothes.

Marion's first jail was located near where Wabash Pike and Spencer Avenue join, near the river. When the jail was new they put a fellow in. His wife wanted him out so she slipped in some sawdust to him. This ate the hinges of the door so he could break the door down and escape. This little note he placed where the keeper could find it:

"Acquafortis—ignam vitae—I am gone, so now good nightae."

Then he took the jail door and threw it into the river, and the next day he came riding by on a lead o word so the people could see him.

In an early day there was a white woman who married a negro. This was against the law so they brought the case to trial. "She has no negro blood in her veins," was the plea, but she made ready answer, "I have, too, for they bled him and I drank some of his blood." Gruesome reply.

Mrs. Thomas is acquainted with the Wright family of Dayton, Ohio, whose sons invented the airplane. She says the Wright boys would go out into the fields and watch the grass-hoppers for hours at a time. They would watch them rise up and alight, and in this way they conceived the idea of air travel.

Mrs. Thomas has worked hard at all kinds of pioneer labor. She has sheared sheep and spun the thread into cloth for clothes.

She is a very intelligent old lady and answered all questions asked her very cheerfully.

"When I look back and see all I have lived through I feel that GOD IS GOOD. Love and affection are the greatest things in the world. They make the long road plain, and the Evening to be light."



ANDREW J. BERRY

Andrew J. Berry was born February 6, 1853, is therefore sixty-eight years old. He was born and raised on Pipe Creek, half a mile from Sweetser.

He had little chance to get an education, but perhaps as good as the usual boy of his day. School lasted only two or three months a year.

One time when he was a child he was skating on Pipe Creek and the ice broke and he fell in and nearly drowned. He struggled and finally saved himself but his clothes froze to his chilled body and he had to walk home a half-mile away. His skates, even, were frozen to his feet and he had to melt them off.

He remembers the Indians quite well. Most of them lived over by Jalapa, but there was one, James "Sassafras," who lived two miles south-east of Sweetser. He was lively, but harmless.

Mr. Berry said he was never afraid of the Indians, for they never did

any harm. They wore citizens' clothes, although a few wore the old Indian garb. They never seemed to resent the encroachment of the whites.

He heard his father tell about going to an Indian camp and seeing a squaw wash some deer meat for cooking, then she cooked the meat in the same water in which she had washed it.

The Indians cooked their food in vessels over a wigwam fire, or roasted meat on a stick. They would roast a whole fish, then pick it off of the bones as clean as a pin.

Mr. Berry said there were many wild turkeys in an early day. His father killed a wolf once when it was running away.

He first voted for Tilden, but has never been as "cranky" about politics as some. There were impulsive persons who got pretty warm at election time, and some even fought. He witnessed the Culberson-Nelson fight at Marion. It was awful. Culberson was a Republican and Nelson a Democrat. The affair occurred at a Democratic rally and was especially exciting. He was just a small boy then, but he will never forget it.

He remembers hearing his mother, who was a good singer, sing campaign songs. The following ciling in his memory:

"O what will the little Martin do
When the whole nation rings of old
Tippecanoe?"

THE FIRE PROTECTION OF MARION

About the first real piece of fire apparatus in Marion was a hand pump. This was used by putting the suction hose in a well and the water was then pumped by hand, six men on each side of the pump. This pump was kept in a frame fire house on the back of the lot where the Goldthwaite block now stands. At that time there were no regular firemen—just a few volunteers.

Later when the water works was instituted the town purchased three hose reels and a ladder truck. One reel was kept on Fifth street, between Branson and Adams, one at Adams and Sherman streets and the other between Fourth and Fifteenth on Branson. The ladder truck was also stationed on Fifth street. The firemen were still volunteers, each reel having about twelve men.

The town was divided into wards. The fire signal was three whistles and the number of the ward was blown. The volunteers would then grab their reel and start for the ward indicated by the whistles and would usually have to hunt a long time for the fire.

The next sign of progress in the fire protection of Marion was when a paid department of three men was placed at the fire station on Fifth street. Their apparatus consisted of one two-horse wagon and a one-horse hook and ladder wagon. The advent of these horses caused a great deal of excitement among the old Marionites. Almost every horse knew his name, the jet black team, Pete and Prince, and the chestnut sorrel, Flash. Their fire signals now consisted of a Gamewell two circuit switch board, twelve fire alarm boxes and fourteen miles of wire.

Number 3 station, at Thirteenth and Branson, was next established as a paid department, then number 4 station on North Washington street, number 2 station on West Third street and then number 6 station at 30th and Washington.

In 1901 the city built a new fire headquarters on Fourth and Boots, the old building on Fifth street being much dilapidated by this time.

In 1910 the fire alarm system was rebuilt. One new automatic four circuit switchboard, Gamewell type, 29 miles of wire, one new Gamewell transmitter and new boxes were added, making 55 boxes, thus completing the fire alarm system of the present time.

In 1914 two pieces of motor apparatus were purchased, to be used by number 1 station, from the Indiana Truck Corporation. On March 17, 1916, all the departments were fully equipped with motor apparatus purchased also from the Indiana Truck Corporation, thus making Marion the second city in Indiana to be fully motorized, Gary being first.

Since that time there has been three pieces of apparatus purchased

from the American la France Fire Engine company, consisting of two rotary gear pumps, one 750 gallon per minute, one 1,000 gallon per minute and one city service hook and ladder wagon. Any of these three motors can make sixty miles an hour.

The fire department is manned by one chief, one assistant chief, six captains and twenty-one pipemen and truckmen.

—Elizabeth Hamilton, 1921.

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SOME MORE FACTS

Mrs. Williams tells that thirty-five years ago there were only two streets, and they were mud roads, at Tenth and Fourteenth west of the city. Where the Lutheran church is now at Fourteenth and Gallatin, was all swampy ground, and the district around Nebraska and Tenth was all corn fields.

The Sweetser Opera House, located on Third street, where the Glass Block now stands, was burned in 1895.

Where the Farmers Trust and Savings company now is 35 years ago there was a frame building. Where the "When" building is was a little grocery store, and where the "Paris" store is was a saloon.

Miss Minnie Dickey tells that 26 years ago Sixth and Seventh streets were open only to Whites Avenue. The hill was covered with trees. Sixth street was paved the year of 1902.

The vacant lot and up to the alley on the corner of Seventh and Race was the Kellar lumber yard. The real chair factory was located at Fifth and Nebraska.

The C. & O. used to be called the C. R. & M. road, nicknamed by the people "Crooked, rough and muddy." On the one condition that they would elevate the road, they were granted a permission of right of way of tracks in 1902.

Larrimer's Studio which was located back of the Royal Grand in 1895, was blown up by a gas explosion. A young lady who did the retouching was killed.

The double house on the corner of Sixth and Whites Avenue, 25 years ago, was the Y. M. C. A. It stood where the Y. M. C. A. now stands. The new Y. M. C. A. was established 15 years ago.

Twenty-five years ago the library was in the basement of the Junior High School. Later it was moved to where Barley's Fish Market used to be at Fourth and Branson. The new public library was built 19 years ago.

The post-office used to be where Weikel's Paper Store is now. Far's had an optical shop in the front of it. Clarence Hawkins was the post-master and J. M. Ballard was the deputy. Then it was moved where the Van Cleve Automobile Company is now, at Second and Washington streets. It remained there until it was moved to its present location.

In 1895 the First Christian church stood on the corner of Ninth and Boots streets, and the Catholic church stood right back of it. The church was then called "The Tabernacle."

The Indiana Theater was built in 1901.

Washington street, until just a few years ago, was the longest continuous asphalt street in the world.

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STORY TOLD BY ROBERT CAREY

I was born about a mile east of Oak Ridge in Liberty Township, Grant County, Indiana, in December, 1851. I went to school at Oak Ridge until I was sixteen. This was a Quaker school. In the first grades we studied from charts about three feet wide and four feet long. The teacher would write the letters and words on this. We studied the first, second, third, fourth and fifth readers, algebra and spelling.

We had spelling matches at the school very often. All the people from the different schools would come to one school and we would choose up, having two sides, and spell to see who could stand up the longest. We spelled words from the dictionary besides the ones in the spelling book.

Some of the games we played were "town ball," "dare base," "black-man," "drop the handkerchief," "raise the gate as high as the sky and let King George and his family pass by," and "shinnah." On the last day of school someone usually made a paper balloon and sent it up. This was con-

sidered a great event.

I was always afraid to go through the woods after dark. I was afraid some wild animal would get me, although there were no wild animals then.

When I was little the men would take the bark and some of the wood off in a ring around the tree-trunk, then the tree would die and the next year the trees would be cut down that were treated in this way and burnt. This is the way the land was cleared.

One time my cousins came over to play, and brought some friends with them. We had three teams of oxen and a wagon and had very much fun driving up and down the road. Finally the oxen ran away and tore our wagon all to pieces.

We threshed flax, wheat and oats by spreading the grain on the barn floor and taking two horses, riding one and leading one. We would ride around over the grain and "tromp" it out. It had to be turned over very often. Then we ran the grain through a fan-mill to clean it. Hay was cut with a scythe and wheat and oats with a cradle.

We moved to Illinois in 1868. I went to school at Neogo to prepare to teach but I had to quit on account of my health.

I was married the sixth of October, 1875. We rode to Effingham, Ill., in the big awgon to get married. The marriage license cost one dollar and I paid the Justice of Peace two dollars so it only cost me three dollars to get married. We came back to Grant County about 1876.

I worked in the flax mill about 1879. We made flax tow from the flax. This mill was on Fourteenth and Boots streets. I also worked in the brickyard, where I helped make three hundred thousand brick for the court house.

In 1882 I began the dairy business and worked at that for twenty years. At first we got up at two o'clock in the morning to milk but we soon changed the time to four o'clock. I drove the milk wagon for five years and seven months. We hauled the milk in big cans and dipped it out for the people.

Since I quit the dairy business I've farmed most of the time.

My father, Isaac Carey, was born in Old Virginia in 1812. Later he moved to Ohio and in 1850 came to Grant County, Indiana.

—Mary Howell.



JUNIUS PETTIFORD (COLORED)

When interviewed this quaint old colored man was sitting alone in a little cabin in the village of Weaver. He said he was born in North Carolina about seventy years ago. His parents were not slaves so he was "free-born", as he called it. He has heard his parents say that in Carolina some masters were kind and others cruel to their slaves.

While in the South his parents picked cotton, raised tobacco, corn, sugar cane, etc. They moved to Ohio when he was a tiny child. He cannot remember of playing at anything—he has always worked, worked, worked. There were seven children of them—Mandy, Luzina, Henry, Joseph, Georgie and Junius himself. He could scarcely tell their names for it seems they have been a long time parted.

"I can hardly tell whethah the world is gettin' bettah or worse," he said. "Pears like it's gitten' wus'; ole' folks am dyin' an' dis heah new generation am diffent. Wy' I remembahs de' ole' camp meetin's when folks shouted, 'singd' and prayed. Some was baptized and some wasn't, accordin' as they believed—a mixture of Baptists an' Methodists, I reckon. If they's Baptists cou'se they had to be baptized! Does I b'leve in de goodness ob God? Well, I'ze right dar. Dis heah world am full ob trubble, sickness and death. I was onced Godless until aftah I lost mah wife. A change came, I HAD to get neah God." (The tears came into the kindly old eyes, and a look as of peace into the old tired face.) In Hebe'n theah will be no 'colah.' All will be white with God."

When asked if he had ever seen a ghost or spirit he said: "I'se nevah see'd a ghost nor a spurt but I hab' seen de debbil. God show'd him to me heah at home. He was awful to look at. His eyes was red as fi'ah and his coat on the left side was as dirty an' ragged as could be; t'oth'ah side peered like anybody else. I TELL YOU I SEE'D HIM; he looked southeast and nebah turned his head. He 'sayd' nebbah a wurd, he just stood an'

looked. He didn't stay long, de good Lawd took him away. Oh, no! I wasn't in no trance, I was lookin' out ob de winder in de mornin'. It was a strange 'sperience, not many hab' such.

"I neber learned to read nor write, but God learn't me a better way to do than I was doin'. I've see'd lots—I can't tell it all."

Had the aged old eyes penetrated the Veil? Were rich blessings poured like a benediction upon this bowed, old figure, one of the last of an oppressed race of slaves?



MRS. MARY HAYES

"I was born in Craig County, Virginia, in 1838, and was twelve years old when I came to Grant County. My mother died the next fall so we children had to learn to do for ourselves.

"I received what education I got in Virginia. The rich were taxed to pay the tuition of the poor children.

"When I first came to Grant County I lived in an old log cabin, with hinges made of wood, the floors of split logs, fastened by wooden pins, and a clap-board roof.

"After I was married we came to Marion twice a year, only, to trade—spring and fall. We had horses, for my husband was a horse dealer, but most folks used ox teams.

"Once I was asked to roast a turkey for a wedding. I hung it to roast on the iron rod, or 'crane,' that projected from the fireplace and put a pan below to catch the drippings. It was delicious roasted in this way.

"I bought my first stove at Huntington. Back in those days we used 'grease' lamps. The 'grease lamp' was nothing more nor less than a pie pan filled with grease with a soft woolen rag placed in it. This rag was lit and would burn dimly. After the grease lamp came the candle.

"The roads were very swampy, being full of water during most of the yera, as there were few ditches. A few rails or poles laid across the road made the corduroy highway.

"A stopping place for travelers was called an 'inn.' There was always a barn where oren and horses could be cared for.

"Saloons had no bar. One simply walked up and asked for what he wanted—beer, whiskey or wine.

"The election campaigns were always exciting. Party spirit ran high. There was always a big rally after election.

"The Knights of the Golden Circle was an organization against the Northern sympathizers.

"The Underground Railroad went through Grant County. There was a slave 'station' on Charles Atkinson's farm near where Upland is now. There was a pen covered over with straw which made it look like a 'stack.' In this the slaves were kept. Children would be sent with food for them. When the next 'station' was empty the slaves were sent on.

"In 1865 there was a failure of the corn crop, so people had to live on 'white bread,' as wheat bread was then called.

"During the Civil War coffee was 60 cents a pound. Those who could not afford it narched wheat and used that for coffee.

"We g't so many eggs that we would sell them for 3 cents per dozen. Sometimes Sam McClure would buy them and feed them to the hogs.

"When the Pennsylvania railroad was finished every one got a free ride. I went to Union City.

"Our farm was on the Monroe pike, seven miles from the court house. "My name before marriage was Mary Ann Rock."

—Story told to Mae McIntyre.



MARY TREADWAY-BANNISTER

She was born September 19, 1832, in Fayette County, Indiana, but has lived in Grant County over fifty-four years.

They settled on the very place where she now lives. It was all woods and looked so desolate that she cried to go back home.

"I was the happiest little girl that ever lived—have always tried to remain happy. I joined the Christian church when I was twelve years old and that was the HAPPIEST day of my life. Yet those were days in which

there was much to fear—wild animals roamed in the forest; great snakes crawled at one's feet.

"We had to stuff rags in the cracks of the log cabin to keep the rain and snow out, and the meals were cooked before the great fireplace. Women wove their own dress material of wool and flax. I can remember the first calico dress I ever had. I thought I was dressed up, too."

Miss Treadway was married to Mr. Bannister when seventeen years of age. "Our friends gave us a big 'in-fair' dinner to which we went on horse-back," she said.

"One time when we were going to visit at Wabash the river was so high the horses had to swim across. We forded most rivers in those days, as there were but few bridges.

"There were not many Indians near Hackleman, our home. They lived in the northwestern part of the country but once in a while an Indian would come through on his pony, hunting game or buying food."

Mrs. Bannister is a very pleasant old lady, and says life is worth living. She showed me a very beautiful blue and white coverlet which her mother-in-law had woven in 1823. She uses it yet to throw around her when she sits in her old armchair.



HENRY PETTIFORD (COLORED)

"I was born in Weaver, Grant County, in the year 1851. I moved to Marion about thirty-three years ago and have lived here ever since. My father's name was Beverly D. Pettiford, and I had nine brothers and sisters.

Jonesboro was then the center for all trade, being lots bigger than Marion. When a person started to a neighbor's house he had to glaze the trees to find his way back. I mean by "glazing" to cut a piece of bark off the trees with a hatchet.

I knew Dr. Fankboner's father well. He used to keep a mill along Back Creek. I used to put a two bushel sack across a horse and carry the grain that way. I knew Dave Hogin, too. He used to go around sellin' Singer Sewin' machines, which sold at \$75 each.

I went to the district school. The colored people wer'nt allowed to go to the free schools. The teacher would go around to the different homes and ask how many pupils they would subscribe for the school. They charged about a dollar or a dollar and a half for each pupil. The school house was made of logs with straw and mud stuck between to fill the cracks up. About twenty-five pupils were usually in the school. A large stove stood in the middle of the room, the benches being around it.

The churches were very much like the schools. When I was a boy we never thought of wearing shoes to church any more than we now think of going without them. The minister stood at one end of the church and preached. Then lanterns were never heard of so the people carried hickory torches. These were just hickory sticks about three feet long, and when one stick went out they took another one from their bundle and lit it. It was a common sight to see forty or fifty lights going in different directions.

When a person died they had no nice funerals like they have now. The friends just made a big box, a "coffin" they called it then, and put the dead person into it. Then they put the coffin in a big wagon and hauled it to the family burying ground.

We used to play a game they called "town ball." About five or six boys were on a side. One went to the bat and was allowed to have three trials at hitting the ball. There were three bases. Town ball was played about the same as base ball is now. "Bull pen" was lots of fun, too. Several players formed a circle about twenty feet around. Six or eight more were in the center of the ring. One in the circle would try to hit a player with the ball. The one who was hit had to go out. If he missed he had to go in the circle.

The houses were also made of logs somewhat larger than the old cabin in Matter's park. They were built about like the schools, only instead of the stove they had a fireplace, which was cut out of one side of the house, about six feet long and four feet high. The chimney was made of sticks which were stuck together with mud. We never heard tell of a hold-up or robbery. The doors had a latch on them. A common expression was "our latch string is always out so you can come in any time."

The nearest doctor lived in Jonesboro, about eight or nine miles away. Sometimes you could not get the doctor for two or three days after you

called him. Then they doctored a great deal with herbs. Many people died of typhoid fever and the ague. Even on the hottest days of the year a person with ague would have chills and get so cold that his teeth would fairly chatter. It was a most dreadful feeling. The doctor usually gave quinine as a remedy.

In school we studied the a-b a-b, e-b e-b, i-b i-b, o-b o-b, and u-b u-b.

I never will forget the first circus I went to. John Robinson owned it and it only had one circle. Then he didn't have any animals—just people. Somehow I never did forget what the old clown said. The manager of the show came out in the ring with a clown, who said: "I figure that there are just three kinds of fools in the world." "How do you get that," said the manager. "Well, first there are the natural-born fools; second, the fools for want of sense, and third, fools for the want of money and old John Robinson has paid me well for it for several years."

Before I moved to Weaver I had a grocery in Weaver and later I had charge of the post office. I guess I was the first colored postmaster in the state. They had then what they called the Star route, that is all the people for miles around have their mail addressed with their name in "Care of the Weaver Post Office." Later the R. F. D. took the place of the Star route. I then carried mail, sometimes in a two-wheeled cart and other times walking.

My father was a shoemaker by trade. He made all our shoes. They were made of very heavy leather, the soles being fastened on with wooden pegs. Mother made all our clothes. We raised the flax, scutched it, and wove it into material ready for making.

I remember of being told of a story about "Jacom Lantern's." In the spring of the year when the ground was thawing out, bright lights would appear, sometimes shooting up several feet in the air. When the lights shot up it was supposed to be Jacom riding the manes of the galloping hosses.

—By Cleo Harter and Mary Wimmer.



SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT GRANT COUNTY AND MARION

The first Edison phonograph was brought to Marion by Mr. Armstrong. It was an instrument that played cylinder records. He took the musical instrument to the public square and charged the listener a dime to hear it. It had six tubes which one put to his ear to hear through.

There is a Methodist church nearly a hundred years old located near Jalapa.

The Miami Indians always took their dead out of the hut the minute they ceased to breathe.

Political meetings used to be held in Switzer's grove.

One of the oldest jails was located near Jalapa. It was built of logs and the prisoners would put their heads through the bars that were placed between the logs.

Mrs. J. P. Campbell was the first white woman to teach an Indian school. This was before the Civil War. The school was located on the Mississinewa river in the Indian Village. She was well liked by the Indians, and even the chief, Meshingomesia, liked to visit her school and learn with the pupils. The building now stands in the same place and even the same blackboard is there.

The Indians from the Reservation would come long distances to hear Mr. Hamilton play his flute. They would stack quarters upon the table until the piles would fall over, then they would start other stacks until their money was all gone then they would leave in single files as they had come.

One time some Indians came to Mrs. J. W. Harper's home (at Lafountain) in the middle of the night and asked for something to eat. She gave them food and they offered her pay but she refused. The next morning she found some money in the sugar bowl, which they had left for her.

The large brick house on Twenty-eighth and Lincoln Boulevard is rumored to have been a meeting place of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," who were sympathizers of the South in the Civil War.

The name "Grant" was given to the county in memory of Captain Samuel and Moses Grant, who fell in battle with the Indians in 1790.

David Branson laid out the plan for the city of Marion.

In 1833-34 James Trimble erected the first court house. It was a two-story frame building. At a later date, 1838, a brick building, costing \$5,000 was erected and this served until the present building was built.

Excluding the French explorers who passed through Grant County without settling, it seems that Goldsmith Gilbert was the first white man to set foot in Grant County soil with the idea of settling. He established a trading post on the old Grindle farm in Pleasant Township in 1823.

Mr. Gilbert furnished supplies to the pioneers by means of flat boats which navigated on the Mississinewa. From Wabash to Marion the river was navigable with flat boats only. The Indians gave the river its name because of its beauty.

Martin Boots and David Connor were the first to enter land and settle in the county. Boots bought what is now the western part of Marion and Connor bought Gilbert's store and all the land down around the square. The next purchase was by John Ballinger in December, 1825. In the next year Henry Renbarger, Jesse Adamson, Wm. Hiatt and Joseph Hiatt followed.

UNDERGROUND RAILROADS

There are railroads under ground and railroads above ground; there are subways and tunnels; there are railroads over mountains and under mountains, but the railroad of which we wish to write is, or was wholly above ground and in fact was not a railroad only in name.

Railroads are used for transporting live stock, human beings and every conceivable article of commerce from one point to another point.

Our railroad was used to carry or convey one single article, that of runaway slaves, and while there were several branches of this railroad they all had one starting place and one terminal. In other words, it started in the South and ended in the "cold and dreary land" of Canada.

The engineers, firemen, conductors and all the employes on this railroad served without pay and made their runs during the night. In fact, they had to keep their operations secret for they were transporting or dealing in property that did not belong to them.

The law of the land at that time recognized the right of human slavery, or the right of one man who by birth or nationality was white to enslave and hold as property his fellow-man who by birth or nationality happened to be black.

As has been intimated this railroad had many branches and traversed several states.

One very important branch crossed the state of Indiana, passing through Grant County, entering the county in the neighborhood of Fairmount.

There were several stations or stopping places in Grant County, the most prominent of which the writer has knowledge was at Moses Bradford's residence, which was located not far from the Bradford Hardware store on North Washington street, Marion, Indiana.

Other stations were at the farm houses of Joseph and William Bradford, brothers of Moses Bradford, and at Maurice Howard's, all of whom lived in the northern part of Washington Township. From these homes and by these men and by the aid of others living in the vicinity, the runaway slaves were taken to the next station not far from Mount Etna, Huntington County, to the home of a man by the name of McFarland. This is as far as the writer can trace the route of this railroad.

The owners or holders of slaves often followed the runaways, sometimes overtaking and compelling them to return to bondage.

Instances have been related where master and slave were in the same building at the same time and through some ruse or connivance the owner was thrown off the track and the slave escaped.

DAVID HARRIS

David Harris was born in Franklin Township, Grant County, November 22, 1838. His parents moved here in 1834 or '35 and entered the land of the government, going to Fort Wayne to get the entry.

The land was swampy and forested. The roads were primitive, being in some cases nothing but bridle paths. The old Jonesboro-Kokomo road was laid out by the following directions: "Leave Jonesboro by Oak Avenue, thence northwest from David Jay's deadening on ground MOST SUITABLE FOR A ROAD to the end of John Shugart's lane," etc. This accounts for the road being so crooked.

Mr. Harris also told why range line roads so often have short turns in them. The early surveyor (?) would guess at the spot where the line would end and sometimes he missed by a few rods.

He did pretty well at that for the forests and undergrowth were very dense.

The old Harris home was a log cabin with a high rail fence around it to keep the wolves away, for they would often come near the cabin snapping and snarling. Cabins often had only a quilt for a door but wolves would not try to enter if they could not see the occupants.

His mother often carried little David to church on horseback before he was a year old. She must have been one of those sturdy pioneer mothers for she spun the yarn and knit all the mittens and stockings for nine boys and three girls. She would color the yarn and put stripes and spots in the mittens and stockings to make them more attractive. She did the baling in a skillet on the hearth, by putting live coals underneath and upon the lid of this skillet in which she baked corn bread, biscuits, pie and cake. Sometimes she baked corn pone which delighted the children.

Her bedtime was from eleven p. m. until two a. m. All hail to the pioneer mothers! No wonder they mothered a fearless, sturdy race.

One of the first things Mr. Harris remembers is the old sugar orchard where they made maple sugar. First they tapped the trees with augurs and put elder spiles into the holes. The sap ran through these spiles into yellow poplar troughs three feet long. When the troughs were full they were emptied into barrels that were hauled from tree to tree on a sled; then the barrels were taken to a sugar camp where the sap was boiled down into syrup or sugar.

Mr. Harris says: "I began going to school when about the age of eight. Some young woman of the neighborhood would teach a subscription school in the summer, eight or ten weeks, for one dollar or one and a half per scholar. Later I went to a district school in the winter which continued three or four months. Each student furnished his own paper, ink and a goosequill pen.

While we boys were at school father would chop some large trees down, measure and mark them where he wanted them sawed off then when we boys came home in the evening four of us would take a cross-cut saw, go to the woods and cut these logs. The two larger boys would hold the handles of the saw at each end and the smaller boys would pull with rope or strap, tied to each handle, thus we had a 'four-horse team.'

When all our evening chores were done we would get our lessons by the light of a candle, a grease lamp or a lighted hickory bark.

"I can remember when seven years old of attending my brother Noah's wedding. He was married in the old Deer Creek log church. I was bare-footed and wore a little tow shirt and a buckeye hat which mother had made. I was not supposed to be present.

There were a few Indians when I was little. They traded with old Sammy McClure, who kept beads and flashy calico. They would come bringing their papposes strapped on boards and when they entered the door they would stand boards, papposes and all on the outside where they might view the ways of city life.

"My father kept an 'underground station' where the slaves would stay sometimes three or four days and then go on to the next station. They would eat at our table. One time we had both meat and honey and the slaves would reach over the meat to get the honey.

"I voted first for Lincoln. That was a great campaign. There were rallies and parades. In one of these parades there was a big wagon with

fifty girls dressed in white and a lot of men splitting rails in it. Sometimes there would be flag poles on the wagons.

"When Lincoln died there was great grief. He had a presentiment of his death forty-eight hours before. He saw himself lying in state and people standing by his bier mourning. Yes, I believe God can reveal what he will," said Mr. Harris.

"The campaign I remember was that of John C. Fremont and Buchanan.

"The first time the Republican party had a candidate Cassius M. Clay spoke at Marion.

"He came from Wabash by stage, as there were no railroads in Marion then. He was escorted from Wabash by a great number of men on horseback. His carriage was drawn by four milk-white horses, but the roads were so bad that they nearly mired down several times on the way. He spoke in the afternoon at the court house. I shall never forget some things he said: 'They are lying on us (Republicans), saying we believe in inter-marriage of white and blacks, but we do not believe in it. We believe in a white woman for a white man and a black woman for a black man.' He was quite an orator.

The old Fort Wayne trail came into Grant County from the south to Fairmount, then turned northeast, followed around the slough that leads into Lake Galacia, then continued in a northeasternly direction out of the county.

"Father did his part as well as mother. He tanned the leather and made shoes for TWELVE children. He had us boys take a tomahawk and cut the bark off of oak trees to tan the leather, which was kept in 'ooze' for a year. Those shoes were not always beautiful but they were serviceable."

Mr. Harris is a genial old man. He is a very successful farmer and stock raiser, and a man of influence in Grant County.

The International Grain Show of Chicago, 1920, awarded him first prize on an ear of corn raised on his place. This mammoth ear was 16½ inches, long and well proportioned. Mr. Harris showed it with pride.

There is an art in growing old gracefully and Mr. Harris is master of the art.



ANGELINE SILVER-BRADFORD

Angeline Silver was born in Montgomery county, Ohio, twelve miles south of Dayton, February 21, 1843.

Her parents were very poor so she had few amusements when a little child, but she has washed dishes ever since she was big enough to stand at a table. "I wonder that I was not drowned in the dishpan or stuck to the doughpan, for I have cooked ever since I could remember."

Her mother had to put the children to bed while she washed their clothes. Angeline's best dress was a calico and she had to wear long-sleeved aprons to keep it clean. She did not like to wear her apron on Sunday so one Saturday night she hid it so her mother could not have it washed for the next day. She went to sleep happy, feeling sure she would get to wear her new calico dress without an apron next day. What was her consternation next morning to see her nicely laundered apron hanging before the fireplace.

She lived on a dirt road called "Yankee Street," because some people from New England lived on it.

The first day she ever went to school, she ran off to go; the next day she went her father came at noon, saying: "Angie, we have company, you will have to come home." This was a sample of her school days. She never got to go regularly. She finally got to go to a select school for thirteen weeks, which gave her most of the education she ever got.

She had a dreadful time with her feet—they were so big. She wore heavy calf-skin shoes which did not decrease the size of her feet any. She fretted and worried a long time about the size of her feet and finally came to the conclusion they were the only feet she had, so she had better take care of them.

She was badly scared once when she was a little girl. The man who lived on her father's place came down one night wearing a false-face, made of paper. He slipped his head in at the "double entry door" and wagged

it up and down. Her mother was taken greatly by surprise and hastily threw a green apple at him which spoiled his false-face and his real one. It tore the mask off his face and disfigured his mouth, but it scared little Angie so bad she had to be carried from the room screaming.

She was married to Jesse Bradford in 1876—Centennial year. They came to Grant County immediately. The county did not look then as it does now. It did not seem as nice as the Ohio home she had just left.

She was married at high noon; the curtains were drawn and a lamp lighted—there were no electric lights then—so the ceremony was quite modern.

She said she has raised four boys—fine fellows—by “main strength and sheer awkwardness,” not because of any excellence on her part, but when one looks into the serene peace of her tranquil old face he can but feel that there has been—and is—a strength there that has enabled her to do WELL her part in life.

“We should trust in God,” she said. “The world has grown careless. We need the faith of our fathers. We are living in the last days. I think I shall see the coming of the Son of Man. I want to be ready.”

G. W. HAVENS

When interviewed by Miss Straughan, Mr. Havens was sitting by his fireside in a little home in Gas City. He was very kind about answering questions but was painfully afflicted with “palsy,” so the interview did not last long.

“We came from my old home in Wellington, New Jersey, in 1854, and remained in Grant County but two years when we went back to my native home. I was only ten years old when I first came here. We came back to Grant County in 1861.”

When asked which state he liked best, New Jersey or Indiana, a far-away look came into his eyes; a thought of the homeland brightened his dear old face, as he said:

“I do not know that I like Indiana better than the Eastern States, for I LOVE New Jersey.

“I chanced to be in Michigan when Lincoln was assassinated. I lived close to St. Joseph and was going there on an errand when I noticed crepe on most of the doors along the way. On inquiry I found Lincoln was dead. O, everybody loved him!”

“I can remember when Marion was very different from what it is now. We shot many deer, turkeys, wild geese and ducks in an early day. People let their hogs run wild, but each owner had a certain mark on them so he could tell his own. When any one wanted meat he went out and found his ‘trade mark,’ and shot it and brought it home.

“When we wanted meal we put a sack of corn on horse-back and went to Jonesboro and got it ground. People were healthier when they ate lots of meal.”

“Out of twelve children there are only two of us left,” he said sadly.

He seemed fatigued and I left him, a pathetic old figure whose race is nearly run.

REMEMBRANCES OF MRS. ALIVA NELSON

“I was born eight miles east of Marion, in 1837.

“I can just remember when a little child of my father having gone back to Ohio to look for our horses, leaving my mother, one sister and myself alone. We had a visitor, not a welcome one, while father was away. One evening a big bear came and stuck his nose in at the door (there were no hinges on the door), but mother was equal to the occasion, for she threw coals of fire into the bear’s face and drove ‘Mr. Bruin’ about his business.

“A common practice of that day was to put gunpowder on the fire to keep animals away.

“I can well remember when my people, who were Republicans, tied my future husband to a pole to try and convert him to the faith of their party.

“At the time of the Civil War the nearest railroad was Anderson and the soldiers often had to walk there to get transportation.

"One time my husband and I started on horse-back—he to go to war, I to go a day's journey with him. On my return trip I traveled over a road I did not know, so I came to a toll-gate and found, to my consternation, that I had forgotten my purse.

"I explained to the "keeper" and asked him if I might ride on to Jonesboro and borrow money of some relatives, then return and pay him. 'We'll,' he said, 'if we can let the soldiers go free, I reckon we can let their wives also,' and at that I galloped on."

JAMES HAWKINS

James Hawkins was born March 19, 1841, in Fayette County, Indiana. His forefathers came from North Carolina and settled in Fayette County. His family came to Grant County in 1849, where his father bought a farm in Washington Township of one hundred seventy-two acres for \$800.

When Mr. Hawkins was young they didn't have to go to school unless they wanted to and as he was never fond of books, he never learned much from going to school, but he did learn by observation and experience.

He enlisted in the army during the Civil War and served thirty-four months and eight days. He was in the battle of Chicamunga and marched with Sherman in his famous march to the sea.

His early life was spent in agricultural pursuits. At that time they raised a few hogs and cattle which usually ran out in the woods for their living. They raised more wheat than any other grain. They took their wheat at that time to Lagro over an old plank road.

One day Mr. Hawkins started at 3 o'clock in the morning with a team of oxen to haul a load of wheat to Lagro. He arrived at noon and got home before dark, a good day's trip for a team of oxen.

After Mr. Hawkins was married he bought a farm of one hundred forty-six acres in Center Township where he now resides. He paid \$1,000 down and went in debt \$2,500 for it. All he had to begin with was one team of horses, seventeen hogs and two cows. He didn't have much in his favor but by hard work and perseverance he has become one of the well-to-do farmers of Center Township.

—Ada Hawkins.

STORY OF THE FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN GRANT COUNTY

Martha Renbarger Wilson, the first white child born in Grant County, Indiana, was born June 24, 1827. Her parents, Henry Renbarger and Elizabeth Harfield Renbarger, moved from Randolph County to Grant County in March of 1827, coming down the Mississinewa river in a flat boat, or a parogue, as it was called, and entered a farm near where the Country Club now is located, north of Marion, situated then in Pleasant Township. Since then it has been placed within Washington Township.

Martha had four brothers and two sisters older than she and one brother and two sisters younger. She had two half brothers and three half sisters, as her father married again after the death of his first wife.

Mr. Renbarger was an ardent Whig in the early years of his political life and later a strong Democrat.

Martha went to school for a short time at a country school which was situated on the Wabash pike, about three and one-half miles north of Marion. The school building is not standing now. She had to go across the river on her way to school and in the summer time she went across in a canoe and in the winter on the ice.

On first settling in Grant County a great many of their neighbors were Indians for but little of the land was settled by white people.

Martha lived on the same farm with her parents until she was married in 1845 (?) to James Wilson. Her parents were buried on the home farm.

The parents of James Wilson came from Virginia when he was a boy and entered a claim of the land where North Marion now stands and lived there for a few years, but became discouraged because of sickness and returned to Virginia. A few years later they came back to Randolph County and settled there and when his children became of age he bought 160 acres for each of them from the government, most of the farms being in Grant County. The farm belonging to James Wilson was the old Wilson

farm, situated seven miles east of Marion on the Monroe Pike. James went to his farm, partly cleared it and built his cabin before he was married. After his marriage to Martha Renbarger they lived on the same farm until his death in 1884. They had ten children, five boys and five girls. Mrs. Wilson died in 1913. They were both buried at the McKinney cemetery, six miles east of Marion on the Monroe Pike.

—Information given by Dolcena Mallott (half sister to Martha Renbarger Wilson) and by Jasper F. Wilson (son of Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson.)

PIONEER LIFE IN VAN BUREN TOWNSHIP

In about the year 1834 two young men rode on horseback from Raleigh, North Carolina, to Fort Wayne. They made this long, weary ride to purchase land from the government, 1,000 acres of wilderness, in Grant County. The papers were made out to Thompson H. Farr. The man who made the trip with him was Samuel Washington Farr, his brother. Their father was dead so they bought the land for their mother and her family of seven boys and one girl.

They were the first pioneers in that part of Grant County where the village of Farrville is now.

These pioneer Farris built their own cabins and made their living as best they could.

Later other pioneer families ventured into this unsettled country, among them being the Camblins, Doyles and Leverichs.

The people were very friendly and ready to help each other. When Camblins first came they stayed with Doyles in their cabin until they could build one of their own. The cabin sheltered fifteen people although it was small.

The first people cleared the knolls and raised their corn, flax and sheep. The roads were merely twisty lanes and the bridges were mostly corduroy.

In the woods they hunted for turkey and deer. After killing a deer they would go home and get something to haul it in with. They took the deer pelt and coon fur to Fort Wayne to sell, since this city was the closest market. The hogs ran loose in the forest at first and many times they drove them on foot to Cincinnati to the market there.

The hardy pioneer women worked with their husbands helping them in many ways. They made all their clothes, even to the spinning, weaving and dyeing the materials. They made a pure woolen material called flannel and also a mixture of wool and flax called linsy-woolsey.

A man was his own cobbler. He took the hide from a calf, sent it to a tannery where it remained for about a year, then he was ready to make the shoes. Thus everyone got just one pair of shoes a year.

Later when they needed a drainage system of some sort and were not yet able to get tiles, they made their own ditches from what nature provided at home. They dug an ordinary ditch and laid on each side of this limbs from the trees which were four to six inches in diameter. They covered these with smaller branches and sticks and then lo! the ditch was done.

Mr. Enoch Farr, who contributed this, has several very interesting things in his possession which he was kind enough to show me.

One of these was an old hand-made rifle, very large and rather clumsy in comparison with our modern firearms, but still it was in good condition. The ramrod and powder horn and measure and the bullet pouch were also well preserved.

Another very interesting thing was a violin which is two hundred years old. They have taken good care of it and it is in fine condition. Mr. Farr kindly played a few pieces upon it and the tone is very, very sweet.

The quilt and coverlet they have are very pretty, and although very old, the colors are not faded the least. The designs are interesting and really wonderful when one stops to think that they are hand-made and that the pioneer women even counted the threads in order to get the design just right.

At "Aunt" Tillie Farr's home the woodwork is all pure black walnut. The tree from which they got it was bought for just one dollar. It was

built by the first Farris, who came there, her father and his brothers.
—Evalyn Lytle.

*
MR. JOHN SMITH

Mr. Smith was born in Ohio and came to Grant County with his parents in 1845.

His father had entered 160 acres of land $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles northeast of Upland at a dollar an acre two or three years before they came to live on it. When they came to the farm, of course none of it was cleared and the cabin had to be built.

While his father was putting up the cabin and getting things in shape so that they could live there, the family stayed at the court house at Hartford City.

He attended school at a log school house, but as there was no law compelling anyone to go, and also because his father needed him to help clear the land, he did not attend all of the time, which was usually about three months or less.

The seats of the school house were made of planks without backs. There was a long writing desk at one side of the school house with a window above it and this served to light the room because the door was made of wood and there was only the one window in the building.

Mr. Smith volunteered for the army in February, 1865, and was discharged in September of the same year.

He said he could remember when there were only about twelve families living within a circle of one or two miles around their farm.

There were very few roads at this time and most all of them were very poor, having stumps in them, and winding in and out through the woods in order to keep out of the swamps. There was one road that ran from Hartford to Marion.

Their nearest railroad was at Muncie or Huntington because the Pennsylvania was not built until 1866 or 1867.

Mr. Smith said he could remember well of driving the oxen to Muncie. Their nearest towns were Hartford, Jonesboro and Marion. Upland is now the nearest town to Mr. Smith's farm but there wasn't any town there at that time.

Mr. Smith's father kept the post-office and a little country store. After he came back from the army he carried the mail some of the time. He had to make one trip to Marion and one to Bramen, Ohio, once a week. The trip to Marion took him a good day and the trip to Bramen, Ohio, took four days. He went by way of Portland, staying all night there and then on to Bramen to stay that night. The hotel where he stayed in Bramen was kept by Dutch people and he said that their language and the clattering of their wooden shoes sounded something alike to him.

He said they didn't have to go to town very often because they raised flax out of which they made their summer clothes and wool was spun for their winter clothes.

They didn't raise many cattle at that time, but everybody raised a number of hogs which were branded and turned out in the woods together. All the brands were recorded at the court house so that everyone knew just how many he had and that none of them would get lost.

They usually killed about one or two hogs in the winter, but as there was plenty of deer, wild turkey and other game they didn't need to kill many.

He said that he remembered of his father saying one day to his mother: "While you are getting dinner ready I will go out and kill a deer." It was only a little while until he came back and said he had the deer and needed her to help him drag it to the house.

The wild turkeys were plentiful but as they were very shy one had to be quick in shooting them.

When Mr. Smith got married he went five miles to borrow a buggy, because that was the nearest one and only a few people owned a buggy at that time.

Some of the amusements that they enjoyed were spelling schools and singing schools. He said it was nothing for the girls to walk three or four miles and the boys walk five or six to the spelling schools. The best time

for there was in the winter when a big snow was on and twenty or thirty could go in a bob-sled.

Mr. Smith is a fine old gentleman and is well respected throughout the county. He cheerfully answered all questions asked and seemed very anxious that we succeed in the work that we are doing on the Early History of Grant County.

—Ada Hawkins.

ELIZA CULBERTSON-ALLEN (73 YEARS OLD)

Eliza Culbertson came to Grant County from Guernsey County, Ohio, in 1856, when she was a child ten years old. She has lived here ever since so she remembers much about early days in this county. She married John Allen.

She lived much like other girls did in those pioneer days. She has "dipped" candles many a time. After they were "dipped" they were hung up until they got hard then put away in boxes for a season's use. They were usually made in the autumn when the "family beef" was butchered.

Mrs. Allen said there was such good things to eat in those "good old days"—great, fine apples, peaches, pears and all kinds of fruit. There was also fine venison meat, the deer having been killed right on her father's farm. The pioneers called this meat "venzen." Their corn meal was made at home with a hand mill.

When her father "did the chores" of an evening he carried a hickory torch to see how to do the work. Sometimes she got to follow him and carry the torch so he could work faster.

If, by chance, the fire went out in the old fire place some one of the family would have to go to a neighbor's and "borrow" coals for relighting, or her grandfather would take his knife and "glint" it against steel and catch the spark in "punk"—or rotten wood.

They had a little hand cider press in the orchard and could make cider any time they wanted it.

When the neighbors visited them they would come in a big wagon, or on "hossback" and stay all day, and often times all night. After supper they would make "maple-wax," crack nuts or roast apples. "Company" never sent word ahead that they were coming, but the house mother never dreaded to see them come; she'd welcome them for her life must needs be lonely in her cabin home. So she would cook a great pot of meat, hominy, potatoes and kraut. Then she always had an abundance of dried fruit. No one ever thought of skimming a crock of milk, the cream was stirred through the milk and used altogether. No wonder sturdy men and women grew from such "eats."

Her mother had a "spinning jenny" and could spin threads as long as the room. Those "iennies" were rare. Mrs. Allen has woven "linsey woolsey," blankets, flannel and jeans but could never weave flax cloth, or linen, very well.

She only got to go to school about three months every year to a "subscription school." The teachers nearly always boarded at her father's home instead of "boarding round," so she had to be pretty good or the report came back home.

Her baby brother met with a sad death. Her father had been cutting weeds with a "cradle" and came up to the well for a drink, leaving the cradle blade turned up where he placed it on the ground. The tiny fellow stumbled over it and fell, cutting his leg deeply. The wound did not bleed at all, the flesh remaining perfectly white. The doctor came and put adhesive plasters over it, but in three days the little fellow was dead.

There was a creek a short distance from her childhood home. Many a time she has waded the creek to get to a field beyond where the little lambs were kept. She has often carried the tiny lambs from this field, wading the creek, and on home, a distance of half a mile, in the dead of night in order to save the lambs.

Her father died when she was small so her mother had the responsibility of keeping the home. It meant much in those days of inconvenience to assume such a task, but her mother did it bravely. She lived to be ninety-two years old and was as spry and keen of mind as most women are at fifty. She would clean house and do other work that seemed impossible to one of her age.

Mrs. Allen says the "good old ways" were the best. Everybody was good-hearted and sympathetic. They had time to stop and help one another. There was not the mad rush to get NO WHERE that there is today. In case of sickness or death, neighbors would come and do all they could to help and there was a feeling of kinship that does not exist now.

*
JOHN NEFF

John Neff was born in Champaign County, Ohio, February 1st, 1832. He was one of nine children, four of whom are yet living, one brother being five years older than he.

"Those days were different," he said—"Not a mile-a-minute rate. We went over corduroy roads, on rivers or canals also by the stage which was drawn by six horses."

He went to the primitive schools of his day. Sometimes the punishments inflicted were not pleasant. One time he and a little girl were playing "Simon says thumbs up." The teacher made them come to the front and both hold up a switch as high as they could reach then he tried to make them stand each on one foot.

When he grew older he worked on a farm and taught school. The terms were thirteen weeks in length, the wage earned being from seventy-five cents to two dollars a day. While teaching he boarded at a hotel for two dollars a week.

Children were as bad then as now, in spite of what the old folks say.

Child life is about the same the world over, but they got more "lickins" —"No lickin's no learnin'," was the rule.

"I was pleased to come to Indiana," said Mr. Neff, "although improvements were not so good here as in Ohio, but the girl I married was here. No Ohio girl compared with her!"

In 1854 he went across the plains to California with gold hunters. They went in oxen wagons and took cattle with them over the plains and succeeded in getting seventy-five per cent of them across safely. There were some Mormons in this company and they all stopped at Salt Lake and stayed two days. The town was then only seven years old and looked very different from what it does now. The houses were mostly of adobe brick. "The Mormons paid no attention to me—no more than as if I were a yaller dog." They were just beginning the construction of the Temple which was twenty years in the building. He went into one of their big stores and a clerk told him that the owner had twelve or thirteen wives.

Mr. Neff says he met all kinds of people on his western trip, mostly young adventurers who had gone as gold hunters. They would speculate and gamble with their earnings.

In digging for gold they would often turn a stream of water from its course and get the gold from the sand bed.

One time Mr. Neff went to see a new "find." The owner told him he'd show him what a good one it was, so he took about two gallon of earth, washed it and had as many nuggets as could be held in the hand. A rich find. (Here Mr. Neff went briskly up-stairs to get the first gold he ever found. He also brought a gold nugget which he had picked up, about the size of a hazelnut.)

Mr. Neff told about one miner who fell head first into a shaft eighty feet deep, but some boards broke his fall and he only hurt his thumb a little but he said ruefully, "If the bucket bail hadn't been there I wouldn't have got hurt at all."

Mr. Neff said when he was just a little fellow one night he heard music about nine o'clock and was very much scared for he thought it came from heaven. He called to his parents to come and listen and it was found that the heavenly music was nothing more than "a belling" over the hill—a belling was when a fellow got married and the neighbors would get all kinds of noise-makers, dish-pans, cow-bells and horns. Then they would go and surround the house and try to make the young married people appear.

Mr. Neff is a very gracious old man—spry and active for one of his age

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MEMORIES OF MRS. JOHN W. NELSON

Mrs. Mary Ellen Bone-Nelson, who has been a resident of Grant County since six months of age, now lives eight miles east of Marion with her daughter, Mrs. Wm. T. Strange.

"I can remember the time when wolves were very numerous around Marion. One time one of my girl friends went on horse-back to help her uncle butcher. After spending the day working the uncle gave her a part of a hog to take home with her. On the way home she had to pass through a strip of woods. When she had gone a little distance through the woods she heard wolves following her, as they had scented the fresh meat, but they were yet far away. She knew they would soon overtake her so she tried to hurry the horse but it had heard the wolves and became frightened. She could hear the wolves coming closer and closer and decided she would throw the meat to them if no other help came before they overtook her.

"The wolves were coming up all around her by this time and there seemed no other way for her to escape as the horse was almost unmanageable and the road so difficult she couldn't turn.

"Her father heard the wolves and knew they were after some one who was crossing the woods. As he came near the girl he fired many shots that scared them and they all disappeared. The father then saw that it was his own daughter and he took the meat on his horse and they finished their journey in safety.

"I also remember," said Mrs. Nelson, "the spirit between the Northern and Southern people fifty-five years ago, which was very bitter.

"One time there lived around Marion a few Southern sympathizers, who destroyed several barns belonging to the Northerners. They also beat many of the older residents and stole all the valuables they could find. But these raids only lasted a few weeks as the Yankee soldiers soon took sides against those invaders.

"Everybody made their own clothing when I was young, out of flax or wool. During the war we paid 60c for a yard of calico.

"People traveled on horse-back, in big wagons, or walked. There was not much visiting as the roads were unfit to travel on. We did not think of going many other places besides church and school. Our schools only lasted three or four months and everybody that wished to could go. The older boys would carry the younger children on their backs, or put them in front on horseback.

"Many times we would awaken in the morning and find a wild fox or a deer lying on the porch where my father had laid him after getting up at 5 a. m. and 'hunting' long enough to get something.

"My sister Martha and I used to chase wild turkeys away from the farm so they would not destroy all the crops.

"All the young men wore boots. They were more careful of their boots than boys are of shoes today, too."

—Told to Irene Nelson.



JOHN T. LEVENGOOD

John Levensgood was born in Monroe Township, Grant County, in 1852.

"Those were serious days back in my childhood. I had to walk two and a half miles to school; I waded water and walked logs to get there.

"There were deer and wild turkeys in the thick woods. I remember one time I started to go across the woods to my Uncle Bocock's, who lived about three-fourths of a mile away. It was getting dark and just ahead of me I was sure I saw a panther—the old folks had been telling scary tales that day—I saw it crouching and ready to spring. I could not go back, it was too far, so I summoned courage to go closer and found it was a stump with its great roots lying out in the path.

"Another time at twilight as I was going through the woods I was certain I saw a ghost, for it was a white object that rose before me, up and down, up and down. I was sure it rose fifteen feet. I was paralyzed with fear, but by and by there was a stir in the underbrush and our old mare with a white spot on her forehead came up to me. That was my ghost, the white spot on her forehead as she browsed the grass.

"Were the presidential elections LIVELY back in those days? Well, I rather think so! The first election of Lincoln was a bitter fight. Both

sides were radical. The Knights of the Golden Circle were organized in our neighborhood and even had their guns ordered from England. They were labeled 'Sunday School Books' and got as far as Indianapolis where they were suspected and opened. Governor Morton turned them over to the Federal officers and they were used by Union soldiers in the war.

"The Knights of the Golden Circle even had the night set when they were to raid the homes of their foes, but the word got out and they did not attempt it. That night my father slept, armed, on the floor between the doors of his cabin. He would not even shut the doors.

"Lincoln's second election was not so bitterly fought.

"The Democrats had a white walnut for an emblem; the Republicans had a red, white and blue ribbon. Each would try to jerk the emblem off the other.

"Well, times have changed since then. Oh, yes, I must tell you about the 'pumpkin butter' we used to eat. It was made by boiling the pumpkin until the juice was thick. How we ate it, and thought it good.

"Anyhow those old days and ways made a lot of good citizens."



MARY JANE CARR-WILSON

When approached for an interview, this dear old lady of eighty-five was standing in her back yard giving "garden instructions" to her son of sixty-four, who seemed to be teachable for he had spaded up quite a little bit of ground.

In a business-like way she led me into the house and asked my business. Being satisfied it was of a legitimate nature she signified her willingness to talk about "early days."

"I was born in Henry County, at New Castle," she said, "in 1836, May 24th. It seems a long way back.

"Oh, the fun we used to have! I always had a lot of fun. We girls used to play 'teeter' over a log. Yes, and I used to walk up on poles—oh, you know—on stilts! Now wasn't that a great thing for a girl to do, go 'Tomboying' like that? But it was innocent fun for all that; I did not get to go running about like girls do now, I stayed at home.

"Then I had to work hard, too. I have always made my own clothes. I remember the first calico dress I ever had. I was thirteen years old, and wore it to a neighbor's and a rain came up and I ran into the house for fear it would spoil my new dress.

"I was married at eighteen to a fine young farmer, Jesse Wilson. We came to Grant County when everything was forest. We cleared the land, ditched it and got ready to live as the pioneers of that day lived. We didn't have to have all we saw in those days.

"Yes, don't I remember Harrison and Tyler and James K. Polk? During the Polk campaign the boys carried poke stalks over their shoulders and jeered at the other side.

"And the Civil War! Oh, those were hard days. I don't want any more war. I've lived through three wars—the Mexican, Civil and World wars—and I don't want any more of it. Why, I nearly grieved myself to death because my grandsons were drafted in this last war and then they didn't have to go.

"Oh, these new-fangled days and ways. I like the old ways best. I have not taken up any of the new customs. Why, I make all my own clothes by hand although I have a nice sewing machine in there. Yes, and I cook old-fashioned too, and can beat the new way of fixing things to eat. Say, you come over some day and I'll bake you corn bread." Seeing the hungry look in my eyes she said, "O, do come," and with that I left this hospitable old lady of eighty-five years.



MR. ROBERT SEELEY, 86 YEARS OF AGE, NOW

RESIDING IN GREEN TOWNSHIP, GRANT COUNTY

Mr. Seeley says: "I was born in Franklin County, Indiana, December 23, 1834. When I was a boy our family lived in a rude log cabin. I had three brothers and three sisters. Our home was a happy one for we would all gather around the fire on cold winter evenings and my father would tell ghost tales. This was the main amusement of the evening. Mother would be so busy spinning that she would not have time to listen.

"When I was old enough to go to school my father bought me McGuffey's Reader. This book was partly spelling and the rest reading. Our teacher was an Irishman, Samuel Hyde, who was very strict on us. We knew when he said for us to do anything it must be done immediately. He always brought an arm-load of beech gads to school with him on Monday mornings.

"This was a subscription school and the teacher only got seventy-five cents a day. Our school house was built of logs with a long stock chimney plastered with mud. For our windows one log was removed and a glass put in its place. The seats were made by cutting a long log into two pieces, cross-wise, and driving pegs into the bottom to serve as legs. The big boys had to go early of a morning and build the fires. School only lasted three hours a day. The most advanced work the teacher could do in arithmetic, or sums, was long-division.

"We played town-ball, which was a great sport in those days. We would choose up sides and I always chose Malissa Patterson if I got to choose first. She was the best player in school. Malissa is still living. She must be about 89 years old. Another one of our sports was the grape-vine swing. An old grape vine grew on the top of a high bluff and we would hold on with our hands and swing out over the high bluff.

"My people moved to Grant County when I was a boy. We had to go thirty miles to the nearest railroad. It took us three days to make the trip. I never had a "boughten" suit of clothes until I was twenty-two years old. One pair of boots had to last a year. When I was twenty-two years old I was united in marriage with Angeline Whipple.

"I have lived in Grant County practically all my life. I certainly enjoyed these old days. I will never forget the grape-vine swing."

—Told to Dorothy Wimmer.



A HAUNTED HOUSE

A home located in the city of Marion is known by a rather weird tale which happened just a few years ago. The family living there had a son, thirteen years of age. He was ill for thirteen days, and on the eve of the thirteenth day he called his mother, asking her if he could get up and shoot his toy rifle. His mother took him to the living room and placed a board in the fireplace for his target. He shot thirteen times, and after the thirteenth shot he grew worse and died shortly afterward. This incident happened about one o'clock in the morning.

After his burial, every night at the same hour the family would hear thirteen shots, apparently at the fireplace, and although they would lock the doors and the windows, they would open and shut as if someone were leaving. The family investigated to see if they could find anything about the house to make this noise, but were unable to do so.

—De Vonja McCall.



WHAT AILED THE HOUSE?

There was a house in early days that was surely haunted if all reports of neighbors and residents of the said house were true, but as reports of this nature lose nothing with the telling, let us suppose that some parts may be over-drawn.

First of all, as a basis for a "haunt," the husband is supposed to have killed his wife. The facts and evidence in the case are lacking, but "facts and evidence" are not necessary in case of a "haunt."

The following uncanny "conditions" were seen, felt and heard by those who were interested in the supernatural:

(a) A mysterious sound was heard at times; difficult to interpret as to origin, but sounding like a sack of grain falling to the floor.

(b) A woman without the necessary accompaniment of a head was seen carrying in her arms a tiny babe. She frequented the house at dusk.

(c) The clapping of hands was heard at irregular intervals. Each time there were three claps.

(d) The lady who lived down stairs felt the icy grip of five cold fingers on her cheek; while the lady who lived upstairs was favored with the same pleasurable grip on both cheeks.

But none seem to be able to prove it.

ALMINOR KELLEY ADDINGTON

Alminor Kelley was born in Ohio in about 1834, on January 27. They do not know the exact date of her birth for the "Family Bible" was burned when their house burned and they lost all their records.

When she was a small child they moved to Henry County, near Hagerstown, and from there to Grant County in the neighborhood of Swayzee. They lived here five years before the land was entered and she can remember having no playmates but the Indian children.

She never went to school a day in her life, but she has a good memory and can count and read now.

When she was young she said she remembered seeing her grandmother carrying a sickle and cutting wheat. They raised flax and tanned that too.

When he came here there was no court house at all and just a little log house for a jail. She said, "I think they said I was the first to get married after they had a court house and they still have my papers down there yet."

Alminor Kelley was quite past a little child when Polk and Clay ran for president. She said they went to Hagerstown to a rally and while everyone was there they had lots of whiskey and many of the men were as drunk as could be, and they fought like cats and dogs. They got one man down and pulled his shirt up over his head and then several men jumped at him biting the flesh from his back with their teeth. She said she remembered this as well as if it had happened yesterday.

The Kelley's used to prepare hides, then Sam McClure came around to get them and gave them food and other things for the hides.

In about 1852 Alminor Kelley married (Pat) Addington. They had nine children, only one of whom is still living. Mrs. Addington lives with her at the present time though her own home is in Swayzee.

A few years ago Mrs. Addington had a stroke of paralysis and since then has lived with her daughter. She said she was blind for a while but now she can see.

She said she was glad she could live but still, at times, she felt in the way for she was a care and no one to care for her except her daughter.

EARLY LAND-OWNERS IN SOUTH MARION

(By Robert Smith—1920)

1. From Fourteenth to Sixteenth streets on east side of Washington street, including First Friends church, owned by James Switzer.

2. West of Washington street, O. H. P. Carey owned thirty or forty acres.

3. East of Washington, from 16th street to the hill, owned by George Webster.

4. West side of Washington, from 18th street to 26th street, owned by Jack Foster, and the hill was known as "Foster's Hill." They dug and hauled sand and gravel from this hill to make it smaller, for it used to be real steep. One day, where a big hole, ten or twelve feet was dug, a wagon load of people came by and fell in, but no one was badly hurt.

5. On west of Washington, from 26th to 33rd streets (also a little strip of land over to Adams street) was owned by Henry Wade.

6. East of Adams, Jessie Thomas owned 180 acres over to Sand Pike, or Meridian street.

7. From 33rd to 36th, owned by Jeremiah Thomas, both east and west.

8. There used to be a ditch running from the College to a little beyond 36th, and this was full of fish, and in summer they used to catch a big string of fish there. In winter time there were large ponds of ice from 40th, all around Second Friends' church, a quarter of a mile long and forty rods wide, and they used to have a fine time skating.

9. From 36th to 38th, east and west, owned by John Thomas.

10. South of 38th street, on west side of Washington, including Second Friends' church, Jacob Botow owned to Western Avenue.

11. South of 38th to 44th, about 80 acres, owned by Isaac R. Smith (Mr. Smith's father), the first big brick country home, built in 1865. The men who built it were Weldon Malott and David Saunders.

12. On west side to 44th, owned by Robert Bats.

13. From 44th, east side of Washington, owned by Oliver Carry,

later by Mr. Moorehead, 80 acres.

14. West to 44th to first cross-road, owned by Eli Thomas. About 70 acres.

15. On to second cross-roads, owned by George Shugart. Owned on both sides of the road.

16. On to next cross-roads, east side, Thomas Harris; west side, Shugart.

Mr. Smith says his first school was in an old building by the Power House. Later he went to the "United Brethren" log building at 38th and Meridian streets. All children living on the Jonesboro pike came there to school. They would go to school in winter on their skates, when warmer they would "coon" the fences to keep out of water.

His first whipping at school was given because he and three other boys went to school early one morning and decided to go skating and come back late. The teacher whipped the other two boys, but when he came to Mr. Smith who had on a long coat, he (Mr. Smith) stooped down to miss the blows, so the teacher hit him a few blows on the neck.

This school house was later moved to 38th and Washington, about 1866 or 1867, then out to where the country school is now situated, south of the College. Later it was moved to 41st and Carey streets and used for a church, and finally was built into a dwelling house.

Mr. Smith hauled wheat from 40th street to Wabash when fourteen years old. He made three trips in one week.

He says the first merchants of Marion were Samuel McClure, George White, Goldthwaite & Hogan and Jessie Smith.

His father worked for Jessie Smith when he, Robert, was but four years old. There was a kind of circus came to town one day and his mother and aunt went and left him with his father in the store. While his father was waiting on a customer, he ran to the show. His father, suspecting where he had gone, followed him to the show, bought a ticket, went and found him. So the whole Smith family went to the show, and Quakers at that!



FRANCES ASBURY BRADFORD

F. A. Bradford was born in Grant county Aug. 27th, 1850. He received the education that most children of that day had. He recalls one year when there was not any school at all, due to lack of funds.

His boyhood was spent in the era of log rollings and corn huskings. His father attended eighteen log rollings one season. Fine timber was wasted at these "rollings"—oak, poplar and walnut trees that today would bring fabulous prices. The bark of the white oak was used for tanning leather.

The Indians used to pass his father's home on the way to the "Big Woods," located in northern Grant and southern Huntington counties. The Indians would go in single file, on ponies, to the "Big Woods" where they remained for several days hunting.

They had a temporary camp a short distance from Mr. Bradford's home. It consisted of huts or tents made of elm bark. There was moss inside the huts which served as beds for the Indians.

The first time he ever tried to read at school he cried and cried until he had to go and sit down. The children had to "toe the mark" in spelling which meant that each child had to place his toes on a straight chalk-line made by the teacher. Felix Burton, John Green and William Johnson were among his first teachers.

The first funeral he ever attended was that of his grandfather, George Bradford. He was buried about one hundred and fifty yards from his home on his own farm. Later he was removed to Fairview cemetery. The sight of death appalled Frances very much.

Graves were often dug down to a certain depth, then finished in the shape of a casket. After the coffin was lowered into this it was covered with boards forming a crude vault.

He says his first church service impressed itself upon his mind. George Hubbard preached. The songs they sang were doleful in the extreme with long metre, and he began to cry and had to be taken outside.

Mr. Bradford told of early farming. First the primitive forest, with

its undergrowth, had to be removed. This was a Herculean task, but the sturdy pioneers did this without complaint. Then they fenced the cleared area with a rail fence. If it needed underground drainage they used timber for there was no tile.

The ground was ploughed with either a "jumping shovel" or a "bar shear" plough. A home-made harrow, shaped like the letter A was used, then the land was "laid off" in light furrows and the corn dropped by hand and covered with a hoe.

When the corn came up little Frances had to "thin" it, leaving but two or three stalks to the hill, then his older brothers followed with hoes and removed all weeds, and replanted any hill that was missed.

Wheat was sown broadcast on land that had produced oats or flax, then was "harrowed in." When ripe the standing grain was cut with the grain cradle and the down grain with a reaping hook.

It was threshed by horses tramping it on the barn floor. The chaff was separated from the wheat by means of a fan-mill.

Pigs were partly fattened on acorns, hickory nuts and beech "mass."

Cattle were rarely ever kept in stables, not even milk cows. The cows were milked without being tied and most always by the "women folks."

The best farmers tried to make every foot of cleared land produce. Even the fence corners were set in grass which was cut for hay. All burrs, thistles and weeds were carefully removed from the farms.

In this way the early pioneers paved the way for the luxury and comfort of future generations.



WILLIAM WHARTON (Told by George Wharton)

William Wharton was born in 1816 in Guernsey County, Ohio. When he was sixteen years of age he came alone to Indiana. The country was very wild but he camped his first night about one-half mile from Buckwheat's village. Buckwheat was chief of the Delaware Indians. He landed there on the eve of Easter day and camped by the side of a pond. He said he had more eggs to eat for Easter than he ever had before or since. He fished and got fish eggs.

On Easter morning his horses were gone so he left his possessions here and started on the hunt of them. He trailed them through the woods and overtook them about where Union City is now. He came back and cleared the ground and put out a crop and then went back to Ohio and married when he was seventeen, and his wife was a year younger.

The Wharton home was built about 200 yards from the Delawares' village. In the winter time twelve or fifteen Indians were always around their fire-place and they couldn't get rid of them without making bitter enemies of them.

In 1873 William Wharton and his wife, Rachel, moved to Grant County. Their land was around Matthews and the southeast part of the county. Mr. Wharton was a pioneer through and through. He went to Iowa but didn't like the prairies and finally returned to Grant County.

They used to hunt for their amusement. One night he went coon hunting and when he thought he had one spotted he fired and one fell from a tree beyond, and then when he thought he would get the first one he shot still another one.

The little Wharton children made pets out of whatever they could catch. Once they had a little ground squirrel that was as tame as a kitten. Buckwheat wanted it for his little girl and little Helen Wharton objected very strenuously. Buckwheat just stepped on it and killed it so no one could have any enjoyment out of it. Near where Buckwheat's tribe used to live is a bluff that still bears the name of Buckwheat.

When they used to hunt deer they took a piece of wood that held fire and made a light and put it on the front of the canoe. They paddled along quietly, close to the shore, and when a deer was eating moss along the edge of the river it would see the light but was not able to see anything behind it. Deer will not run from a light so the hunters could kill them.

The surest way, and the way the pioneers used to call the turkeys, was to use the wing bone, cutting it off at the second joint, chopping off the end and then suck through it and it made a noise like the turkeys make when they call. This always brought a whole flock of turkeys.

Wm. Wharton died in 1902, but his son, George Wharton, tells the story of his father's life as if it were his own.

—Mary Herzog.

J. H. PETTIFORD (COLORED)

I was born in Grant County in 1852. The country was then a wilderness and very swampy. In traveling the pioneers had to glaze the trees so they would not get lost, for there were not many wagon roads then.

My parents came from Guilford County, North Carolina, and settled near Richmond, Indiana, then later came to near Jonesboro and worked for David Jay; from there on to West Branch, and then to Weaver where there was a large colored settlement.

I went to a "district" school, and after the Civil War to a "free" school.

In 1880 I went into partnership with H. Weaver in the grocery business. In 1882 we got the post office established at Weaver and I was the post-master and Mr. Weaver my assistant. We got the mail but once a week at first, later it came daily.

I served as constable for two years in Liberty Township under Samuel Wilson, until he died, then I came to my present location, as grocer, on Tenth and Nebraska.



HOW THE JONESBORO-MUNCIE ROAD WAS LAID OUT

As we ride over the Jonesboro-Muncie pike we little think of the curious legend which is told concerning its origin.

The first road was started before Indiana was recognized as a state. At this time dense forests covered this territory, penetrated only by the Mississinewa river.

The road was started from Muncie quite early in the 19th century. A man started out into the forest and worked his way through the undergrowth, always picking the way where the least resistance was offered. After traveling a short distance the man would halt and blow lustily on a horn which he carried. In the rear a party of his companions hearing the horn would cut a path through to the man. This process was repeated and repeated until the trail reached Jonesboro, which was then the largest town in Grant County.

In going over the road today one can readily see why the road should be so winding, the first trail being carved out in such a curious fashion. Indeed, the longest straight stretch in the road today is scarcely a mile and a quarter long. One will also notice several abrupt turns in the road, especially at the town of Wheeling, where a ninety degree angle is made. The reason for this was because the pioneers had no desire to cut through so many large hills and ravines which are adjacent to the river, and noticeably at Wheeling.

Despite many seeming drawbacks this road has for a long time been one of the best in the county and will remain so if a little timely care is taken of it. Our pioneer surveyors could lay roads for "a' that."

—Guy E. Stahr.



GUS CONDO

Gus Condo, senior, was born near Bennett's Switch, Miami County, August 1, 1849.

Most of that country was woods, ponds and swamps. There were deer, wild turkeys and many squirrels in the woods.

Mr. Condo was born in the Indian Reserve but most of the Indians were gone before his day.

His school house was the typical log house with its big fire-place and writing desk. The pupils brought lunches of corn bread. Wheat bread was reserved for Sunday.

One of the teachers was "Andy" Cox. There was a big pond near the school that froze over in winter. "Andy" told the pupils not to go on the ice, except the boys who had skates. Of course, this meant that they all went on to the ice. "Andy" called them in and lined them up according to age. Mr. Condo was the last culprit. "Andy" was ready to whip every one of them, but one of the larger boys stepped forth and told him to put up the gad. "Andy" decided he could not whip twenty pupils, so he re-

luctantly put up the gad and the culprits went free.

Mr. Condo's father was a farmer, but he wanted his children educated so he bought all the books he could afford, saying he could not send his boys to college but they could read books.

All of Mr. Condo's brothers became ministers. He, himself, has preached for fifty-two years, having begun preaching before he was quite twenty years of age.

Mr. Condo says the one thing necessary in these days is an education. It matters not what one's profession is he must be educated.

OAK MIDDLETON

Mr. Middleton has lived in Marion for 84 years. He came from Ohio when a tiny child. He went to school when two or three years of age. He saw the whole town of Marion built. He bought the land where he now lives (on Sixth street, near Nebraska), when it was in meadow land. Mr. Mahlon Waldron was clearing off the land where the court house stands when he came here. Court was then held in an old log house. He remembers Martin Boots quite well, and Nathan Branson, and often played with Branson's boys.

There was a "swimming hole" where the Indiana theater now stands; there was one just east of the present Presbyterian church also. The Mississinewa river did not flow in its present channel and there was much marsh land where Marion now is built. There was a hill just west of the present Presbyterian church, about where Undertaker Stuart now lives.

A few years ago many men came to him to get locations and facts about abstracts because he knew the land and its early owners so well.

There were many wolves—too many—wild turkeys and other game in the early days. One time his father had to go to Cincinnati on business and his mother and the children stayed at home alone. In the night they heard an awful uproar that frightened them very much. At first they thought it was dogs after something but later they knew it was a pack of wolves that had come to eat the carcass of an animal near the shed.

He said that hogs did not have to be fed because they grew fat on acorns, beech "mass," hickory nuts and other "fruits of the woods."

His father and the children used to raise flax, then his mother would weave the linen threads into cloth for their clothes. He used to wear a "tow" shirt and linen breeches. These garments would "scratch" until they were well nigh unendurable.

Men went to church then in patched clothes and home-spun garments. The preacher would preach in the old school house once in four or five weeks.

In the spring Mr. Middleton would shear the sheep, about seventy-five in number, when he was only nine years of age. He could spin twenty-five "cuts" a day—four cuts to the skein.

If he wanted to play in the afternoon he would hurry up to finish the twenty-five cuts. He says he could outspin two women. He says the Indians would come to see Bob McClure's races (on what is now the Philip Matter farm, northwest of Marion). They would get drunk and have a "high old time." These races were held seventy years ago and later. Before a race they would drag two big kettles over the track to smooth it nicely.

One time there were two fine horses that were to race, one, Hanging Rock, driven by a little negro; the other, Martha Simpson, who had no driver but won the race by nine feet. There was much betting done at these races.

When I asked him who was the best wrestler in those early days he said, "Dogged if I know, but big Jack Hays was a good one, weighing nearly as heavy again as I, but I threw him."

The greatest amusements he had was "clearin" and going to dances. He himself would "fiddle" for the dancers. People now talk about the "old foggy" amusements, but those days were the happiest of all. Then people were hospitable and kind. He can "fiddle" yet and ever dance, but only to the old tunes. After his marriage he sold his old violin and did not play for years.

He has been to many log-rollings. Sometimes there would be one every day for three weeks. One big walnut tree which he burned would,

if sold now, have bought the forty acres he then owned.

There were also corn huskings, quiltings, apple-pearings and spelling matches and after these there would be a big dance.

Mr. Middleton says there is only one man in Grant County who has been here longer than he has and that is David Hogin, who came two years before he did. They differ a little on the things remembered, but Mr. Middleton says he (himself) remembers better than Hogin.

There are also two other classmates of his who are still living (1920), Mrs. Martha Weaver and Mr. Jacob Barley. He says also that David Conner was here before Martin Boots.

Mr. Middleton's favorite book in the years long past was the "Pictorial History of the United States." One night some one left it out in the rain and ruined it. He went to school to Judge St. John in 1848.

Mr. Middleton is a hale old man, cheerful and pleasant, and keenly alive to the needs of the present.



JAMES HARRIS DENTON

"Uncle Jimmy" Denton was born in Wayne County, Penn., September 1, 1837. He has lived in Grant County over thirty years. His early years were spent in the typical log cabin with the puncheon floor and clap-board roof. The house was built without nails, just "pins" of wood.

"We did not know what it was to lock a door when we were married," he said, looking at the dear old lady seated near. "People were honest then."

"I was right smart of a deer hunter. I have killed a lot of them; shot them right through the heart with my rifle. A deer never showed fight unless it was wounded. Yes, and there were porcupines, lots of them. Sometimes they would throw their quills into the dog's mouth and the dog would have to be killed."

He told about the early circuit riders coming for long distances on horseback to preach a plain gospel to the pioneers. They preached in the old log school houses, and would often use the "recitation bench" for a "mourners' bench." Those convicted of sin would come and kneel and cry out to God for mercy. Then, when converted, they would shout loud enough to be heard a long distance.

The congregation would sing the old-fashioned songs: "A Charge to Keep I Have," "When I Can Read My Title Clear," "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing," "Shall We Gather at the River," "'Tis the Old-Time Religion," etc. The preacher would "line" the hymn, that is, he would read aloud the first line of the hymn and the people would sing it, then he'd read the second, and so on until the entire hymn of many stanzas was sung.

The preacher would take the "mourner" or "convert" on "probation," later if he did not "backslide" he was taken into "full connection" with the church.

There were several Indians here when Mr. Denton came. The older boys used to go over to the "Camp." The Indians could talk English brokenly. They were lazy as a usual thing, letting the squaws do all the work, making everybody happy about him.

Mr. Denton married Sarah Carl in 1865, they have therefore been married over fifty-six years.

"Uncle Jimmy" is a fine old man. He sits and sings most of the time.



ROBERT POE

Mr. Poe was born in Wayne County, in Indiana, July 24, 1839; came with his parents to Grant County in 1842 and settled one mile north of Roseburg. They took a claim on what is now the Sam Burrier place, in 1845.

About the first thing he remembers is the Indians. They would come to his father's home for food and would tease him by telling him they would carry him off.

Mr. Poe remembers the awful "Freshet of 1847." His father said: "The boats sailed on what is now known as the northwest corner of the public square." James Sweetser had a store where the First National bank building is now and they rowed boats in front of his store. This was at the New Year and was called the "New Year's Fresh."

He has heard his parents tell many times of the falling stars of 1833. People were scared, thinking the end of the world had come. Mr. Poe

thinks it was probably a warning of some sort.

He also told of the cold New Year of 1864. He nearly froze that morning, he went out to cut a back log for the fireplace which did not take over ten minutes. When he got back to the house his fingers were frozen. He could have broken them off.

He saw the total eclipse of the sun on August 7, 1869. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon and for awhile all was as dark as midnight. The chickens even went to roost. That afternoon a rather rough fellow had come to buy a load of corn of Mr. Poe and while they were in the corn pen it began to grow dark. Finally the fellow said, "What in the name of God is the matter?" Then Mr. Poe, knowing he was a wicked man, said weirdly, "Time is no more," and after noting the effect told him what was really occurring.

Mr. Poe remembers Marion when it was just a village. He has seen Davy Conner, Martin Boots, Sammy McClure, Jimmy Sweetser and the founders of the town.

He passed through Kokomo when it contained just six cabins. The "bush" was yet on the public square.

He knew Chief Meshingomesia. He was a peaceful Indian but would "tank up" once in a while. He seems to have had "white man's money," for it was said he offered a white man a half bushel of silver dollars if he would marry his adopted daughter.

When asked if he ever saw a "ghost," Mr. Poe replied: "I've never seen anything uglier or scarier than myself." He remembered the first murder in Howard County, the report having been brought to Grant County by some friends of the Poe family.

Mr. Poe is a second cousin to the Ohio Poe who slew "Big Foot," an Indian brave, in a terrible struggle in pioneer days.

He remembers plainly the administration of Buchanan. His first vote was cast for Lincoln in the first election. "Everything looked 'scary' then, worse than the last war, for there were rebels right among us; there were Knights of the Golden Circle, many of them, right here in Grant County." Mr. Poe belonged to the Roseburg Home Guard. "I have been a Republican from the beginning of the party and intend to remain one."

The Wesleyan Methodist is the first church he remembers. His parents belonged to it. "We had REAL meeting, REVIVALS then. People were really converted. Now the church has to work hard to convert folks and then they won't stay converted."

"Well, this is a GOOD world, anyhow."



MOUNDS

The largest of mounds found in Grant County is that one found two miles south and one mile west of Upland, in Jefferson Township. About forty years ago the mound was five or six rods in diameter and about fifty feet high. At that time it was covered with all kinds of timber.

After people began settling near the mound they began clearing away the timber. The dirt was carried about a quarter of a mile. There is a basin near, rather deep, and at that time it was covered with trees, the same as the mound. The supposition of the old settlers was that the dirt in the mound was carried from where the basin is now.

People owning the land cleared the mound and for years have plowed it down until at the present time it is merely nothing but a small hill. In plowing and digging the mound many relics of the mound builders have been found, such as darts, hatchets, gun-barrels and bones.

The darts were just ordinary shaped ones like those found in later years. The hatchets were made of stone, mostly of blue granite. They were large and rudely shaped. The guns were the old-fashioned flint-lock guns.

The owner of the mound gave many people permission to dig into it. One day two men were given permission to dig. They dug a trench north and south about four feet deep. After digging they found a part of a skeleton of a man, the thigh bone, ball and socket joint, and many small bones. When the small bones were exposed to the air they immediately crumbled. The ball and socket joint and thigh bones were taken to a physician in Upland and he estimated the bones were of a man at least nine

feet tall and weighing not less than three hundred pounds and the man was not fleshy.

A stone smoking pipe was found. The bowl of the pipe was two and a half inches in diameter and the stem was six or seven inches long. It was made in the shape of a letter (L) and of blue granite stone.

Under the place where the bones and pipe were found was a bed of boulders, from the size of a hen egg to the size of a man's head, being cemented together. The old settlers thought the mound builders had their valuables hidden under this bed of boulders. No one has been able to break the boulders with a pick. The pipe was taken to Marion and ten dollars was given for it.

There is another mound a short distance down the river from the large one. This mound is much smaller than the one just mentioned. In it was found a silver wheel, made like a buggy wheel, and cut from silver. It was four inches in diameter.

—Irene Pearson.

A HAUNTED HOUSE

There is a small brick house in Marion, Indiana, which was believed to be haunted until a few years ago, when the owner moved away.

Several different nights one summer, about eight years ago, queer sounds were heard. Often on clear nights a continuous sound was heard, as if water were dropping on the top of the bed, which would only cease when a lamp was lighted. At other times a sound, like the hissing of a snake would be heard in one corner of a certain room, where nothing could be found capable of making such a sound.

The most startling of these mysteries was told by my grandmother, who lived in the house at the time. This is what she said: "I was sitting at my supper table one evening in the early summer of 1912. The sun had just set and it was not dark yet out of doors when I heard something peck on the door-glass. I supposed it to be one of my little grandsons and did not go to the door. In a minute or two I heard the pecking again, followed by a rattling of the door-knob. I opened the door and a strange gust of wind passed me, although no wind was blowing that evening. There was no one in sight. That night as I put out the light and went to bed, I heard distinct footsteps as if a heavy man were walking back and forth across the other rooms, which continued all night long. I began to become somewhat afraid and called, 'Who is in the house?' but the footsteps did not cease, and I got no reply. I lay there almost afraid to move until the sun came up. Then the footsteps seemed to die away slowly. I did not stay there another night."

Several other persons have heard these strange sounds, but since the owner, Mr. Bittel, who was a spiritualist, sold it and moved to another part of the country, no one has heard anything.

—Eugene Wilson (1921).

FUGITIVES

Samuel McClure, one of the oldest settlers, had a farm northwest of Marion. During the Civil War he had an "underground railway" station. He kept the fugitives over night or as long as necessary before taking them to the next station.

Another station in the county was owned by Mr. Oren, living northwest of Upland. Mr. Oren had a very large cabin in the woods, and as the woods were very thick they were not afraid of the fugitives being found. He (Mr. Oren) kept them there for a favorable time for moving. The fugitives were transported in covered wagons and in loads of hay and corn. A story has been handed down that Mr. Oren told his sons to feed the fugitives one night. As the boys were not in sympathy with the plan of hiding the fugitives they did not take them food. Next morning Mr. Oren went to see if the negroes were all right. They answered they were all right but mighty hungry. The boys never forgot to feed the fugitives after that.

A NARROW ESCAPE

One day during the summer of 1883 two brothers went down along

the Mississinewa river, about three miles north of Marion. The older boy, who was about twelve years of age, and the younger one, who was nine, had gone down to the "Devil's Backbone," a large hill about half a mile from their home. They had gone down there with their father and then they went over to the river.

Walking on the bank of the river the boys, who had been playing with their dog, suddenly stopped for they saw two long objects hanging in a bush a short distance away from them.

The boys soon discovered the objects were two blue racer snakes, and the younger boy, intending to have a little fun by teasing the snakes, picked up a few rocks and began throwing at them. The snakes crawled down from the bush into the grass and very slowly started toward their tormentor. Becoming frightened, he hastily dropped the stones, turned around and started to run up the high bank away from the snakes.

The snakes, when they saw the boy run from them, quickly gave chase, gliding swiftly through the grass and rapidly gaining on the retreating boy. They chased him for about sixty yards when they suddenly saw an enemy coming towards them.

The faithful dog, when he saw his playmates in danger, started after the snakes and soon killed both of them. This gave the boy a lesson not to play with snakes or to run from them, for no doubt if he had "stood his ground" the snakes would have been afraid to attack him.

HOW CART CREEK GOT ITS NAME

Once an old pioneer was driving an old two-wheeled ox-cart. The roads were very muddy and as he was fording the creek the cart got mired in the midst of it. He tried and tried to pull out but finally had to unhitch his oxen and leave the cart there. Passers by noticed the cart and finally gave the creek the name of Cart Creek.

—Told to Juanita Mackey by Mr. Wm. Brinker.

HOW DEER CREEK GOT ITS NAME

Deer Creek was named by the Indians because so many deer seemed to collect about this stream in an early day.

—David Harris.

HOW BACK CREEK GOT ITS NAME

Back Creek got its name from the fact that the water from the Mississinewa backed up in it before the country was drained.

—David Harris.

A PIONEER STORY

Mr. and Mrs. Hannah Thomas came to Grant County with three small children in 1829, and settled about three or four squares north, and one square west of the Washington street bridge close to a large spring.

Some months after, one evening about milking time, Mrs. Thomas went after the cows which were grazing in the forest and after searching some time she became lost. She had wandered in an easterly direction to a place just south of Massy Creek. Soon night overtook her, but at length she found a few horses and cows which belonged to John Pearson. One of the horses was tame and had a bell on his neck and she caught it and kept hold of it until daylight, to protect her from the prowling animals.

In the meantime Mr. Thomas became alarmed at her absence and called the neighbors in search of her. They took their horns and started out to find her. She said she could hear their horns but could not make them hear her.

Next morning about eight o'clock Enos Massy, then a lad about seventeen years old, found her and brought her safely home.

(Told to Carl Jackson by Marcus Thomas, grandson of the above parties.)

A HAUNTED (?) HOUSE

(By William Dubois.)

One time my grandparents moved to a house that was said to be haunted. One night my grandfather had to go away so he told the hired

hand to be sure not to leave the house.

After supper grandmother saw that the "hand" was going away so she made up her mind to go to bed and not be afraid.

During the night she heard a pounding on the house. She was frightened for rumor had it that the man who built the house died before it was finished and his ghost came back to finish the work. Needless to say, grandmother slept no more than night.

In the morning they investigated and found that a loose board near the foundation was the cause. The little pigs were in the habit of going through this crack under the house for the night. When they came out the board would fly back and hit the house, and this explained the "ghost."



ANOTHER GHOST STORY

Not far from here there was a farm for sale, the owner being dead. One of the neighbors wanted to buy the farm, but the house was said to be haunted, for an object in white had been seen to descend from the loft.

Finally a number of people decided to investigate and sure enough the white form descended as from the ceiling. The crowd all ran except one man who was just drunk enough to be fearless. He approached the ghost with a revolver and demanded who or what it was. The "ghost" quickly found speech and explained that he was let down with a rope by another man in the loft. Their purpose was to "haunt" the place so it could be bought cheaply.

OLIVER SMITH DAVIS

Remembrances of Mr. Oliver Smith Davis, who was born in Liberty Township in Grant County, Indiana, November 9, 1851.

"I was born in a log cabin which my father, with the help of other men, had built. There was only one room, about fourteen feet square, and we slept, ate and cooked there. There was only one door which was made of slabs and fastened on with wooden hinges nailed on to the cabin. Some were pinned on with wooden pins. The door was latched with a wooden latch which was nailed to the door and dropped in a piece of wood in a "U" shape, nailed to the inside of the house. A string was attached to the latch and a hole bored in the door and the string hung on the outside. When coming in, one pulled down on the string and the door would come open. When the latch string was outside it meant 'welcome.'

"One small window about two feet square was all the light we had.

"There was a fireplace about six feet long in one side of the room which was used for cooking and heating the cabin.

"A crane hung in the fireplace, upon which we hung pots for boiling meat, potatoes, etc. When we roasted meat we would twist a cord and tie it to the meat and hang it in front of the fireplace and the string would twist and untwist until the meat was roasted. Pies bread and other pastry were baked in a large skillet with an iron lid, covered with coals from the fireplace.

"I remember when mother stood at the cabin door and picked a gallon of blackberries to make pies for summer.

"The roads that we had to travel were very narrow for a long time; they remained in this condition until the pioneers had time to cut them wider. I remember when they made a corduroy road at Twentieth and Washington streets. They started logs rolling down until they sank in the mud and this made the road more easy to travel. When they removed these logs they made gravel roads and charged toll.

There was an old colored man that hauled some grain from Marion to Wabash before the roads were improved. He was dreaming and not thinking where he was going when his wagon wheel suddenly went in a rut and he fell off. He hit the ground with a thump and then getting to his feet exclaimed, "Well, if it hadn't been for my pocketbook I would have been killed!"

"We boys played with whatever we could find and the girls put their mother's aprons on their cats and played until they tired of this and then dressed cucumbers and pumpkins for dolls.

"Mother had some tin-type pictures taken of we children but she wouldn't let us touch them. One day after ma and pa had been out making

maple syrup they came in and asked who touched the pictures. Julia (my sister) said that I had and I denied it. Pa said, 'Now I know Julia wouldn't tell a lie.' He was getting ready to whip me so I said that I had touched them to keep Julia from getting a whipping, for she touched them and had told a story.

"I started to school when I was five years old but took the 'fever' and had to quit. The school house was made of logs with only four windows and one door. The seats were logs split in two with pins driven in for legs.

"Again I started to school at nine years, but had forgotten everything I knew and had to begin with the A, B, C's. We started our lessons in a loud whisper, except spelling, and that was done aloud. We sang geography by naming the state capital and rivers.

"About the hardest punishment children ever received was to stand and look through the key hole. A cross old maid, Theressa Arnett, made me stand and look through the key hole for about an hour. I turned my head around and she punished me for that.

"There was a colored boy that sat on the bench in front of me. I had a darning needle with a string in it and fastened it to my coat and gave it a flip and it stuck in his head. I jerked the string and he rubbed and scratched his head but never knew what did it.

"In 1864 there was a very cold New Year. Some time in the night the rain had turned to snow and about eight inches of the 'beautiful' fell. The next morning it was 26 degrees below zero.

"In 1863 practically nothing at all was raised because there was a frost every month of the year. There was not enough feed raised for the stock. People left their hogs in the woods and they ate acorns until they were gone and then starved. Horses were wintered on straw and cows on bran and chaff. The hogs that were killed for meat had sides so thin that when they were held up to the light one could see through them.

"Three Quaker meeting-houses were built about the same time—Oak Ridge, Deer Creek and South Marion. The services were silent unless the Spirit moved some one. They prayed and shook hands with everyone and then went home.

"In those days Quakers were not allowed to marry outside the church unless the other one would join the church. When a young man and woman wished to marry they had to speak to the elderly people in the church, and they brought it before the meeting and discussed it. If no one objected they could marry, but if they did object the couple had to keep it up until they were permitted.

"One summer day an old man was standing close to a window in a church. It was during the service that a bumble bee flew in and lit on his sleeve. The old man had his hands behind him and knew nothing that was going on, but we boys could see it and had to stuff our handkerchiefs in our mouths to keep from laughing. The bee crawled down his sleeve to his hand and stung him. The old man jumped and said 'Golly' and our ma's and pa's did not scold us much for laughing because they knew how funny it was.

"When any one at home was sick we had to get on horseback to get the doctor. He rode a horse, too, and hung his pill-bag on the back of the saddle.

"There were a few doctors who owned what they called a "gig." This was a two-wheeled cart. One's feet hung down on a board that was fastened to the seat.

"When anyone died some one made a casket of plain wood and lined it with white muslin. The corpse was placed in it and was nailed up and then was hauled to the cemetery in a wagon."

This was told by Mr. Davis himself, who is an active man for his age, and now lives a short distance south of the Marion College.

NAOMI RENTFROW-GOUDY

Naomi Rentfrow (now Mrs. Goudy) was born in Kosciusko County, Indiana, in 1853, and moved to Fox Station, Grant County, when she was almost thirteen years old. She is of Dutch descent and says her father could "sure jabber" Dutch but he never taught it to any of the children. About half of their farm was timber.

She attended school at Fox Station and learned the three R's. "That's

all we studied, but 'betcha' we got them good, too."

She wore flannel dresses and linsey petticoats and sometimes she helped spin and color the yarn, but they always sent it away to have it woven.

Twice when she was quite young she saved the life of one of her sisters. Once her sister fell in a huge iron kettle of water which they kept under the water spout. Mrs. Goudy, then about five years old, pulled her out by her feet and saved her from drowning. Another time this sister fell into a creek. It came about this way: The children were out playing and were crossing the creek on a slippery log. The sister fell in and again Mrs. Goudy came to her rescue, caught hold of her sister's hair and pulled her out.

The church which she attended was in an Indian settlement but the preacher was a white man. She remembers especially an old Indian who attended church there with his two squaws. He always went to church first, then one of his squaws would follow some distance behind him, then the other squaw followed her, always keeping about the same distance between the first squaw as there was between the first squaw and the Indian husband. Both of the squaws wore bright yellow scarfs or 'kerchiefs tied about their heads.

When Mrs. Goudy came to Grant County she can remember very plainly that the trees at the Mississinewa battle ground were full of shot and in one place the ground was sunken and she was told that the white men buried a cannon there to prevent the Indians from taking it.

She heard the story of an Indian girl: The girl had been in town and was going home drunk. She wandered away from the regular path and was going towards a hollow in which there was a regular snake den. A couple of men tried to stop her but could not and she went into the hollow only to be killed by the snakes.

One night as Mrs. Goudy was going home from church through the "twisty" lanes she knew that she was followed by a boy who wanted to go with her, and knowing this, girl-like, she ran from him and succeeded in arriving at her home first, but the boy was not to be outwitted so he stopped at her home for a drink and of course he "took a chair" and stayed awhile while Naomi finished up some of the work. Finally he followed her to the smoke-house and wanted to know if he could stay awhile. "I was just plagued to death, but OF COURSE I let his stay and he was my FIRST beau," she finished.

She says, "I believe there used to be such things as ghosts." And then she told this story of a "haunted house": "Once upon a time(since this is the way all good and well-behaved ghost stories begin) a man starved to death one of his relatives in this house and since the ghost of this woman was hungry it came back to the house and hunted for food. Most people were afraid of the house and would not live in it, but one family moved in anyway and these are some of their experiences: At night, especially dark and gloomy nights, if they were all gathered together in one room, there would be a noise as if some one were dropping pans in one of the other rooms and if they investigated and went into the room from which the noise seemed to come, then they heard it from another room, as if the ghost were running from them. One night they heard this peculiar noise in the dining room and one man went quickly to the dining room door, and swore, telling the ghost (if ghost it was) to get what it wanted and go. When he reached the door he saw a figure walk around the table to the pantry door and then very calmly disappear but after that the ghost did not come so often."

—Story told to Evelyn Lytle.



WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP, GRANT COUNTY

Washington is typical of many other townships in the state. The early settlers came from the states of Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky and some from states farther south and in making for themselves homes necessarily had to endure many hardships and privations incident to pioneer life.

We of the present generation can not realize, or scarcely imagine, the disadvantages and inconveniences under which our grandparents and great-grandparents labored.

Being men and women of hardihood, industry, and integrity they went to work to hew down the forest, to establish homes in which they could rear their families and secure for themselves the blessings of life which come as the result of honest toil.

I know of no better way to impress upon the mind of the present generation the difficulties under which the pioneer labored than by contrast.

As already indicated the land was heavily timbered which, when removed, left many stumps and roots making the cultivation of the soil very difficult; now a farmer can plow for days without encountering a stump or root.

There were no roads, making travel difficult and sometimes dangerous. Now we have gravel, stone, concrete and asphalt roads. Instead of the old wooden, spike-tooth harrow we have the disc or cultivator; instead of the single plow we have the two-row cultivator; instead of the old cast-iron plow we have the tractor; instead of the ox-cart or two-horse wagon we have the auto-truck, or Ford sedan, or the limousine; instead of getting mail once a month, perhaps, we have the daily papers delivered at our door.

In those days they grew the flax, pulled it up, spread it out on the ground for the woody fiber to get brittle, after which they broke, spun and wove it into cloth, called linsey and liner. Likewise the sheep were sheared, the wool washed, picked, and made into rolls, spun, colored, woven and made into clothing for both men and women. All of this was done by hand. Now we can go into a department store and get anything we want ready-made.

Then they had log cabins to live in, with tallow candles for light; now we have palatial residences lighted with electricity. There were no heating or cooking stoves then; the houses were warmed, the cooking and baking done, by fire-places; now our houses are heated by a furnace or base burner and cooking and baking done on a nickel-plated stove or range.

Many other things might be mentioned by way of contrast that would show what men and women had to endure in the development of the country and the marvelous progress made in the last century, but the people were seemingly as happy and contented then as they are now.

The first school in Washington Township was taught by Ellen Love in a cabin on the Robert Massey farm, with about a dozen pupils enrolled. The first school house built was on the farm of John Endsly. It was a log structure and cost about \$40. A large fireplace took up one-half of one end of the room. The benches on which the children sat were slabs split from logs with legs three feet long fastened to them. There were no backs to these seats and the children's feet dangled six inches from the floor. A board was placed around the wall for a writing desk. Goose quills were sharpened and used for pens. Spelling, reading, writing and arithmetic were the only branches taught and the children studied out loud. The first school was taught in the winter of 1837.

It was the custom when a new teacher came to a school to lock him out until he stood "treat." If he refused he was punished by the children. The punishment rivaled the hazing in the colleges of today. He usually came around with a supply of candy and fruit.

In those days diplomas were not given, but finally it was brought up in the institutes and a certain course of study planned which, when completed, the child was to receive a diploma.

The first church was built by the United Brethren and Wesleyan Methodists in 1850.

Bethlehem, a Methodist Protestant church, was built in 1852. George Coonn, George Hobaugh, V. P. Hobaugh, Wesley Allen and their families were leading members. Ezra Conn was one of the first preachers.

Morris Chapel, Methodist Episcopal was built in 1864. Some of the early members were Frank Helm, Abraham Bish, Gasper Bradford, Sr. The first trustees were J. E. Stallings, C. W. Bowman and Moses T. Bradford. Some of the other church were: Fletcher (Methodist Episcopal), Fairview (Wesleyan Methodist), Salem (United Brethren), and Union Chapel (United Brethren and Quakers).

—Mr. O. L. Bish contributed this (Age 75 years).

**A HISTORY OF SOUTH MARION AND SURROUNDINGS, AND
CIVIL WAR STORIES AS TOLD BY MR. AND MRS. FRANK NAUS,
AGED RESPECTIVELY, SEVENTY-FIVE AND SIXTY-EIGHT**

In 1894, when these settlers moved to Marion, on Forty-first and Harrison streets there were only two houses south of Forty-first street. The rest was all in lots which were used for gardening. The first tree planted in that district was planted by Mr. Naus in front of their home. He planted most of the trees which now stand on the college campus.

In this same year (1894) the new College building was dedicated. The original college grounds contained five hundred and sixty-two lots besides the campus. In 1892 these lots were put up for sale. Each was valued at \$1.00, although the selling prices varied. The lots extended from Thirty-eighth street south to Forty-sixth and from Harrison street east to Nebraska.

A little later a street car line was built on Gallatin street. This included the College and Soldiers' Home district. The Union Traction, which was also here at that time, ran in opposition to them and put on penny fares, and they finally drove them out.

Mrs. Naus lived in Wells county during the time of the Civil War, in a little town called Ossian, within equal distance of Decatur, Bluffton, Fort Wayne and Huntington. All but the latter were "rebel" towns. When the "Yanks" had won they could hear it in Huntington.

When Morgan made his boast of tearing up Indiana as the Shenandoah Valley had been desolated, the people in Ossian became frightened. They prepared by making ready buckets of water for they believed their little town would be burned and they lived under such conditions and strain for many days and nights. But fortunately Morgan's plans were thwarted.

In this district was a place called "Pigeon Roost." It was a very dense thicket and it was very dangerous to get lost in it.

This was a place of safety for deserters from the army.

When Lincoln was assassinated every one was grieving for him and every little church and school held memorial services. But one old Irish lady, who was very disloyal to our country, draped her dog in black and tied him to a little out-house which was also draped in black. This was a deep insult and the neighbors keenly felt it.

The schools then were bad. They only had three-month terms and one seldom got a good teacher because they were so poorly paid and had to "board round."

The church was generally held once a month or sometimes not so often, owing to the circuit riders who went on horseback then and had to cover several districts.

Similar conditions prevailed all over Indiana.

STORIES OF EARLY DAYS IN MARION

About the year 1850 my aunt, Mary Rush, then only a small girl of about eight years of age, moved from Morgan county, Indiana, to Grant county.

It was the custom in those days to take all the live stock with them when they moved. This family proved no exception to the rule. So bringing all their cattle, horses, and even an old sow with little pigs, they migrated to this county and arrived early in the spring. Everything went nicely until that fall when one day the sow and her pigs were found to be missing. Hunting high and low, the only trace that could be found of her was that a neighbor had seen her and her pigs headed south. Giving her up for lost, the family thought nothing more of the matter until the next spring, when they received a letter from the relation living in the home they had come from saying that the sow alone had opened the gate and said "Howdy do" to them.

That summer, my uncle, coming to this county, while crossing the bridge at Fall Creek, where Indianapolis now stands, came across a litter of pigs about a year old. Recognizing them as the pigs of this old sow, he sold to some family there, then came on and told his tale to the family here. Then it was surmised that the sow had wandered away to find her old home and had walked through the main street of what is now Indianapolis, and arriving at the bridge at Fall Creek had left her pigs on this side, not

being able to persuade them to cross, and had gone on home.

This story goes to prove that pigs do have some instinct after all. Find me a pig nowadays that could find her way home if you should take her a hundred miles away. No, it could not be done, for all the pigs today are too fat.

—Told by John Ferree, Senior, M. H. S. 1920.

DR. JACOB BUROKER—SEVENTY-FOUR YEARS OLD

Dr. Buroker was born near Converse and has lived in Grant County all his life. He has lived for years at Sweetser.

He went to school in a little log school house with "split lynn" benches which had pegs for legs. There was a big fireplace in one end of the house which held a big "back log."

He got lots of "lickins" because he needed them and because it was the custom to "lick youngens." The teachers were rather stern and demanded obedience which was a good training for the boys and girls. School lasted only two or three months.

He worked on a farm, helping to clear the land. There were log-rollings where the "little brown jug" was used freely. Sometimes the men got "tipsy" and lay in the shade until they sobered off.

"Picking trash" was the work he dreaded most as a boy. This consisted in picking up limbs, chunks and roots from recently cleared lands. The sun would shine like blazes and he would sweat at the task.

Dr. Buroker says that one omen has always preceded bad luck in his life. Whenever he dreams of an old sow, ill luck always follows.

In his dream the animal usually comes at him with open mouth.

These dreams would occur at irregular intervals, sometimes long intervals occurring between. He says he has not dreamed of the old sow for a long time now.

He said he never was afraid of anything. That was the trouble; he should have been afraid of himself.

He remembers the Indians well. One time his father put him on behind an Indian to ride when he was a little fellow but he was not afraid. The Indians had a camp close to his home. At night they would turn their ponies loose to browse and quite often they would come up to the Buroker home and annoy them by getting into things.

The Indians did not work, except to hunt.

Dr. Buroker's mother belonged to the Hard Shell Baptist church. There were no churches in those days so the preachers would preach in the school houses. "What is to be will be if it never comes to pass." But these old Hard Shells were quite liberal in SOME things and generally kept a bottle in the cupboard. Outsiders usually called them "Seven Gallon Baptists," even though they were the Elect.

Roads in these early days were bad. Sometimes logs were piled in the road-bed so wagons could travel over them. These were called "corduroy," or "cross-lain" roads. Sometimes it took nearly the entire day to go from Sweetser to Marion in a big wagon; horseback was quicker. A few persons—aristocrats—owned "spanker" or spring wagons.

Dr. Buroker was in the Civil War for twenty months. In 1864 he traveled from Nicholasville, Ky., to Kenesaw, Neb. It was all right then but he would not care to live it all over again.

His philosophy was expressed in the following words: "A correct life, and a good conduct, are the avenues to success. Never treat anyone wrong. It rebounds. Do as you would be done by.

This is a pretty good world, but I believe there is a better. I have evidence that makes me sure.

Dr. Buroker is now a well-preserved old man, with charming personality. He cheerfully answered all questions his interrogators asked and referred us to others that might give assistance to early Grant County life.



THE PIONEERS OF GRANT COUNTY

The first people we know anything about in Grant County is the mound builder. The mounds were oval shaped and varying in diameter from ten to sixty feet. The largest mound was found where the present court house now stands. This was ten feet in height and the interior revealed layers of gravel, charcoal and human skeletons about seven or eight feet in length.

The main tribe of Indians in Grant County was the Miami. They were influential, and superior in intelligence and moral characteristics.

The pioneer home was made of unhewn logs, while greased paper served for the windows. There was very little furniture. Sometimes the home had an upstairs, and a ladder served as the stairs. In the winter time when sleeping upstairs one would sometimes wake up in the morning to find about ten inches of snow for a blanket. There was always a very large fireplace in the home. The logs were put in the fireplace on "dog irons" which raised them a little so as to allow the heat to come from under the logs. Here all the cooking and baking was done.

The bread was mostly made of cornmeal, such as cornbread, corn-dodger or corn pore. Biscuits were only baked once a week. When the corn dodger was baked, three large balls of corn meal, water and salt were placed in a skillet and coals placed or heaped around the top of the lid. And how delicious when done. People knew very little about knives and forks. Everyone ate out of the same dish.

The pioneers spun their own thread and wove their own cloth. The mittens, stockings, etc., were knitted by hand.

The highways were mostly corduroy or dirt roads. In November, 1830, the first county road was established; the first gravel in 1869, and the first railroad in 1856, by the Cincinnati, New Castle and Michigan Company.

Being a Quaker and a member of the Friends' church I am more familiar with its history.

The partition dividing the church into two sections. The partition could be raised or lowered by pulling the churl into two sections. The partition could be raised when needed. The women sat on one side of the church and the men on the other side.

The ladies wore large silk bonnets, and some of the older Quaker ladies still wear small bonnets today. The men wore widebrimmed hats during the whole service unless he wanted to take it off then he placed it under his seat. They always carried their handkerchiefs in the top of their hats. The coats the men wore had no collars. The Quakers were very particular about their dress. When one of the men felt like preaching he would ask permission of the ladies which they granted. Then the gentleman delivered his sermon and meeting was over.

The Quakers married themselves. A day was set apart and everyone came. The man and woman each had a certain ritual to say. The man stood and said his part, then the woman arose and said her's and they were united in marriage.

The first school was conducted by William James in 1827-1828. The school house was a log cabin made of unhewn logs. The chimney was made of mud and sticks, and earthen hearth, and a fireplace large enough for six logs. Purcheon or slab boards served for seats. Every pupil studied aloud and the one making the most noise was assumed to be studying the best. The only writing material was a slate, and when spelling everyone was to "toe the mark" that is stand in a straight line which quite often was a crack in the floor. Most of the teachers were rigid disciplinarians and used the rod with neatness and dispatch, much to the satisfaction of the parents who thought "lickin' and larnin'" went together and the boy usually received one when he reached home. From such cabins most of America's most distinguished citizens have gone forth to grapple with the world and win honor for themselves and their country.

There is quite a contrast between our grandfather's—yes, our great grandfather's day and the present in which we are living.

(Told by Mr. B. C. Harris, age 75, also reference to William Neal's history of Grant County. Arranged by J. Pennina Chasey.)

BRIEF HISTORY OF SWAYZEE

In the year 1859, Jacob Grindle moved to a little settlement which as yet didn't have a name. There were only two log cabins and a saw mill, which he had built some time before. The surrounding country was a dense forest.

Mr. Grindle built the first house there, beside his mill. The timber which he used for building it had been cut at the mill. The house consisted of two rooms, a very large one upstairs, and one downstairs. The

room downstairs was used for the dining room and kitchen. The room upstairs was the sleeping room. One had to climb steps from the outside to get to the room above, as there was no stairway inside.

At first the people had to buy their groceries and the things they needed from a little town called Mier, which was four and one-half miles north of the settlement. They also got their mail from Mier every Tuesday and Friday. Then later Mr. Grindle used a room of his home for a sort of a store and sold groceries to the people of the settlement.

As the settlement grew the people began to think about naming it. They wanted to call it Grindleville but Mr. Grindle objected to having it named for himself. Then a man by the name of Swayzee came to the settlement and bought the land so Swayzee was named for its owner.

The first road built in Swayzee was a corduroy road. They cut logs in two, lengthwise, and placed them across the road. In those days the people traveled in spring wagons and it was very rough riding on the roads.

The first railroad built through Swayzee was the Clover Leaf, in 1880; at first it was a narrow gauge.

The house which Mr. Grindle built was changed to a hotel and stood where the Brown hardware store stands now, in the center of Swayzee.

The streets of Swayzee have all been named but the names are not used enough for one to become acquainted with them.

The Methodist Protestant church was the first church to be organized in Swayzee. It was organized in 1883 and dedicated in 1885. The church at this time has several members, for the population of the town. The church was organized under Rev. J. F. Sulen, a pastor of Pine Creek charge of the M. P. church. In the fall of 1901 under the pastorate of J. O. Ledbetter the house was rebuilt.

The Church of Christ, Christian church and Methodist Episcopal church were organized in Swayzee and continue to hold their meetings.

The first business room was moved in and occupied the place where the Interurban restaurant now stands. This was opened and operated by Rastus. At the same time, 1881, Mr. Hall, from Sweetser, erected the building now known as the McKenney stand, and used it for a general store. John Kelley built a room just across from the McKenney property and operated a general merchandise store. In this same year Galbreath and Bill Smith built where the bakery now stands. This composed the business district of Swayzee in the first year. Since then many buildings have been erected.

The elevator was built in 1882. The money for this was donated by the citizens of the township. It was located due south from the present lumber yards. It burned in the fall of 1915.

The old saw mill was built in 1881. This stood where the Clover Leaf car house now stands.

The Peeding factory was the first of Swayzee's factories. This was built in 1882. It stood where the old lumber yards were.

The post-office was founded by George Steele while he was congressman, and Mr. Curtess was postmaster. In 1884 the glass factory was started by R. J. Moins. This gave many men employment. In 1901 it was sold to Ball Bros., of Muncie, and moved to that city.

In 1900 a market basket factory was started, but it remained only a short time.

The first lumber company was in operation where the Rees property now stands. This burned in 1912 and was rebuilt on present location. It is now under the name of Grant County Lumber Company.

The "Queen of the Gas Belt" canning factory was reorganized in 1903 under the name of Swayzee Canning Company, with Wm. Hazen as president; H. F. Munea, treasurer, and W. J. Larkin as secretary. This factory burned in 1917.

Many of the first business rooms have burned and been torn down, but better buildings replaced them. In the last year the new National Bank building has been erected and the Reedy garage.

A branch from the Wabash Basket factory was installed in the building just north of P. T. Mullin's furniture store. In the fall of 1920 it was taken away and incorporated with the one at Marion.

—Leona Gosbin, DeVonia McCall.

MRS. ELLEN BONNER

Miss Ellen Felton was born April 25, 1854, in Wayne county, Indiana. At the age of three, she with her parents, moved three miles west of Hackleman in Grant county, Indiana. Here her father cut down trees from a space large enough for a house to be built upon. He would stand in his back door and shoot wild deer, turkeys and hogs.

Their home was a log house with greased papers for the windows. They had a fireplace in one room over which they cooked their meals.

Ellen went to school in a log school house. The seats were only benches. The teacher was so cross that he didn't give his pupils a pleasant look; but had a paddle to greet them with instead.

When she walked to church in the summer time she would carry her shoes and put them on after she got there and wear them during the service, but when ready to start home she would take her shoes off and carry them, as every other child did at that time.

When Ellen was but a tiny child her father was away from home one night. She and her mother were left alone. They had only a heavy blanket or skin hung over the door for protection from cold and wild animals. While alone, an Indian chief and his squaw entered with their hatchets and other weapons. They saw that the mother was greatly frightened so they gave her their weapons to show her that they would not harm her. She had several squashes which the Indians cooked and ate. Then they wrapped up in their blankets and lay down upon the floor with their heads to the fire and slept until morning, then they got up and left. They had known Ellen's grandfather and for this reason were friendly.

Miss Felton married Mr. Certain. They moved to Marion several years ago. Later she married Mr. Bonner and now lives on Lincoln Boulevard, in Marion, Indiana.

A PIONEER'S STORY

This story was told nineteen years ago by Mary A. Easley, whose girlhood days date back to the time of Jefferson. She died in 1902.

Mary A. Easley, resident of Richland Township, was born in Pennsylvania during Jefferson's administration in the year 1803. Her maiden name was Miller.

At the outbreak of the war of 1812 her parents moved to Wayne County, Ohio. This was her home until her removal to the farm where she still resides. When asked as to how many there were in her father's family, she said: "I had nine brothers and all of them had a sister."

At the time of her girlhood, which was spent in Ohio, the country was woodland. Many deer and wolves roamed the forests and furnished excellent sport for hunters. Her family owned a pet bear. Her story of how the pet was secured is as follows:

"One day a neighbor boy was going to mill on horseback and on approaching our cabin looked across the branch and saw an old bear suckling three young ones. He came back to our cabin and told us what he had seen and my father and another man went across the branch to where he directed them. The little cubs were there but the old one was away. The next day they took one of the cubs back to the place and made it whine to call her back, but she kept out of sight."

The family kept the cub and it became a great pet and favorite in the community. Miss Miller's father was a blacksmith and men found much pleasure in the antics of the bear, while waiting to have their work done at the shop. They would often chase bruin up a sapling and then chop it down. The bear always jumped before the tree reached the ground. His bearship's fondness for chicken led him to a tragic end. One day while all of the boys were gone the bear broke his chain and entered the chicken house. Here he caused great havoc by jumping from pole to pole in the roost and caused general consternation among the fowls. What was more, he could not be captured. The fahltre finally got a gun and shot the beast to stop his "orgie."

The Ohio schools in those days were primitive in the extreme. The school houses were log cabins. The old fashioned fire places extended the whole length of one end of the house. The benches were made of logs split in two parts, the flat side being up, and the slab supported by wooden pins fastened in like chair posts. The luxury of having a back to the seat

while the child sat a half day without recess came many years later.

The writing desk was along one wall of the room and was made by laying a board on wooden pins driven in auger holes in the wall. The windows, of course, were made of greased paper.

Miss Miller was married at an early age to Joseph Easley. They moved to Indiana and settled on the farm yet owned by Mrs. Easley. It is located in the northwestern part of Richland Township, one-half mile west of the Taylor school house. Here they built a cabin in the forest and commenced to clear the land, and raise their first crop, having arrived in the spring. This was about the year 1840. The journey from Ohio to Indiana had been made in a wagon drawn by oxen.

At that time farm life was quite a contrast to what we find it now. Oxen were used for the plowing. The grain was harvested with the sickle and threshed with the flail. The clothing was all homespun. They raised the flax and did all the work of changing it into linen. They also carded their wool and spun the yarn. Besides weaving the cloth for the wearing apparel, the bed clothing was prepared in the same way. Women in those days also worked in the fields, and Mrs. Easley spent many a day laboring by the side of her husband in cultivating and harvesting the crops. At the time of their settlement saw mills were scarce and the nearest grist mill was a small one near where Jalapa is now located. The nearest town was Somerset in Wabash County, which then contained four or five cabins and a store.

The log house in which Mrs. Easley lives was built shortly after the settlement of the farm. It is one of the oldest landmarks to be found. The present residence was built some years later. It is built with logs and was later weather-boarded, giving it a modern appearance. The walls of the rooms were wainscoted from floor to ceiling. The furniture is of an ancient pattern. The bureau and the corded bedsteads are of cherry.

Eight children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Easley, two of whom yet survive. The oldest son was struck by a limb and killed while working in the forest. Mr. Easley died twenty-three years ago and since that time she has lived with her only surviving son, William, until his death two years ago.

From the time a stranger enters Mrs. Easley's door over which hangs a "Welcome" motto, which seems to bespeak the sentiment of the place, he is reminded that he is in the presence of one who is the last of a generation long past. In such a home many of our great men have been reared.

SKETCHES OF EARLY DAYS IN MARION

The first high school in Marion stood where the Central school is now located. It had two rooms and four teachers. It had two recitation rooms, where they studied Grammar, Reading, Arithmetic, Geography and Writing. There were about sixty pupils. The professor's name was I. W. Legg.

The pupils went up to recitation benches to recite their lessons. The school was heated with large box stoves with drums around them. The old primary schools stood on both sides of the high school, and one is still standing on Frank Lenfesty's lot today. In front of the high school was a picket fence, and also a board fence was around the building.

There was a plank road from Marion to Jonesboro in 1864, and parts of it were rotted then. It was made of oak and pinned down with bolts of wood. There were no railroads in Marion then, and people made trips to Anderson twice a week in a stage coach. They started from the old Fred Love Tavern, which was used as a station, and where the Crawford book-store is now. The stage coach held about eight passengers and was pulled by six horses.

The old court house stood where the court house stands now, was made of brick and was two stories high. On the first floor was the office of the Auditor, Treasurer, Clerk and Recorder. There was a well in the court house yard which can be seen today, and from which all the stores in Marion carried water. They would pump out rat fur from this well. The court house yard was full of trees. The only paved sidewalks were around the court house square. The flag-stones were taken out of the river to make the sidewalks.

Dexheimer's studio and the McClure block are the buildings of the

early days that are still standing. The Indians always traded at McClure's. Where the Interurban Cafe is now was the old Pierce dwelling house. The old Carey Homestead was where the Indiana theater is now. In the corner of Washington and Third was the old Sweetser bank building. Next to this was the Norton general store. The next to this was the Aaron Swayzee shoe store. On the same side of the square was the old Bennett Drug Store. Where the Farmers' Trust Bank is now, was the Whisler and Cox undertaking and furniture store. On the south side of the square was John Kiley's saloon, then the Simon Kuntz bakery and old Tom Cameron's saloon. These were all frame buildings. Mr. Miles had a shoe store on the east side of the square. The Original Goldthwaite was also on the east side. The Sohn's, (Jake and John) had a grocery store on the east side. Also Mr. Harmon Wigger had a store on this side. The old colored barber shop was on the north side and they got all the trade, both colored and white. Next to this was Nottingham's saddle and harness store. There Mr. Harve Marks had his grocery store. By the side of this was a grocery run by the Lenfesty brothers. The old W. W. Moore drug store was where the old men would loaf. Where Merritt's drug store is now, there was an old dry-goods store. James Sweetser's residence was where Swanger and McClain's is, or now, located, was one-half block long and had a porch big enough for one chair to sit on.

There was an old select school on Branson and Sixth, taught by Miss Julia Norton. It was a small frame building sitting in a yard which was full of roses. It had two rooms, about twenty pupils, and a small cupboard with sliding glass doors, where all pupils kept their books. The fire-wood was piled in one corner of the first room. It was a rare thing for the pupils to get to play, but when they did, they had to take the scissors and a piece of paper, go out and cut all the worms off the roses and bring them in and burn them.

They had an old well from which the boys would carry the water in a bucket. There was just one tin cup for all to use, and if any water was left in the cup, the next little fellow had to drink what was left. Every year, when school was out, they would all go on a picnic to the woods where the high school now stands.

EARLY CHURCHES—The old Harmony church of Liberty Township was about the first church of this township. The preacher would come on horse-back for fifteen miles on Saturday evening and go back the next Monday morning. They had no musical instruments, but had small hymn books and all would stand up and sing at the top of their voices. The minister's name was Mr. Bear.

MEALS—About all they had to eat was pork and corn-bread, because they had no wheat in those days.

HOMES—They just had two rooms in an old log cabin, and all they had to furnish the house with was two beds and a trundle bed. They had no carpets, but scrubbed the floor every day. There was a clay chimney for the fire-place. The women spun the flax for their sheets and tablecloths.

CLOTHING—There was a cloth made of cotton called "ling." They spun all the material for their clothes. Mrs. Phillips' father would buy bolts of fifty yards of cotton and muslin, and her mother would make the girls' dresses and color them purple and yellow with maple bark. All ladies wore small bonnets. The father made all the shoes.

LABOR—They cleared the forest and made fields for cultivation. Often they would trap for bears and coons and took the hides to Muncie to sell them, while the meat was thrown away.

MARRIAGES—Mr. and Mrs. Whybrew were married by the squire. He married most couples because ministers were very scarce. Mrs. Whybrew wore a very thin green flowered dress, and it cost sixty-five cents a yard, then she and her father went on horse-back to Jonesboro to get it. All the neighbors were at the wedding, and the next day the same bunch all went to the groom's home. Mr. Whybrew wore high boots of the finest quality, and a long-tailed coat. The dinner at the groom's house was called an "infair" dinner.

(Told by Mrs. Lucinda Phillips, 72 Years of Age.)

—Written by Margaret Bradford, Marion High School, 1920.

JOHN W. EWARD (CONVERSE)

John W. Eward was born September 6, 1836, at Greensburg, Decatur county, Indiana. He is therefore now nearly 85 years of age.

His father died when John was only ten years old so he had to work for a living, even when a child.

They moved to Marion when he was just a little fellow. The very first job he had was grinding bark in a tannery for Hiram Weeks, father-in-law of Judge Brownlee, Sr. He worked for 12½¢ a day and boarded himself. Then at the end of the week he took his 75¢ and proudly gave it to his mother. The second year he got 21¢ a day. Many a time in those days did he wheel Hiram Brownlee in a little home-made cart with board wheels.

After he was twelve years old he clerked in a grocery for a man named Koogler, a brother-in-law of Dave Hogin.

When a tiny fellow he was nicknamed "Betsy," and was called by that name for many years. It came about in this way: He always wore a little slip of home-spun linen. He would often run off and go to Warren Oldham's grocery (where the Spencer House now stands). Oldham would put him upon the counter and give him candy and call him his "Little Betsy."

Marion was then a little village of 300 or 400 people. It was built of log and frame houses. His father burnt the first brick ever used in Marion, at Fourth and Race streets. He and George Winchell's father were partners in the brick business in 1846.

Mr. Eward remembers Martin Boots and David Branson. Boots had a farm west of town and had a little mill on Boots creek near Third street.

Branson owned a farm east of the court house. He and Boots deeded the land for the first court house to the commissioners.

The first court house was of log, but the first one Mr. Eward remembers was a square brick one, having four rooms below used for offices, and a large room above used for a court room.

The Gilbert brothers, William and Robert, owned a store at the corner of Third and Adams. They sold everything needed by the early pioneer. McClure had a store on the southeast corner of the public square. He had all the Indian trade. Sometimes forty or fifty Indians would come in at a time and sit around his store.

The Indian Reservation came up to the Taylor (now the Sharon place) west of town. The Indians would often get quite drunk but never were dangerous at such time. But Mr. Eward remembers going to a "barbecue" at Jalapa when the Indians got drunk and had several fights.

James K. Polk was the first president Mr. Eward remembers. There was much excitement about the Mexican War. A few soldiers went to the war from Grant county.

In those days whiskey sold for 25 cents a gallon. When a man came to town to trade he would always buy two pounds of coffee, a pound of "dog-leg" tobacco and a gallon of whiskey. A man could drink four times as much whiskey then as now without it making him drunk, for it was purer, being distilled and clean.

When Mr. Eward was past fifteen years of age he clerked for Mr. Lomax, who was located about where Kiley's shoe store now is. Mr. Lomax was a Democrat and Eward believed the other way so he had to be careful how he handled the question of politics, lest he lose his job.

There was a little paper published in Marion in 1856 in the interest of Scott, so Eward would go at night and set type so Mr. Lomax would not know it. "Twere ever thus in politics!"

Mr. Charles Atkinson (of Monroe Township) was a great anti-slavery man and helped in the "under-ground system" by hauling the "niggers" from his place to "Mose" Bradford's, the next "Station." He hauled them in a big wagon, or "prairie schooner," that had a "false" bottom. He would put the "niggers" in the bottom, then put wheat or hay on top of them so no one would suspect what his "cargo" was. He never got caught, but Bradford nearly did for he talked more than Atkinson. The next stop or "station" after Bradford's was close to Lagro.

The pioneer farmer would mark his hogs on the ear with a slit or cut so he would know them, then he would turn them out to run wild in the forest. They had a good living on nuts and "mast." When the farmer got ready to butcher he would go out into the woods, find a hog with his

"brand" and kill it. He had his private "brand" recorded at the recorder's office, so he could claim his own. Nearly every farmer knew his neighbor's "brand" also, so there was never trouble as to the "claim."

Deer meat, or venison, sold for three or four cents a pound.

The pioneers would visit each other once in a while, stay all day and into the night. Then they would come home by "torch light," the children following their elders.

When asked about these "old days," Mr. Eward said: "In some ways I would rather have lived then. People were more sociable than now. They would help each other in barn-raising, log-rolling, apple-butter stirrings, and any other work that needed to be done. If a man or his wife were ill the neighbors would see that his or her work was done. There was fellowship everywhere."

"The improvements of the present are helpful and pleasant, but the old days were best."

Mr. Eward and his wife are very charming old people. It is due to the toils and sacrifice of such people that we, of the modern days, are able to enjoy the good things of the present.

"AS I RECALL"

I came to Indiana when I was ten years old from Ohio. Our home was made of rough logs with mud between the logs to keep out the wind. We had a large fire-place and three "Dutch ovens" in which we baked our bread. The people who could afford it had an oven called "the Perfection" which resembles an oven to an oil stove today. This was placed before the fire and the baking done in it. We also had a trundle bed. Just before going to bed my father and my brothers would bring in enough large logs to keep fire over night.

My school house was made of rough logs with mud between the logs just as our home cabin. We had benches to sit on, but when we recited our lessons we got up in front of the room and we took our benches with us. We used slates for writing and "doing sums." I never saw a blackboard until I was fifteen years old. We would have spelling matches on Fridays to see who would spell for the "head." We wore aprons and bonnets to school.

Many of the children in those days had lice. When I was about fourteen I wanted a beau like the rest of the girls had but my parents would not permit me, but one Friday one of my schoolmates wanted to walk home with me from school that evening so I told him he could. He was all dressed up that day at school. When it was time for the spelling match we lined up around the wall and this day this boy stood next to me. When we were spelling I happened to look at him and there was a louse crawling on his white collar. Well, of course, I was afraid of getting them too, so when school was out I ran out the door and was down the road before he was out of the school-house. After this I did not care so much for a beau as I had before.

The marriages in those days were something like they are now. The ceremony itself was the same. When my sister married we had eighty guests present.

When the war broke out my husband enlisted in Mr. St. John's company, but this broke up and he did not enlist again. We had to go through many hardships, for food and clothing were very high just as they are now.

(Story told by Mrs. Sarah Pegdon, 80 years old, to Margaret Wilson, M. H. S., 1920.)



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MRS. LYDIA THOMAS

Marion, Grant County, Indiana, March 7th, 1897.

Thomas Baldwin, son of Daniel and Christian Baldwin, and Lydia Thomas, daughter of Stephen and Hannah Thomas, were married at New-garden, Wayne county, Indiana, Ninth Month 26th, 1833.

Thomas was born fourth month, 26th, 1813, and I was born twelfth month, 25th, 1814. Thomas was twenty years, five months old when we were married, and I was eighteen years, none months and one day.

Thomas's father came down here three weeks before we were married and entered forty acres of land for Thomas, so we had a home to go to

when we arrived here. Cousin Thomas Baldwin, wife and baby all moved down with us in about one month after we married.

Ben Benbow had an eighty-acre farm with a cabin on it, joining our forty, but they had moved out of the cabin and were living in a shanty between here and Muncy (Muncie). Len was cutting out the state road. Well, he told us as we were moving down here, to go right into his house and stay there 'til we got a house of our own. We started from my father's on first day evening, that is to move down here. We went as far as Emeline Baldwin's grandfather Tharp's on Greens Fork that evening. Next morning when we got up the ground was covered with snow, and the ground was froze, but not enough to bear the wagon up, so we had a tedious day of it. We had three horses to our wagon. Thomas Wilcut was our driver. I think we stayed the next night with a family by the name of Denton. I don't know where we stayed the other nights, but the road was very bad 'till sixth day evening when our wagon broke down. Yes, and broke every spoke on one wheel, and there we were—Sally hardly able to sit up, and a baby about three months old. I helped her to take care of the baby, the two Thomas Baldwins drove the cow and calf; Cousin Thomas, we called him, he tended to the milking, and I think, if the calf left any milk, Tom was sure to drink it.

There was a family lived close to the road where we broke down, I think by the name of Martin, and they entertained us all that night, and they lived close to the Mississinewa River. So the next morning early the boys hired a large boat or pirogue, and they soon had all the things that we had in the wagon on to the boat and we were soon off down the river. I think that Thomas Wilcut took the horses and came down to Uncle Charles Baldwin's, and then sent Linzey with a wagon and team to bring our things from McCormax to their house. When we got there we also brought a horse for Sally to ride on. Well, I think it misted rain nearly all the way down the river to McCormax's, where we met Linzey. Now it was about two or three miles to Uncle's yet, so Sally got on the mare and took the baby and came down to Thomas Baldwin's, and myself, walked down to Thomas and Sally's home, coming where supper was just ready for us all.

Thomas and Sally had never been to Thomas' father's before. I think it was about dark, seventh day evening, when we arrived at uncle's, all glad and all tired. Yes, we did more than walk to Uncle's from McCormax; we all three carried a load of things. I don't think Thomas rested but little that night. After we got to Uncle's, he mashed his thumb that morning putting the things into the boat. I well remember the time when Thomas dropped the paddle into the water and I reached out my arm away over the water and caught it. He hollowed at me and said he thought I was going to be drowned, and the other Tom laughed at him about it so much afterwards. Well, next morning was Friday and I think the sun shined out very bright. Oh, how strange it looked to me, to see the sun rise in the north and set in the south, or so it looked to me, and it always has looked to me ever since, and also at Fairmount, and it will be sixty-four years next fall since that morning. But the sun always has seemed to rise right to me at Deer Creek and Marion, which seems a blessing to me.

When we went to Back Creek meeting that day with Uncle's folks we came back there and stayed till next morning. Well, we arrived next day at the Benbow cabin, and it stood close to where Robert Bogie lives now. Bens had left one pair of bed-stids in the house, and it was a great comodation to us. Thomas went right to work cutting logs to make a house for ourselves. Well in about two weeks after we got here Father Baldwin's family all drove up to Uncle Charles Baldwins. They had sold their farm and arrived here before we knew they aimed to come. I think the next day they about all came to our house. Father Baldwin soon bought Benbow out. He also gave Thomas money to enter ~~forty~~ acres more joining the forty we had. Then we had eighty acres, right where Fairmount is now. Our house was raised and covered when they came, so we all lived together one week. There was not but thirteen of us all. Then we went into our own house. Milly and the boys went with us. I think Thomas made a pair of bed-stids that night and put the hinges on the door; he also made a wooden latch and put it on the door with the string on the outside, on.

We had a punchon floor and boards for a loft. Thomas shaved the

boards to put our dishes on and when it was done it was a nice little cupboard. We had but few dishes but what we had was very pretty. They were flowered nearly all over purple and red. I think all we had was one dish, six plates, six cups and saucers, also one set of knives and forks, a half dozen spoons, a coffee pot and butter plate, one stew-ettle and one skillet to cook in. He had one post for his bedstids. Thomas had peeled the bark off of it and bored two holes in the post, then he drove two poles in the post, then he drove the other ends into the wall—one at the head, the other at the feet. Then we laid boards on the poles. Now the bedstids were done and ready to sleep on. I think Thomas had made one pair of bedstids just a few days before we had them corded up, and they were shaved and just looked real well. He bored a hole in the top of that post so he could put curtains up.

Milly staid all night with us and helped us fix up the rest of our things. Our friends gave us a rooster and I think four hens and I don't think there was ever a couple any happier than we were. Thomas then made us five or six chairs and some stools. He then went to fencing and clearing five acres for corn, and we raised enough of corn on it that year to buy a young mare besides what we used. We killed two deer close to the house soon after we moved home. They were playing and picking grass in the yard. Thomas was at his father's at work. He came home about sun-down and shot one in just a little bit, and was skinning it when the other one came back. He then loaded the gun and crippled it, so he ran after it away in to the woods and caught it. He then called for me to bring him the ax and I did. He said he was araid to let go of it, so he told me to knock it in the head, and I did so. Well, we had plenty of meat for a while but we generally gave away about half. I think father gave us a shoulder, ham and side of smoked meat and about two pounds of sugar and two of coffee, and they lasted us very well till we made ur own sugar in the spring. He also made a little trough to put our sugar in and lid for it and we kept it on top of the cupboard.

Father-in-law gave us one barrel of flour and I think that lasted till spring. We colled it 15 miles to any mill where we could get wheat ground. Corn raised on new ground out here made a great deal better bread than corn raised on old ground in Wayne county. We had only nine dollars in money when we started down here, and that my father gave me instead of my bear. There was no road out through from our house to Alexandria for some time after we moved here. I think the first that came through here with wagons and oxen was when the Wabash canal was cut. We had plenty of Irish with us then, and we kept a hotel. Sometimes our floor would be almost covered with beds. We charged twelve and a half cents for a meal; six and a fourth cents for a bed. The neighbors were very good to us—some gave us a board of soap, others a pumpkin and such like. We were blessed in many ways, for which we were thankful.

We went over one day to Seth Winslow's to help them about their hogs. Thomas helped Seth and I helped Mary. At night Mary gave me soap enough to do me a year.

One morning Thomas went over to his father's to work, and I went with him. He went home at noon to see to the things and left me. Well, there was a man by the name of Ebenezer Cary drove or rode up and asked him if he could get something to eat. Thomas told him his wife was not at home; he says, "can't you make me some mush," he was so hungry. I think he had no breakfast. Thomas told him he could make him some mush and he had milk and butter, so he came in and eat his dinner. He often bragged about that good dinner he eat at our house long ago in early times. He was Old Carry's brother. They both lived in Maron and are both dead.

I think Thomas had killed nine deer around Fairmount, beside the one he knocked n the head. I also killed a ground hog that was on the fence, with a pole. Thomas shot a bear—or at one—while it was eating a live hog. The bear ran off and the hog died. There were some wolves and panthers around Fairmount then times and also rattlesnakes. I went out one evening not far from the house to pick up some sticks to get supper with, and I had got my arm full when I saw a large rattlesnake coiled up ready to jump at me. I called Thomas and he came and killed it. He soon found another about the same size coiled up close to its mate and he killed that also. They both had rattles on them, but we were not hurt, so I can

truly say, "Surely the Lord's goodness has followed us all the days of our lives." It was in the spring after we were married that Thomas killed them snakes, and the next fall after, my oldest sister was bit with a rattlesnake and it killed her. She lived in Illinois and left three little children. Her name was Mary Hobson.

We had no teakettle for near four years. We had been out here about one year and a half when Lewis and Sarah Moorman and four children moved to our house and stayed till they got their house put up. We never had but one door in our house.

My father gave me a little wheel, and I soon had enough spun to make me four linen sheets and I spun for Anna Winslow to pay her for weaving them. There were two Indians came up into our yard one day and Thomas asked them to come in and eat dinner, and they did so just as nice as any one, as far as I knew. There were several wigwams around there then.

We stayed here at Fairmount about two years the first time, then we swapped with Ben Benbow for an eighty acres of land on that branch by the cemetery not far from Fairmount. We lived in a house that old Jesse Diller used to live in. Ben gave us one hundred dollars to boot. Thomas then entered eighty acres more east of Fairmount. I think we stayed here over six years on this place.

Thomas taught four schools over the Creek close to where Honor Thomas now lives. Before we left the Diller place I well remember many things that happened when we lived there on that branch. It was there that Ann would have drowned if no one had taken her out. There was a big freshet when she fell in and she just floated down on her back. Our hired girl took her out. And another story was that Asa picked up our big cat one day and came by me where I was washing and said he was going to throw the cat into the branch, but I paid no attention to him, so he went on to the bridge and tried to push it in to the water, but the cat pulled him in and then jumped upon him, and stayed there to the bridge, I think, without getting its feet wet. You may guess he squalled and I went and took him out. There was not much water in the branch then. Asa was about three or four years old. Yes, and here is where Terah got lost in the woods not far from the Fairmount cemetery, and it looked like being a storm, but I found him and he came up all right; and that was not all about Terah. He fell off the foot log head foremost and stuck his head in the mud, and he was muddy about all over, and he was scared very bad. The first word he said after I had taken him out was, "I was afraid a mud turtle would catch me." I had been telling him that mud turtles would catch him. He was near three years old. And here is where I was converted and that was worth all to me. I think it was about fifty-eight or nine years ago that Mississinewa Monthly Meeting appointed a committee of four—Thomas Jay, Isaac Elliott, Susa Shugart and myself, to visit some friends for their help and encouragement that had moved from North or South Carolina out here, and had settled not far from Peru. Well, as we came back we stopped at an Indian village to see that old white woman that the Indians stole when she was but two years old. She was wrapped up in a blanket and was sitting in her chair and seemed to be very contented. Two of her Indian daughters were sitting in the house with her. The oldest was stitching some very nice leggins and the other was nursing her baby, which was in a little box. I was always glad that we stopped there, it paid so well. Here was where we lived when anti-slavery Friends separated from Indiana Yearly Meeting. I forgot to tell how we got our tables. Well, in a few days after we got moved the men folks went out in the woods and cut down about the largest poplar tree they could find and sawed off cuts as long as they wanted their tables; then split the cut open and left it as thick as they wanted them. They planed them and put legs in them. Now they were real nice and we had no others for several years. We were learning to be content with such as we had.

Well, we swapped that Benbow place on the branch to Thomas's brother Elias for an eighty acres where South Marion is now. We soon moved there but I think Elias sold that on the branch to Jesse Dillen. We only stayed there about two years when we moved to the Enoch Davis place on Deer Creek close to where John Harris now lives. I expect that Asa and Terah remember very well of having to go after night into an old deadening to hunt up our sheep. They found them and brought them home but

they did not have to go after them any more in the night. Then we went to the Renaker farm. We did not stay here quite one year. It was here at the above two places that we had the pleasure of keeping the runaway slaves and sending them on to Canada. There was fifteen slaves from Kentucky arrived here at Deer Creek one night, and in two weeks there was fourteen more came from the same place. Well, they were all started to Canady (Canada). There were four stayed at our house, of the first gang, and three the next. Old Joe, as we called him, and his wife and little boy, were at our house one night when we all thought the slave-holders were close after them. Old Joe was scared to death, almost, and wanted us to let him put his wife under the floor. Well, the slaves got to St. Joe and there their masters overhauled some of them and tried to take them back. They caught poor old Joe. Another took a slave baby out of a cradle and started off with it but he was soon glad to give it up. The friends of the slave arise and they made him carry that baby through the streets while the crowd followed on, so I think they were glad to get back to old Kentucky without a slave.

I could just make a book right here if my health would admit, but I must go on with my story.

Then we moved from the Renaker place to the Deer Creek mill. We owned a grist mill and saw mill both there. Terah and Ann were married while we lived at the Mill. We then let the three oldest children have the mill and the ground belonging there too. We soon moved over the creek to the old Uncle Elizah Thomas farm and we lived here when Asa and Addison were married and we also lived here when Addison went to the war. It was here on Deer Creek that Addison used to watch up the creek to see old Uncle Lizah coming with his long fish pole, then he would run back to ask his father or some of the boys if he might go with him fishing and he was sure to go. He knew we thought he would be in safe keeping if he was with Uncle. I suppose we all well remember little Daniel's wagon full of bark that he tried to pull up that high hill and I think he just gave out. I suppose he was sick then as it was neither moved nor a piece of bark taken out of the wagon for a long time after he died. We rented that farm to Terah and we moved to Jonesboro, where he made boots and shoes and I made hats. We stayed there near three years and then moved to Fairmount and we still followed our trade there.

Mary, Stephen and Lucetta were all married while we lived there. We lived here at Fairmount the last time over twenty years. That was the last move we made until we sold out here and then we came to Marion to live with Terah.

Now I do hope when the Lord is done serving with us here below we will have a house not made with hands, Eternal in the Heavens.

Asa T. Baldwin was born at Fairmount, 3rd month, 16 day, 1835.

Terah, Ann and Addison were all born at the Diller farm, a half mile from Fairmount. Terah Baldwin was born 2nd month, 1st day, 1837. Ann Baldwin was born 8th month, 26th day, 1839. Addison Baldwin was born 8th month, 1st day, 1841.

Mary Baldwin was born where South Marion is now, 10th month, 15th day, 1843.

Daniel Baldwin was born 6th month, 4th day, 1846, and died down at the Deer Creek Mill and was buried in the Deer Creek grave yard.

Stephen Baldwin was born at the Mill 8th month, 3rd day, 1850.

Lucetta Baldwin was also born at the Mill 1st month, 30th day, 1854.

All of our children are living but one and all belong to the Friends church but one, and that one belongs with his wife to the Christian church.

There is mercy in every place.

Mercy in couraging thought,

Gives even affliction a grace

And reconciles man to his lot.

Now I want you all to look over the many blunders and misspelled words I have made in trying to write this little book, for I was eighty years old last Christmas and all one side of me has been paralyzed for more than a year so that I can hardly hold my pen to write at all. Farewell and the way to farewell is to do well.

L. B.

Thomas Baldwin was born at Richmond, Indiana, Wayne county. Lydia Baldwin was born at Newgarden, Indiana, Wayne county, near

Fountain City.

Thomas and Lydia Baldwin died in May, 1899, about three days apart and were both buried in our grave lot in the I. O. O. F. cemetery, Marion, Ind. The funeral was preached in the house where they had spent the last seven years of their lives, 2420 South Meridian street in the house of their son, Terah Baldwin.

—Ora E. Cole, Dec. 9, 1907.

* EARLY EDUCATION IN GRANT COUNTY

There is a statement in the Atlas of 1877 that one of the first Normal Institutes in Indiana was held in 1872, in Grant county, conducted by T. D. Tharp, then at the head of local educational interests, and while these summer normals were later held in all counties of Indiana, Grant was among the first to take advantage of them.

It is a matter of history that while superintendent of Grant county schools, Mr. Tharp prepared a paper and read it before the Indiana State Teachers' Association, entitled "Economy in School Management," and later, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, James M. Smart, sent him for the paper and it was incorporated in his annual reports—and it was the beginning of the agitation for the grading system now in use all over Indiana. This county has always occupied advance ground in an educational way.

Writing about the early summer normals, Mr. Tharp says: "These terms have been pleasant and profitable, and the schools have been brought to a higher standard as the result." (Teachers in these normal institutes were T. D. Tharp, J. H. Ford, G. A. Osborn, Cyrus Hodgkin, William Russel, H. A. Hutchins, J. O. Spurgeon, J. W. Lacey, J. W. Legg, E. C. Murray, S. J. Harrison—and the music was in the hands of Miss Fanny Behymer). In 1880 Mr. Tharp opened a spring term of school in his residence, which was really the beginning of Marion Normal Institute.

G. A. Osborn had just succeeded Mr. Tharp as County Superintendent of Schools, and they were associated in this preparatory school for teachers. Later Mr. Tharp disposed of the school to Dr. Joseph Tingley, who continued it in the Tharp block, which later became Hotel Manitou, at the corner of Brandon and Fourth streets.

Dr. Joseph Tingley opened school in 1885 with the following faculty: Joseph Tingley, Ph. D., physical science, psychology, didactics, fine art.

George A. Osborn, grammar, history and mathematics.

Miss Dione A. Case, elocution, arithmetic, algebra, calisthenics.

Miss Jennie Mowrer, piano and organ.

Ethan A. Miles, A. B., ancient and modern languages and rhetoric.

Jasper L. Massena, telegraphy, shorthand, typewriting, and assistant in art.

Charles L. Ratliff, bookkeeping, banking, commercial law.

L. V. Wheeler, vocal music, musical composition and voice culture.

A. N. Hiron, penmanship and drawing.

C. M. Falls, instructor in military tactics.

The Normal Hall and fourteen rooms in Tharp block were used by the college. This was built for educational purposes and was especially adapted for college use. The chapel and rooms were lighted with gas and provided with the most healthful and pleasantly flavored artesian water found anywhere in northern Indiana. The course of instruction was thorough and practical, and besides providing teachers and those preparing to teach with an opportunity for a first-class professional education, they had an opportunity of going further and completing a classical or scientific course which is as thorough as in many institutions of much greater pretensions. Especially was this true in the department of sciences, which was under the professorship of Dr. Tingley, one of the most distinguished scientists of Indiana. His long experience as a teacher in this department had enabled him to devise the most practical methods in his demonstrations. The students in physics and chemistry were provided with ample means for experimenting, as the laboratory was well supplied with the necessary apparatus.

In the art department many of the advantages of the best schools were found.

Finally Mr. Tharp suggested to Mr. Tingley's successor that the school should be located in the vicinity of "College corner," the site of the district school at Morton Boulevard and Washington street, where Dr. Wm. Lomos had an interest in it. Then came Dr. T. W. Jonason and Prof. A. Jones, who built the college buildings farther south, and then came C. W. Boucher, and later—the Marion Normal Institute. At present the Wesleyan Methodists have purchased the site and under the able executive ability of Dr. H. C. Bedford we predict a splendid future for this institution of learning.

Through all these agencies a great many students have been attracted to Marion in search of higher education. Through all its changing history the Normal Institute has advertised the county, and there were many acquaintances formed in 1880 at the Tharp Normal that have resulted in lasting friendship. It was the county historian's first venture outside of common schools and Jonesboro High School and since J. O. Spurgeon taught grammar in that early normal effort, "split infinitives" have been a continuous "stumbling block and rock of offense" to him. Mr. Osborn taught history, Wm. Russell was instructor in Physiology, and Miss Frone A. Case introduced the Philadelphia School of Oratory methods in reading. L. W. Wheeler and son Elmer, and Henry Fields, had the music department.

While a good deal is claimed for the Antebellum schools there was a splendid student body in that first "spring normal" in 1880, Mr. Tharp's earlier schools having been held later in the summer. Mr. Tharp always had a way of explaining delayed attendance: "We're still in the midst of harvest," and scores of autograph albums of that day contained the entries: "We're still in the midst of harvest" and "Why is Mr. Tharp like the Indicative Mode? Because he asserts a thing as a fact." The same social spirit seemed to follow the later development of the school through its Marion Normal College history and its present organization. When it was first located at "College corner" debt became its handicap until Dr. Jonason "financed" it, and then it had an era of prosperity which continued throughout the Boucher administration. Finally President Boucher and Mrs. C. W. Boucher abandoned the field, Sept. 1, 1912, and the Marion Normal College became the Marion Normal Institute with Lawrence V. Jackson as president, citizens of Marion and Grant county standing behind the enterprise with a cash bonus sufficient to place the school in working order.

In 1919 the Wesleyan Methodist Conference bought the buildings and ground to make a denominational college. They are planning to open it Sept. 1, 1921. The following is a statement made by Dr. H. C. Bedford, concerning the plans:

May 4, 1920.

"Our intention is to make Marion College a "standard college" in the state of Indiana. Accordingly a faculty of training and experience has been secured. The men engaged have received their degrees from some of the best institutions in our country and also had years of successful teaching experience in their respective fields.

"The college curriculum will include sufficient elective courses to enable students to select their majors with a view to their ambitions for the future. Numerous courses in English, History, Philosophy, Education, Mathematics, Sciences and Foreign Languages will be offered.

"The college will also include a normal department; Professor Jones, former president of the Marion Normal Institute, will be the dean of this department. It will be possible for prospective teachers to take their A. B. course in the college, choosing their major in education, or take regular normal work and secure the certificates usually offered by the state.

"The music department will be a strong feature. We have engaged the best talent which we could for the faculty. Opportunities in voice, piano, violin, harmony, etc., orchestra, chorus, glee club singing, etc., will be offered.

"A full high school course will be offered to those who may not be qualified to enter the college, or who desire the influence of the college.

"The theological department will be made a strong department. It will be organized with a view to the needs of our pastors, missionaries, Gospel workers and others who are looking forward to church work."

—Very truly, H. C. Bedford.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A COUNTRY SCHOOL SIXTY OR SEVENTY YEARS AGO



In the old time school there was no such thing as desks. The seats were made by splitting in two lynn logs about a foot in diameter and putting legs in the round side. The writing desk was a wide board laid upon pegs which were fastened in augur holes in the wall.

We were given a short time in both forenoon and afternoon in which to practice writing.

The methods of study was for each pupil to spell or read aloud and if, by chance, there was silence for a moment, the teacher thought there was something wrong, and would say: "To your books!" and the noise began louder than before.

We considered it a privilege for a couple of us to get to go for a bucket of water, which was carried from a farm house nearest. When the water arrived some one would get permission to pass around with bucket and tin-cup until the pupils were all watered.

Another "privilege" was to go out in any kind of weather and carry in a load of wood and place it in the fireplace or the stove.

Each pupil had a slate and pencil to "do sums" in arithmetic. Some slates were better than others so there was a great deal of "swapping."

There were various modes of punishment. One was to place the culprit cut on the floor and put a dunce-cap on his head. This humbled him, for everyone else laughed at him. Once in a while the teacher would throw a pencil or ruler at the offender and then have him bring it back to the seasoned and ready for use, in some handy place about the room.

There was no such thing as a written examination. How would you like that? The most popular games were "black man" and town ball, and "bull-pen" for the larger boys. There was also "ante-over" and "dare-baste."

The teacher would sometimes "board around" at the homes of the pupils, staying about a week at a place. Especially was this the case in summer schools, taught by young women.

The usual way of conducting a recitation in spelling was for all who could spell to form a line around the wall, and when a word was misspelled, the one below who spelled it correctly would take his place in the line just above the one who missed the word. The one who stood at the head of the class when the recitation had closed had won a "head-mark" and would take his place at the foot of the class next day.

But school furniture and methods of teaching changed rapidly, rude desks were brought into use, and the "out-loud" way of studying was discontinued. We also had monthly examinations.

Our text books consisted of altogether of the McGuffey's series of readers—1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th. In the First Reader were the stories so familiar to all elderly people yet—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

or,

"I like to see a little dog,
And pat him on the head,
So prettily he wags his tail
Whenever he is fed!"

or,

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go."

In the Second Reader was "The Old Oaken Bucket," and "Harry" and

the Guide Post." We used Webster's Spelling Book, Ollney's Geography, and Day's Arithmetic.

We had different methods of conducting a recitation in reading. One was to begin at the head of the class and as each pupil's "turn" came he would stand up and read a paragraph, and the next one until the lesson was all read. The teacher would criticize us on "emphasis," rising and falling of the voice, pauses at commas and semi-colons, and stops at periods.

Another plan was for all the class to stand and each, in turn, to read from period to period. Sometimes the teacher would name a member of the class as "critic"; other times the entire class would criticize, by holding up the hand, and when permission was given, each would offer his criticism.

There was much variety in the arithmetic lessons, but time will not permit me to go into detail.

—Written by Mr. J. W. Cox, age about 75.

GRANT COUNTY—ORGANIZED 1831

In 1852 Marion had a population of about 400 and there were only about three "notion" stores and one hardware store. The county jail, which was at this time a small log building, stood on the west side of Boots street, between First and Second streets.

At this time the county was overgrown with trees to a large extent and many deer, bear, coons, wolves, foxes and wild turkeys could be found. About eighty-seven or ninety years ago people coming into the country had to cut down trees in order to make a path to get through.

People traveled in farm wagons and also on horse-back. At this time it was most common to go on horse-back, as this was the easiest method of traveling, and women as well as men had their saddles.

The school houses were small log buildings with floors made by hewing logs off flat. The seats were rude benches made by splitting logs and smoothing them off at the flat side and then fastening legs on the other side.

The houses were all made of logs and usually consisted of two rooms, a kitchen and sitting room. There was always a bed in the front room, for instance when a young man went to call on his lady friend they usually sat in the room when the older people were asleep.

The first merchant was John Chapman, who started in business about 1828 in a building about 16 feet wide and 20 feet long. The store was a log building covered with rough clap-boards and the cracks were daubed with clay. The building probably cost about fifty dollars and the stock of goods were worth scarcely over four hundred dollars.

Grant County was the home of the Miami Indians who were the chief inhabitants until about 1823. These Indians about 1850 were peaceful and gave the settlers little trouble. Me-shin-go-me-sia, who died about 1877, was their chief. The Indians have contributed many well-built buildings, including the brick house on the Stuber farm west of Fox Station, and the old church by the "Indian Village," that was built in 1860 by Po-kung-yah.

The second mill built in the county was built by Samuel McClure on the Caleb Bails farm which was at that time in Washington township, but by a change in township lines it is now in Pleasant township. The mill is now entirely destroyed.

The first court house, built in 1833, was a small two-story frame building around which might often times be seen horses, cattle and hogs. About five years later (1838) this court house was replaced by one built of brick.

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COPY OF REPORT OF COMMISSIONERS LAYING OUT MARION (Glenn Earnhart)

To the County Commissioners of Grant County, State of Indiana:

We, Charles W. Ewing of Cass County, William Edwards and William Hunt of Randolph County, three of the Commissioners appointed by the legislature of said State to locate the Seat of Justice of said County of Grant, respectfully report:

That, one of our body to-wit, said Ewing, attended at the house of David Branson in said Grant County, on the second Monday of the month of May, 1831, being the 9th day of said month and the day appointed by law for the meeting of the Commissioners to locate said Seat of Justice

when by reason of the non-attendance of a sufficient number of said Commissioners to transact the business assigned to them, their meeting was adjourned by said Ewing until Monday, the sixteenth day of said month of May, and notice of said adjournment was by him forwarded to each of the absent commissioners; that on the said 16th day of May, the day to which said meeting was adjourned, we the said Ewing, Edwards and Hunt, met at the house of said David Branson in said Grant County, the place appointed as aforesaid, and having severally taken an oath and been sworn well and truly to discharge the duties assigned to us by law as Commissioners to locate said Seat of Justice did then proceed in the performance of that duty—And after examining the several trails proposed to be donated to said county, and taking into view the present population as well as the probable future population of said county, as well as all the other points, matters, and things enumerated in the act of 1824 entitled an act to locate Seats of Justice in all new counties as guide to direct us in making said location we did and have selected a trail of land on the southwest side of the Mississineway river in section six, town twenty-four of Range eight containing sixty acres of land owned by David Branson and Martin Boots, and have thereon located the Seat of Justice of said Grant County—said trail of land is more particularly described and set out in the Bond of said Branson and Boots (marked A) and herewith returned as a part of this our report.

We further report that said David Branson and Martin Boots have executed and delivered to us a Bond payable to the county commissioners of said Grant County for the conveyance of said sixty acres of land to the agent whom the commissioners of said county may appoint to view a conveyant thing agreeably to the provisions of the act of 1824 which bond is marked "A" as aforesaid and herewith returned.

We further report that said land was and is DONATED by said Branson and Boots to said Grant County, for the purpose of locating thereon the County Seat as aforesaid, as will appear by the condition of said Bond, in addition to which donation of land they have donated to said Grant County the sum of Four Hundred and Thirty Dollars in money—three hundred and eighty dollars which is to be paid within one year from this day and the balance (fifty dollars) within two years from this date, for which sum payable as aforesaid they have granted their promissary notes to the Commissioners of said Grant County which notes are herewith attached, marked "B" and "C." The said donors have reserved to themselves one-fourth of the whole number of lots to be laid off on said donation, these to be selected in a manner set out in said Bond, viz: Commencing at w. one they will take Nos. 4-8-12-16 and so on through the whole plat of the town to be laid off on said donation, which is to cover and embrace the whole sixty acres—they also reserve the buildings, fences, fruit trees and crops now on said land, and agree to remove them within eight months hereafter if required, but make no reservation of the soil other than the portion or part of the lots as above stated—The town is to be laid out by the County Commissioners so soon as and upon such plan as they may think fit—and when laid out and the lots numbered and their portion selected the county agent is to make Deed to them respectively for their portion for which Deed he is to make and deliver to them a Bond at the time they execute their Deed to him for said donation.—It is understood by said Donors that each is to take his share of lots out of their respective parts of said donation, which is thirty acres, as will be seen by said Bond marked "A."

In making this location we have been guided by what we consider to be the real substantial interests of the county and that such will be the result we hope and believe—the site is as near the geographical center of the county as we could obtain one without violating our own judgment as to the permanent and time material of the present and probable future population of the county. In our decision upon all the matters taken into view, there has been no difference of opinion, and in making this location we are unanimous.

We would further state that we have been severally occupied in the performance of our duties as above state and will have been by the time we make our departure home, the number of days following, to-wit: Charles W. Ewing from the 7th until the 22nd day of this month, making 16 days; William Edwards from the 14th until the 22nd, making 9 days, and William

Hurt five days at this place and two days to come here and two to return home making nine days in all.

All of which is respectfully submitted. Grant County, Branson, May 20th, 1831.

CHARLES W. EWING,
WILLIAM EDWARDS,
WILLIAM HUNT, Commissioners.

COPY OF THE FIRST SUMMONS ISSUED IN GRANT COUNTY
(Glen Earnhart)

STATE OF INDIANA, GRANT COUNTY:

To John O. Boots, Constable of Pleasant Township: You are hereby commanded to summons Christian Stephens, Wm. Hannah, Richard Hely, James Harscal, Elias Murry, Christian Heller, to appear before me, Wm. Prickitt, a justice of the peace, therein at one o'clock on the 28th day of July, 1832.

To testify in a suit whereas John W. Cooly is plaintiff and A. J. Woodworth is defendant and this they shall not omit under the penalty of the law, and of this writ made due services and returns. July the 19th, 1832.

Wm. PRICKITT, J. P.

(On opposite side)

Traveling to serve process 46 miles.....	\$1.84
Executed as commanded 6 witnesses.....	.75
Returning, 5 cents on each witness.....	.30
Issuing subpoena	2.55

\$5.69

Executed on Christian Heller by leaving a copy of subpoena.

Executed on Elias Murry, do.

Executed on Wm. Hannah, do.

Executed on Richard Hely, do.

JOHN O. BOOTS, Constable.

—Brother of Martin.

✱
WILLIAM GIBSON LYONS

Mr. Lyons was born in Wabash county, August 20, 1858. He lived there until he was eleven years old then moved to Pipe Creek (later called Swayzee.)

This was all in woods and swamps offering no inducement except frogs and ague. Nearly everybody had second day and third day ague, due to the swamps. A green scum would raise on the ponds.

There were no pastures nor fences, people put their stock in the woods and let them run wild. His father would put a slit in the right ear of his hogs so he would know them, and he cut a round hole in his cow's ear.

Mr. Lyons told about the awful hail storm of June 5, 1874, that passed over that region. It was about harvest time and all the crops were destroyed. The hail fell fully six inches deep and were as large as quail eggs.

Before Swayzee was built they took their produce to Mier Town. They would get eight cents per dozen for eggs, fifteen cents per bushel for oats and twenty cents for corn.

Swayzee was laid out about 1880, and was named for Watt Swayzee, who lived at the cross roads. The Narrow Gauge (Clover Leaf) helped to build the town. The Methodist church was the first church built in Swayzee. The New Light Christian church was next.

Mr. Lyon's cousin, Mrs. Cora Sailors-Hood, said that her mother lived in Marion when there were but fourteen business houses there. Mrs. Hood said she remembers when the roads were so bad at Pipe Creek (Swayzee) that people would have to hitch four horses to a spring wagon to haul a corpse to the graveyard. The friends would follow in big wagons.

"Swayzee may have been bad then, but it is a good town now," she said.

EARLY LIFE OF AN OLD PIONEER

Sarah Slusher was born near Rock Bridge, Virginia, April 23, 1828. When she was seven months old her parents (Mr. and Mrs. John Slusher)

moved to Ohio in a "covered wagon," drawn by one horse. Her mother walked most of the way and carried her because there was not room in the wagon for them.

They resided in Ohio for a short time, then came on to Indiana, where she has lived ever since. There were many Indians living close to them, for their home was near an "Indian Reserve." The Indians often came to her mother (who was a widow by this time) and tried to buy little Sarah, offering bright beads and large sums of money for her. They would try to coax the child off with them by giving her beads and trinkets, and she would have gone with them if it had not been for her mother, for little Sarah was then only five years old and could not understand.

Her home was a log cabin with puncheon floor and a fireplace in one side. She slept on a "cord" bedstead, i. e.: a bed having ropes woven across it instead of bed slats. The chairs, tables, benches and stools were all "home-made" of rude boards.

She ate "corn-pone," tea, corn meal mush, and wild meats, such as deer, turkey, duck, squirrel or rabbit which her brother or the neighbors would supply.

She wore "home-spun" clothing. In winter it was made of "linsey-woolsey" or fur; in summer of flax or "tow" linen. The first pair of shoes she had was made by her brother out of old boot-legs. She was eight years old at that time, and before this she either went bare-foot or had her feet wrapped in rags. About this time she had her first calico dress also.

She had no toys and few games to amuse her. She did have a pet crow that she trained to play with a marble.

She went to schools but little, for she had three miles to walk and the roads were very bad.

When ten years of age she left her home to work for a neighbor. She milked the cows, churned the butter, washed the weekly washing, and many other things for 50 cents per week, and she a little girl of ten years.

She did not get to go to church very often, because she had no way of getting to the church, which was a long way from her home.

Her father died when she was a tiny child. She remembers the casket being placed in one corner of the room. She wondered why her father was lying in that box! She was playing near by and tip-toed up to the casket and picked out a shaving which had curled up. She thought it pretty and would have played with it, but a dear old lady who was present told her she must not take it for it was in her father's casket.

This coffin was made by a neighbor out of plain lumber without lining. The shavings which were left from the making were placed under the head of her father for a pillow, then covered over with a white cloth.

When about eighteen years of age she was married to Jesse Pierce. To them were born eleven children. On Jan. 13, 1876, she was married to John Jones, who died Nov. 13, 1891, since which time she has lived with her children.

Grandmother Jones is very bright of mind at the extreme age of ninety-two. In fact it is told of her that she danced the Virginia reel at the octogenarian's meeting at Marion, Indiana, when she was ninety years of age. She sits serenely, when not at work, and smokes her pipe, a living example of serene old age.

(Written by her grand-daughter, Marie Grindle, Senior M. H. S., 1920)



REMINISCENCES

The old jail was on the corner of Boots and Second streets. It was made of logs and was not worth much as a jail. One man took off the door of his cell, carried it down to the river and threw it in. In the earliest days of Marion there were only two stores, one belonging to Mr. McClure and one to Mr. Sweetser. There was only one hotel, the Lovehouse, on the south side of the square. The very first cemetery was on the corner of Gallatin and Fifth streets. It was then moved to the Third street hill and afterward to where it now is located.

About 1852 there was a plank road running from Marion to Jonesboro. The land between 14th and 18th streets used to be very swampy. They built a corduroy road through this district. West of Boots street there were very few houses until about 1860.

The Indians liked Mr. McClure very much. They would come trailing in single file, on their ponies, dressed Indian fashion, to ask for his advice about their affairs.

Me-hingomesia, the chief, had two sons who obstinately refused to stay in school, so nearly every morning he brought them to school on his pony. He would come and sit on the back seat in the school house and listen to the children recite. The boys went nearly three years to the Mississinewa school and received a good education for Indians.

About the time of the Civil War labor was very cheap. A girl hired herself out to sew and knit. If she was a good worker she received \$2.00 per week. An ordinary worker was paid \$1.50. She had to work till nine o'clock at night and if she wanted to go anywhere she had to get someone to work in her place until 9 o'clock.

An underground railway ran through Marion. Two of the stopping places were Atkinson's and Bradford's.

Some things cost more during the Civil War than during the World War. Calico was 25 cents per yard; coffee, 60 cents a pound. Shoes could not be bought by poor people.

David Hogan is the oldest citizen living in Marion.

Mr. and Mrs. Maton Overman gave me this information.

—Mabel Skinner, 1920.

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SHORT SKETCHES OF EARLY GRANT COUNTY LIFE

*

These few sketches were given to me by my grandfather, Mr. E. G. Maple, 318 East Swayzee street, Marion.

He will be eighty-six years of age the second day of February, 1920. He spent most of his life in, or close to, Grant county.

He was born in Fayette county, in the southern part of the state, but moved to the northern part when but a small boy. They had to move in wagons and they drove their three cows that they brought with them in front of the wagons. In some places they had to cut their way through underbrush and shrubs to get through the forests. There were places close to small towns that had been settled a short time where there were roads, or rather paths, that were more easily traveled.

Marion was but a small village when they came through it. It contained about three stores, one of which was owned by Sam McClure.

These stores were all miscellaneous stores. They had in stock just those things which were used in that day, such as dry goods, thread, and groceries.

Sam McClure traded with the Indians. His store might be called the Indian's trading post. He was a great friend of the Indians and was greatly respected by them. Every fall he went with them to Fort Wayne to get their pensions.

When my grandfather and his parents came to the Mississinewa river, they forced their cows to swim while they forded it in the wagons at a place just a short distance from the present Washington street bridge.

The only houses on the other side of the river were owned by Mr. Hogan and Mose Bradford.

Mose Bradford's house was situated on the north bank of the river. The road that my grandfather traveled lay between the bank of the river and Bradford's home.

On the south bank of the river a ferry boat was always kept and was used in transferring people, also cattle and horses and a few other things across the river. It was flat and could accommodate two teams of horses and a few people at one time. Dal Wimble was the name of the man that owned and had charge of the ferry boat. The boat was only used during high water, when the current was too swift and the river too deep to be forded.

My grandfather, his father and mother and possessions finally arrived at the small tract of ground that he had bought. He and his father cut the logs and built the cabin that was to be their future home. During the winter my great-grandmother died of what was then called "winter fever." One after one the settlers died with it that winter. It was what is now called typhoid fever. In the spring my great-grandfather moved to a little

town called America just north over the boundary line of Grant county. This village had one store, one tavern, as they were then called, and one blacksmith shop and a few houses.

There were quite a number of Indians in this neighborhood. One day my grandfather went into the store and was quietly grabbed by an Indian, who drew his long knife and put the blade against my grandfather's neck. He struggled at first, but thinking it of no use, remained still. The Indian held him for a few minutes and said, "No scare him," and then let him go. The Indian, knowing he was young, thought he could scare my grandfather and have some fun and was very much disappointed at the results.

A short distance between Marion and this little village of America was an Indian trading post called Fox's Station. A man lived at this place by the name of Ed. Fox. He had a black horse of which he was very proud. He also had a black dog and about every other day this man would ride down to America and get drunk. He would ride on the black horse with the dog behind him. It was almost an every-day occurrence to see Ed. Fox riding his black mare to America and with the little dog trailing behind him.

It was not long until my grandfather moved to Miertown, which was a little place of about six houses, a store, a blacksmith shop and a shoemaker's shop. The traveling from Marion to Miertown was much worse than the trip from Marion to America. Often times the water and mud would come up to the wagon bed; other times they had to cut their way through the thick growth of underbrush.

One night not long after they were settled in Miertown my grandfather and his brother made a trip to Kokomo with lumber. It was almost dark when they started for home. It had snowed all day long and then turned bitter'y cold. The horses could hardly pull the wagon through the snow, as it was more than knee deep. They stopped but once during the journey and then only long enough to get warm. Grandfather said that he didn't think many people now days could stand the extreme cold that they had that night.

—Contributed by Geraldine Ditsler.

NANCY JANE STORER-NICHOLS

"I was born in Ohio, January 13, 1833, but came to Indiana when I was young. There were many wild animals here then, among them wolves and Indians.

"One time I went to an Indian dance with my brother just to see what they would do. I certainly did see a plenty, for the Indians all got drunk and then started a fuss and one Indian shot another and killed him.

"The next day, after they had sobered up, they buried the dead Indian. They placed a tomahawk in the crude coffin and also a cup of coffee was set back of his head so he would have his weapon and food for the 'Happy Hunting Ground.'

"I knew Chief Meshingomesia quite well. He used to come to my father, who was a blacksmith, to have his ponies shod.

"Sometimes the Indians were wild and dangerous, especially before they were converted.

DESCRIPTION OF EARLY LIFE

The pioneer cabin was made of hewed logs, or "scalped" logs (which were smaller than the hewed logs and were just scalped off a little on the outside, and left round on the inside of the cabin.)

Every cabin had a fireplace with a "crane" which was securely fastened to the corner of the chimney. The crane was placed on a pivot and would swing around out of the way, or over the fire when cooking was being done.

The beds of the pioneers were made by setting upright posts out in the floor as far from the wall as desired, and securely fastened and braced against the wall. Then by weaving a bed-cord from one of the bed-rails to the bed-rail on the opposite side, and from one end to the other, squares were made about six or eight inches in length, on which the bed clothing was placed. This bed clothing consisted of a "tick" filled with clean straw, a huge feather bed (into which one sank), quilts, coverlets, and in wealth-

ier families, a pure white "spread" which had been woven from bleached linen threads.

Cabinets were built, or cupboards, in one side of the room by driving rows of pegs into the wall, and placing wide boards, cut to fit in the corner, upon these pegs. Curtains of some kind of cloth were made to hang down in front of these shelves and served to keep the dust off the dishes, or quilts, that were on the shelves.

The pioneer chairs were almost the same shape as they are today, but instead of having wooden or leather bottoms, they were made of split bark of trees, and woven into a substantial net work that would last for years.

Children were governed by the rod, both at home and at school. If a child were told to do a thing it was expected to do it—if it did not obey at once it was marched out and whipped in a decent way, but in such a manner that it scarcely ever refused a second time.

If a child were chastized at school it was usually the same process at home when the parents found it out, so discipline was upheld everywhere and as a result the adults were honest, lawabiding citizens.

All clothing worn by pioneers was "home-spun." First the wool was sheared off the sheep, then all burrs and dirt picked out. Afterward it was thoroughly washed and taken to a carding machine where it was carded, then taken home, spun into thread and woven into cloth. Then the mother would make it into garments for the husband and children to wear.

The early schools were built of hewed logs, one log being left out part of the way around the house to leave a place for windows. There were twelve panes of glass to each window.

On the outside of this cabin was a bench which extended around the entire wall except the side on which was the blackboard. The children in the primer and first reader sat on this bench. Then there were desks in the room somewhat similar to a modern desk, only they seated two pupils. They were made entirely of wood. The larger pupils sat at these desks. The desks in the rear of the room were large; those in front were smaller.

In those days people continued to go to school until they were grown, and could study any text or subject they wanted to. There were no special grades with a course to be completed as there is today. If a pupil didn't know what he wished to study, the teacher might suggest anything he cared to.

The school term lasted but three or four months of the year, due to a lack of funds. The school months were usually December, January and February. Pupils between the ages of six and twenty-one could draw what was called "school money" from the Township for purposes of education. If a person wanted to go to school after he was twenty-one no one offered any objection, and it was no uncommon thing for pupils twenty-five or thirty years of age to be in school with six-year-olds.

—Information obtained from Mr. H. C. Modlin, 67 years old.

* EARLY DAYS

This story was told by Mrs. Sarah Lytle, now residing at 803 South Branson street.

"I was born in May, 1844, in this county. I lived about three and one-half miles southeast of Marion, near Lugar creek. My grandfather was the second person to own any property in Marion. He then owned what is now the Glass block. The McClure block was the first business place in town.

"I remember very plainly the very many times my mother told me about the accident that befell my father. He owned a saw-mill located on Lugar creek. One morning, before breakfast, he went down to the mill. Mother rang the breakfast bell and waited a long while, but did not see him coming, so she started down the road to find him. She met a man staggering as if he were drunk, but upon approaching him, found it to be father. He was hurt very badly. A log had fallen on him and cut him across the abdomen. For several days he was not expected to live, but he finally pulled through.

"My parents moved to Marion when I was but three years old. I went to a select school, or sort of a private school, which stood on Eighth street, where the Central School now stands. About two hundred pupils went to

this school but when the Civil war broke out so many young men went that the school was entirely broken up.

"This school was divided into the Intermediate, down stairs, and the Juniors up. Each Friday afternoon the girls had to read essays, and the boys declamations. One week the Juniors came down stairs and the next week the Intermediate went upstairs. Our teacher was a man by the name of Sperbeck. I remember one day he called on Dick Steely to give his declamation. Dick said, 'I haven't any declamation but I move we give three cheers for President Pierce.' The teacher rang the bell to keep the pupils quiet and called on Ed. Lennex. Ed. knew that he would have to say something so he said:

'I'd like to see a little dog,
And pat him on the head;
How prettily he'd wag his tail
Whenever he is led.'

"A person wasn't considered up in G then if he went to a public school. The teachers were very strict. It was a fright the way they whipped the pupils for the slightest offense. Sperbeck always carried a hickory stick about four feet long with him. One afternoon about five or six boys planned to play hockey. They knew they would get a 'licken' for it so they planned that when the teacher started to lick the first one the other five would 'beat up' on him. The next day Sperbeck lined them all up and just as he started to whip one of the boys, the rest, instead of doing as they planned, ran away. Of course the teacher got so excited that none of 'em got licked. Then, and Sperbeck was a preacher, too, wasn't he?" said a neighbor who was there at the time.

"Oh, I wasn't going to tell that," replied Mrs. Lytle. "The devil's got him long ago." Mr. Sperbeck preached at the Hog Eye church, which stood where the Cethersane church is now. The church and school were together and my brother Arthur attended school there. Then hogs and cattle ran loose and since the church didn't have any eave troughs the water would run under the church. This made just the kind of a puddle which a hog likes to wallow in. This is the way the church got its name.

"There used to be a saloon standing where McCulloch's bank is now. The back of it was turned toward Washington street. People thought they couldn't get along without beer then. Everybody had some in their cupboard, just the same as they have salt or sugar now."

—Mary Wimmer and Cleo Harter were told this story.

JOHN Q. THOMAS'S STORY OF QUAKER WEDDINGS

AND THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

Mr. Thomas was born in Grant County, January 6, 1847. He told the following story in a simple manner:

"The early Friends were a peculiar and quiet people. They believed in the leading of the Holy Spirit. They were very conscientious people, opposed to war and in favor of peace. Many emigrated from the South on account of slavery. Grandfather Elijah Thomas came and brought my father, Milton, when father was just three years old. Father married a wealthy slave owner's daughter.

"The Friends worshiped differently from other denominations. Their church had a movable partition in the center, which divided the women from the men when they had business meetings. When business would come up concerning both men and women there was a messenger to carry the business back and forth. There were three shutters, one of which was used as an entrance and when passing through from one room to the other was carefully closed. The week-day meetings would last an hour or two, but the business session and the Sunday worship usually lasted about three or four hours. There was no minister. Whoever felt led by the Spirit would say so and then by consent of the people he would lead, such usually being an older person. In time of prayer the men stood up, turned their backs to the person in charge of the meeting and took their hats off. After prayer they would sit down and put their hats on. The women always wore the Quaker bonnets and they would be looking down so that their bonnets prevented them from seeing the leader.

"Elma and I wanted to get married. She belonged to the New London

monthly meeting and I to the Mississinewa. We each had to have certificates certifying that we were really members of our monthly meetings. Her monthly meeting was one day before mine so that I couldn't receive the certificate for our meeting the next day and therefore it had to lay over a month. By that time we had our different certificates to present to our meetings and then it had to lay over another month while each monthly meeting investigated the matter. A committee was appointed to see if we had ever been engaged to anyone else before. If so, we could not have been married. (I think that's a fine thing). Nor could we be married if both of us were not Quakers. The committee reporting favorably they made out a marriage certificate which Elma and I signed first, then six common members signed it at the wedding and it was given to us when we were married. At next monthly business meeting a special time was set for our wedding. When the time came we, Elma and I, sat at the head of the meeting with the one who was sitting as head of meeting. The leader got up and said: 'Now is the proper time for John Q. Thomas and Elma to get to accomplish their marriage according to the custom of Friends.' We then stood up with our waiters (same as bridesmaid and best man) on either side of us and I said:

"Friends, in the presence of our Lord and before this assembly, I take Elma Stott to be my wife, promising with divine assistance to be unto her a loving and faithful husband until death shall separate us." Elma said about the same and we were married.

"They, the six common members, signed the certificate that has been mentioned and it was given to us to keep.

"Many people came to see Quaker weddings because they were so different from other denominations.

"Levy Coffin was one of the leading 'under-ground' keepers. First he had his headquarters located at Fountain City, then at Richmond, then at Cincinnati. The stations around here were located at old John Shugart's where he Love farm is now, south of the College on Harmon; one at Ely Coggeshall's place, a little over a mile south of the College on Harmon; one at Del Thomas's, about a mile south of Deer Creek meeting house; one at Milton Thomas's, where Sam Bear's dairy is now, and one at the Hollowells at New Holland.

In the summer time, about sixty rods from the house at Milton Thomas's, there was a thicket and spring where he hid the runaway slaves. Once he had fifteen. He whistled a certain way to call the slaves up to their meals. If anybody miles away saw any strangers they thought might be owners they notified the keepers so that when the slave owners came the slaves would be hidden.

"One time a slave owner traced his slave to Marion from Kentucky. The fine was heavy for the ones that were keeping the slaves so these men met and decided they would put this negro in a load of wheat to get him safely away. The men got the slave fixed in the wagon but no one wanted to take him very bad because they would have to run an awful chance of getting caught by the owner, so they drew straws and it fell to Milton Thomas to take him. He started, but on the way he heard somebody coming behind him and it proved to be the slave's master. He said: 'That wagon looks suspicious, I believe I'll investigate.' The owner and men then untied the draw strings and looked about the wagon but didn't find the runaway, so Milton got to Lago with the wheat and the slave was safe.

"These were days that tried men's souls but we believed in doing our part to rid the country of the awful curse of slavery."

—Told to Mildred Thomas.

WILLIAM DOYLE

Mr. Doyle was born on the old Doyle farm, southwest of Van Buren, March 15, 1847. His father entered this land in 1837 or '38.

His father had a deer park of about twenty-eight acres, fenced in with a ten-rail fence so the deer could not escape. These deer knew Mr. Doyle and would come up and eat out of his hand, but if a stranger approached they would hurry away frightened. Mr. Doyle fed them oats, corn, clover, hay, etc. He raised sheep in the park with the deer.

Mr. William Doyle married Sarah Jane Hays over fifty years ago. They

have always lived in, or near, Van Buren.

Mr. Doyle was trustee of Van Buren Township for ten years and was assessor for the same length of time. In making reports he never varied a penny, but exactly tallied with totals.

He has always been much interested in educational affairs and is a great reader. He is respected by all who know him.

Snipe Hunting

When the boys in olden days wished to play a trick on some one and have a little fun they often resorted to "snipe hunting."

They would go to the creek or river, and, leaving the candidate for the trick holding a sack to catch the snipes, the other boys would go to drive the snipes toward the sack. Instead of doing this they always made a noise as if they were really chasing snipes, while in reality they would run home, leaving the sniper to "hold the sack."



The Sleigh Ride

Spelling matches was a common amusement for both young and old many years ago. Groups of boys and girls organized and went to the school house or to private homes to hold these "matches."

One cold night when some young folks were going to a spelling match they were all in a bob-sled and going through the woods. The snow was deep but the road was fine for sleighing. The forest was so dense that they could see nothing but darkness on either side.

Suddenly a lynx jumped out of the wood right into the sled. The girls screamed and the horses jumped into the air. So great was the confusion that the lynx became frightened and as suddenly as he had come, departed. No damage was done except the girls were frightened so badly that they were not able to spell at all that evening.



"A BOBCAT HUNT"

Oliver P. Hix related how his father and a neighbor were out hunting one day. They had three bull dogs with them. By and by they saw a bobcat and tried to get it. They chased it from swamp to swamp and finally it went into a hollow tree that had been blown over in a wind storm. One of the dogs went in after it but the bobcat caught it by the head, so the dog could only back out bringing the bobcat with him, the latter still holding to his head. The other dogs jumped on the bobcat and it was soon killed. But the bull dog was not hurt by the rough treatment of the bobcat.

(The incident happened in Washington Township, Grant County).

—William Lucas.



UNCLE DAVY CONNER

"Uncle Davy" was probably the first white man, aside from soldiers or French explorers, who came to what is now Grant County. He was sent by the government agent to the Miami tribe of Indians. He paid them for their land and dealt with them in furs.

He came from Greenville, Ohio. Rumor says he came as early as 1812 or '13. He carried government money to Fort Wayne in a wagon drawn by an ox-team.

He entered land of the government as early as 1825. He located this land at favorable points along the Mississinewa river along the Indian trail. He is said to have owned as much as two thousand acres.

Uncle Davy found the Indians very desirous of bartering for "fire water." Conner would buy this whiskey by the barrel, paying only twelve cents per gallon, then he would sell it for ten cents a pint (or half-pint perhaps.)

He built a grist mill on the Mississinewa, later called Barley's mill, for the benefit of the pioneers.

Conner was sick for quite a while before he died. James Sweetser would come out from Marion in a buggy—perhaps the first in Grant county—and take him driving. They were good friends.

Uncle Davy's daughter found a keg of money in an old smoke house after his death which led many people to think he had a great deal of money hidden on his farm. People have searched in many places but found nothing.

One of Mr. Conner's descendants has now in his possession land entries of David Conner's dating back to Andrew Jackson's and John Quincy Adams' administrations.

The following is a letter written in 1844 to David Conner by a fur dealer:

January 17, 1844.

Dear Sir:—I have just returned home from the far west after a long and arduous journey of near six months.

Have much I would like to say to you but the small space of a letter would not suffice to make a beginning.

I hope to see you between this and March. At present I only desire to say that we shall continue to purchase furs and skins as heretofore. I hope, if your health will permit, you will make us your usual collection.

I have not yet seen Mr. Walker, but presume he has seen or written to you on this subject. I so requested him when in the west when I found that neither W. G. Erving nor myself could get back until later in the winter.

Our advices of last fall's prices from London were not flattering as to deer skins, but rather more favorable as to raccoon. They hope the latter will improve some, that is the real good skins, provided the catch this year should not be large.

From pre-ent indications and the best information I can get I am of the opinion that there are but very few raccoons this year. The very severe cold weather last fall must have destroyed many of them.

This seems to be the word out north. I hope in the south, where you gather skins, they may be more plentiful.

With regard to prices, I hope that the collections can be made at about last year's prices. Of course, you will have to pay what the other regular purchasers pay. You will no doubt buy them as reasonable as you can.

W. G. Erving returned home with me but is in bad health. I hope your health is good and your affairs prosperous.

I expect Walker up to see me tomorrow and I will write you again shortly.

I was all over the Miami lands in the west and attended the ———. There I saw all of them and all of our old Pottiwattime friends. I was 800 miles up the Missouri river and traveled from there across through the Sioux country to the Mississippi. Have seen much of the west. The Miami's have the best of all the Indian country except the Shawnee. They are on the Kansas river and in a most beautiful country. The Miami land is on the Osage river and borders on the west line of the state of Missouri. It is good land and well timbered. I think you will like it well.

I remain with esteem your friend and obedient servant.

GEO. W. ERVING

To Mr. David Conner, Marion, Grant County, Ind.

*
WILLIAM L. SAXON

Mr. Saxon was born in Delaware County, Indiana, in 1844. He came to Grant County in 1852 and was raised near Converse.

He went to the old-time log school house; would go bare-footed until the snow flew.

He was raised within two miles of the Mississinewa battle ground. Said he had seen Old Chief "Shing" hundreds of times.

The Indians used to come to his father's house in groups of fifteen or twenty for something to eat. They came, two and two, on ponies. If a fence should obstruct their trail they took it down but would not put it up again.

His mother would give them corn bread. You had to treat them hospitably or they grew resentful. They never forgot a kindness, neither did they forget unkindness.

His father and he used to haul flour to the Indians where the Mississinewa empties into the Wabash. They would stay over night and sleep on a pallet of skins which the Indians prepared for them. In the morning the Indians would cook a delicious breakfast of hot biscuits and venison or squirrel.

The Indians talked but little. When they were contraried they be-

came dangerous. They often got drunk and would dance around a big fire. They were perfectly quiet when they danced. The squaws wore dark red and the Indians wore yellow blankets. Their chief, only, wore feathers in his hair.

Mr. Saxon served in the Civil War, was in the 13th Indiana Light Artillery. He was in service two and a half years.

The first political campaign he remembers was Lincoln's first election. The times were crucial, and one had to keep quiet to keep out of trouble.

Mr. Saxon has lived near or in Van Buren for thirty-seven years.

MARTHA RENBARGER

(By Chr'stine Bechtol)

Mrs. Renbarger was born in Dart County, Ohio, in 1842, and came to Indiana when thirteen years of age.

Once when she was quite young her brother went to town and purchased a kerosene lamp that held about one cup of oil. That evening when they went to light the lamp they were afraid it would explode so they got a long stick and lighted one end of it, and stood away off and put the blaze to the lamp wick. They watched the lamp for a little while and seeing that it did not "blow up" they approached cautiously and put the flue on it.

They thought they were "aristocratic" when they got the lamp and would use it only to read by. Previous to this time they had used a "grease" lamp or read by the light of the fireplace.

Mrs. Renbarger was at the funeral of Nelson Ah-Taw-ah-Taw's squaw. After the preacher had preached a short sermon the Indian women came up to the corpse and talked to her in Indian dialect. They put a silk dress and silk shawl into the casket. After she was buried they placed a bowl of food beside the grave so she would not be hungry on her journey to the "Happy Hunting Ground."

RICHARD DOBSON (80 YEARS)

"Do not call me 'Mr. Dobson,' I am just plain Richard Dobson. I was born at Lees, Lankashire, England, 'merrie England,' Sept. 13, 1840. It has been a long time," said this kindly old man with blue eyes and white hair.

He belonged to the Established Church of England. When he was young he was taken to Sunday school. After Sunday school the children were lined up and taken to the church, into the organ loft, where they had to remain until after the service was over. They had to learn hymns and prayers, and could not treat the services of the church lightly, as many children do today. They were taught reverence for God's house.

"I can remember when the 'Highland Grays,' Scotch soldiers, passed through our village on their way to the Crimean War. They were very large and imposing in appearance, ranging from six to six and a half feet tall, and wearing beaver head-dress and plaid kilts. There were over a thousand of these fine fellows. At the heights of Alma nearly three-fourths of them fell for they led the charge."

One of his friends had a friend who was in charge of the famous "Light Brigade" at Balaklava.

The first balloon he ever saw was one that had risen from a Fair that was held a short distance from Lees. A great storm was on and the balloon was driven over Lees, so low that it went between the tall chimneys of a factory. It was driven on and caught upon a crag where the balloonist was crushed to death. The sight of this great air monster frightened him very much for he was just a little boy.

He early learned to play the flute and started out to "see the world," hoping to support himself with the flute music. He came to the banks of "bonny Dee" and sighted Balmoral Castle, the summer home of English royalty. As he wandered on he was overtaken by a pony-team. He must have betrayed the fact that he was very tired for the lady in the vehicle told the driver to stop and take him in. He gratefully accepted the invitation and modestly conversed with the occupants, the kind lady, two girls and a boy. He played his flute for them also. When they came to Balmoral Castle the vehicle drove in and he found he had been riding with Queen

Victoria, the Prince of Wales and his two sisters, the princesses. They invited him in and he remained there for ten days, at the end of which time the Queen gave him a purse of ten sovereigns to be used for further study of music. He later became a member of the famous "Julian Band" and played for the Queen again and she gave him letters of introduction to other courts of Europe, among them being the German and Russian.

He traveled much and finally came to the United States.

He said the schools of England were very different from those of America. He had to learn many things by heart. When he wrote an essay or composition his master would tell him he had great talent with the pen.

One master, Ambrose Harrop, he was very fond of. This master one time invited young Dobson to go with him to a political meeting to be held at Rochdale, some six miles away. They walked the entire distance, and when they got there the crowd was so great that it lifted Dobson off his feet and literally carried him two flights of steps where the speaking was held. And who were the speakers? No less celebrities than John Bright, Richard Cobden, Gladstone and La Bochere, editor of the "London Truth." John Bright was called the silver-tongued orator, for England never produced a more forceful speaker. Dobson said no political gathering of history ever had a brighter galaxy of renowned statesmen than this one. He can never forget it.

And at this point Mr. Dobson departed from his story long enough to comment learnedly upon English statesmen. Cobden was the first Englishman to see the value of establishing commercial relations with France, England's life-long enemy. His idea was reciprocity or exchange of commodities. America has produced but one man who could equal Cobden on reciprocity—James G. Blaine.

John Bright was a Quaker and a powerful reformer. He came into prominence at a time when England needed social and political reform.

Gladstone was England's "Grand old man" and surely he deserved the title. A massive figure in Parliament, he dominated English politics for sixty years. He changed his belief many times, but always from conviction.

Disraeli was not popular like Gladstone was, but withal, a very brilliant statesman and author. Born a Jew, the first to hold an office of trust in the British government.

But perhaps England's most diplomatic king was Edward VII, (the one-time Prince of Wales that young Dobson had played with). Gladstone was his tutor in diplomacy and an apt pupil he was. He went to France incognito and learned the French ideas and beliefs. He studied the "inner life" of the great European courts and knew how to handle men. He earned the title of the "Peacemaker of Europe."

When a growing prince he was counted "wild"; in fact, England likened him, sadly, to the Black Prince. But in his short reign of nine years he astonished the world by his strokes of diplomacy, and had he lived, he might have been able to ward off the World War.

Mr. Dobson speaks with authority on subjects like the above for he has facts first hand. He is loyal to "olde England" and at the same time is an estimable citizen of the United States. When asked what he thought of our government he smiled and said: "It is good, very good, in many ways, but England is more democratic in some ways. For instance, the House of Lords, (the upper English House), is a mere figurehead. All the power is in the Commons. It makes and unmakes Kings. On the other hand, in the United States, almost unlimited power is given to the Senate, (the upper House), the Executive and his Cabinet. In England an appeal to the popular voice is quickly made; in America, it is slow and uncertain. But it is a GOOD government even at that."

Mr. Dobson tells the following story which he never can forget: "When I was a little chap I heard a returned missionary from New Zealand tell of his awful homeward journey. The ship was storm-bound. Men froze to the rigging and masts. He himself had frozen his limbs and could never again stand or lie down. He sat continually. He was white-headed, not from age, but from this awful experience, and contact with the cannibals of New Zealand."

Mr. Dobson is one of the most interesting men in Marion. He is mild and unassuming, a sincere Christian and a loyal citizen.

MAJOR GEORGE W. STEELE

Born in Columbia, Fayette County, December 13, 1839.

"I was born on a farm in Fayette County near a little town called Columbia. We moved from there to Grant County in February, 1843. We came in what was called a 'one-horse jumper sleigh,' my father, mother, and little brother sitting on the front seat and I on the back. Of course I thought I was large enough to do most anything although I was only four years old. A sled brought our household goods. On our way in town we stopped at Reynold's tavern which stood where the Civic Hall now stands. We then went to our home between Sixth and Seventh streets on Branson. My first school was between Sixth and Seventh streets on Washington and my first school teacher was Wm. A. Reece, later secretary of state. A later teacher was John Lowe. During vacation, Mr. Lowe stayed at the Foster home on what was known as Foster's hill. As he did not have much to do, and no doubt the time seemed long and tiresome, one night he 'borrowed' Foster's horse and nobody has seen either since. It was the custom then to punish the bad boys in school by making them rock the baby. I was fortunate enough to escape, however, as they must have had some regard for the baby.

"One of the early calamities in town was a case of smallpox. Practically every one who had any place at all to go, left town. The person, (an uncle of the late Lew Cubberly) died, but that was the only case in town.

"I remember well how the Miami Indians would come to town to trade their furs for food. They always came on ponies, in single file, the women riding astride the same as the men. We were not afraid, as the Indians never did anything to harm us. One of my greatest early pleasures was to go with my father east of Jacobs' mill to see them catch the ponies. They had some troublesome ponies which they agreed to sell or trade to the whites for a small price. Mr. Sweetser had charge of the Indian trade here.

"I enlisted in the army when I was twenty-one and left with the first company under Col. Wallace. The first year of the war I was with the Eastern army, but the last three years was with the troops which fought at both Chattanooga and Chickamauga, the latter being one of the hardest fought battles of the war. However, we drove the rebels away and then crossed the Tennessee river. Our food usually consisted of hard-tack and bacon. We often had to go three to five days on one day's ration. That was the hardest winter I believe I ever spent.

"It was while here that I was asked to be captain of the first company, but as I did not feel capable of such a responsible position, I refused. Colonel Jones was then made captain. Company One was so large that part of us disbanded, making a new company. Our company went on to Atlanta through Georgia and the Carolinas, and then on to Washington. There was one continuous battle from May to September, from the time we left Chattanooga until we took Atlanta. At Washington the troops divided, some going to the sea and the others following Hood to the battle at Nashville.

"To be a success, the army, like anything else takes team work. It is like a large family, each member must have confidence in the other. Some people seem to think the officers make the army. They do not, for what could the best of officers do if the soldiers in the common ranks were disobedient or did not have enough confidence in their superiors to believe they were right? Some of the best officers were put in on an emergency case, such as sickness or death.

"Ours were the last troops to leave Chattanooga, and mine the last regiment. We whipped those rebels to a 'stand-still' before we left. The most pathetic sight I have ever seen was that of one soldier carrying his wounded chum on his back trying to get him out of reach of the enemy's fire. Even at such a scene I had to give the order for him to drop his friend, as the enemy was sure to capture them both and we could not afford to lose two men. Usually the wounded man would say to his friend, 'Go on, Bill, I'll get along somehow,' but of course his chum hated to leave him.

"We were much in need of supplies but since the rebels had Lookout Mountain we could not use the river at that point to get the necessary

articles. Finally we came to the place where something had to be done and done quickly. We charged up the mountain, and how we fought! It was too important a point to lose and we finally drove the rebels out. We were there from November to May. It was so cold that we had to cut first the topped trees, then the stumps and finally the roots, to burn. We made coffee in our old tin cups, or in coffee pots if we were fortunate enough to have one. We dug holes in the ground and put our tents over them to keep from freezing. Our regiment had a wagon and six mules to haul our supplies in. We had hardly enough food for ourselves, let alone the mules. Two of them died from hunger. It was a pitiful sight to see those poor, patient mules gnawing and trying to eat the tongue of the wagon.

"The next fall word was sent to the inhabitants of Knoxville, Tennessee, to go south to Chattanooga or north. The ones going to Chattanooga were taken in government wagons, but were later taken through Rossville, five miles out of Chattanooga, to Taylor's Gap in Missionary Ridge. After the battle of Missionary Ridge, in which we took Lookout Mountain, I saw the most ghastly sights I ever saw in my life. Some of the fallen soldiers had been left lying on the ground with earth thrown over them, not even buried in a pit. The rains had washed the dirt off leaving the bodies of those dead heroes exposed to the weather. I spent the night with General Wheeler, a rebel, whose home was in Kentucky. I was the only Union officer present except the guards. The next morning the rebel soldiers gave me about eighty or one hundred open letters to mail. The contents contained chiefly in telling their relatives that they were still living and of their general health. I promised them that I would mail them unless the higher officials objected. The next week refugees, consisting of women, children, and very old or disabled men, came from Knoxville. I was again given letters to mail, this time more than a bushel.

"Both North and South recuperated from November to May, getting ready for the spring opening. The first battle the next spring was fought at Taylor's Ridge on June 7th, '64. The battle line was from three to five miles long. We went on toward the sea and while at Savannah opened communication with the Atlantic ocean. We were never without plenty of supplies from then on except for a few weeks. Then we had plenty of rice but had to hull it ourselves, and that was no easy task. We marched after Bragg through the Carolinas, on to the battlefields of Virginia. There was nobody to fight there—the war was over.

"When I was made major I was sick in the hospital. One day I was handed a paper containing the names of all who wished me to hold that office. It not only contained the names of all officers in the company, but was headed by the name of the man who would have become major in case I didn't. This, I believe, is the greatest honor I ever had bestowed on me."

—Cleo Harter.

* SOME OF THE FIRSTS OF GRANT COUNTY (By Don Volk)

1. The first man to enter land in Grant County was Martin Boots, on October 19, 1825.
2. The first marriage in Grant County was John McCormick and Hannah Hiatt in 1830—license procured in Muncie.
3. The first marriage license was to John Smith and Mary Ann Thomas, September 8, 1831.
4. The first birth was that of Robert Malott, born to Reason and Sarah Malott, July 17, 1827.
5. The first death was Charity, daughter of David Branson, 1826.
6. The first court house was built in 1833 by James Trimble.
7. The first jail was built in 1832.
8. The first teacher of Grant County was Wm. James, 1828.
9. The first examiner was Morton Jones.
10. The first county superintendent was F. D. Tharp, in 1872.
11. The first Agriculture Society was former Sept. 3, 1853.
12. The first fair was held in Grant County October 21, 1853.
13. The first term of court was held April 26, 1832.
14. The first attorney was Calvin Fletcher, 1832.

15. The first Prosecuting Attorney was Caleb Smith, May, 1835.
16. The first newspaper (The Marion Democrat Herald) John Gilbert editor.
17. The first member of the Methodist church was Mrs. Brodrack, 1827.
18. The first Methodist church was built in 1831.
19. The first Presbyterian church was built 1836. Pastor, Rev. Post.
20. The first Christian church was built May 2, 1839.
21. The first Catholic church was built 1865. Rev. Father Krøege.
22. The first Church of Christ was organized 1840.
23. The first Quaker church was built Sept., 1871.
24. The first Society of Medicine and Surgery July 1, 1874.
25. The first Loan Association was organized March 4, 1872.
26. The first Home Building Loan Fund was organized June 1, 1876.
27. The first regiment was from Grant County March 22, 1861.
28. The first Gravel Company was formed 1869.
29. The first Medicine Bread was introduced in 1837. (Tartaric acid instead of soda.)
30. The first stump pulling contest was in 1840.
31. The first Mastodon was dug up by Joseph Bloomer (about 1838.)
32. The first clerk of court was Jesse Vermilye.
33. The first sheriff was Benjamin Berry, 1831.
34. The first treasurer was David Branson, 1837.

*
FIRSTS IN THE TOWNSHIPS

Van Buren

1. The first inhabitant of Van Buren was William M. Kerkpatrick in 1836. (White.)
2. The first school teacher was John Gilbert in 1840.
3. The first Justice of Peace was Steven Corey in 1839.
4. The first Methodist church was organized in 1842.
5. The first organization of the "Disciples of Christ" was in 1840.
6. The first saw-mill was built in 1848.

Washington Township

1. The first man to enter land was Reason Malott, 1826.
2. The first mill for wood and corn was built in 1829.
3. The first school house was built in 1837.
4. The first Methodist Protestant church built in 1852.
5. The first election was held in 1834.
6. The first Justice of the Peace was Jesse Barnett.
7. The first trading post was founded by David Bruner.
8. The first post-office was built in 1830. Postmaster, Phineas Skinner.
9. The first deaths were Seth Coleman and Mrs. Lenfesty.

Pleasant Township

1. The first man to enter land was David Conner, Oct. 19, 1825.
2. The first Trading Post was founded in 1825.
3. The first church was built in 1847—a Methodist.
4. The first school house was built in 1832.
5. The first election was held in 1833.
6. The first death was Betsey Prickett, 1831.

Richland Township

1. The first man to enter land was Isaac Baldwin, in 1840.
2. The first meeting was held 1843 by the Methodists.
3. The first school house was built in 1844.
4. The first school teacher was James Highley.
5. The first trustee was Cole Shackelford.
6. The first marriage was Thos. Prickett to Susan Alexander.

Center Township

1. The first man to enter land was Martin Boots, Oct. 19, 1825.
2. The first mill was built in 1826.
3. The first county seat was located in Marion.
4. The first meeting of Quakers was in 1828.
5. The first school was built in 1830.
6. The first school teacher was Elijah Thomas.
7. The first election was held in 1829.

8. The first marriage was that of Nelson Conner and Sally Boots, 1830.

Franklin Township

1. The first settler was Alfred Thorpe, in 1834.
2. The first meeting-house was built 1848.
3. The first school house was built in 1855.

Mill Township

1. The first man to enter land was July 31, 1826.
 2. The first meeting was held by Methodists in 1832.
 3. The first school house was built in 1833.
 4. The first teacher was Mahlon Neal.
 5. The first marriage was that of John McCormick to Hannah Hiatt,
- 1830.
6. The first death was that of Samuel Adamson, in 1828.

Monroe Township

1. The first man to enter land was Geo. Lugar, May 18, 1833.
2. The first school house was built in 1838.
3. The first school teacher was Geo. Stackhouse, 1838.
4. The first meeting in the township was 1837.
5. The first Quaker meeting was in 1839.
6. The first organization of the township was 1838.
7. The first marriage was that of Elam Hiatt to Louisa Patterson, 1838.
8. The first birth was William Hillman, April 21, 1836.
9. The first death was that of Caroline Park, 1837.

Jefferson Township

1. The first man to enter land was David Conner, in 1828.
2. The first meeting of the Methodists was held in 1836.
3. The first school house was built 1835.
4. The first school teacher was Joseph Allen.
5. The first elections were held in 1833.
6. The first Justice of the Peace was Joseph Allen.
7. The first mill was built 1838—John Richards.
8. The first post-office was built 1846.
9. The first postmaster was Mason Brown.
10. The first marriage was that of Geo. Bowers to Evaline Jones.
11. The first birth was that of Justina Case, 1830.
12. The first death was that of Rebecca Littler.

Fairmount Township

1. The first man to purchase land was Josiah Dille, June 10, 1829.
 2. The first church was built in 1831—Quakers.
 3. The first Methodist meeting was held in 1837.
 4. The first school teacher was Susannah Baldwin, 1831.
 5. The first school house was built 1836.
 6. The first election was held in 1831.
 7. The first post-office was built in 1840.
 8. The first postmaster was Solomon Thomas.
 9. The first marriage was that of John Smith to May Thomas, Sept.
- 8, 1831.
10. The first birth was that of Julia McCormick.



FIRSTS IN THE TOWNS

Marion

1. The first Quaker church was built in 1831.
 2. The first school teacher was Susannah Baldwin, 1831.
 3. The first election was held in 1831.
 4. The first post-office was built in 1840.
 5. The first marriage was that of John Smith to Mary Thomas, Sept.
- 8, 1831.

Fairmount

1. The first laying out of Fairmount was December 28, 1850, by David Stanfield.
2. The first settler was Joseph Baldwin.
3. The first saw mill was built by James Cammach.

Sweetser

1. The first laying out of Sweetser was Sept. 18, 1871 by Dr. L. Prater.
2. The first settler was L. Prater.

Jalapa

1. The first laying out of Jalapa was March 23, 1849.
2. The first settler was Jacob Sprecher.

Mier

1. The first laying out of Mier was on September 11, 1848, by Chas. Parker and John Clair.

Jonesboro

1. The first laying out of Jonesboro was Dec. 8, 1837.
2. The first settler was Obadiah Jones.

Slash or (Normal)

1. The first laid out in 1852.
2. The first postmaster was Samuel Swan.

Independence

1. The first laying out was Feb. 25, 1851, by Daniel Bayless.



PRESENT DAY RURAL SCHOOLS

The rural schools at the present time are not what they ought to be. Taxpayers are not getting value for their money, and their children are not getting what they are entitled to in the way of an education.

No doubt school officials, both county and state, having the oversight and control of our schools are sincere and honest, but it is possible that in their desire to keep pace with the rapid development and improvement along other lines of endeavor they have overlooked some of the essentials of a good school system.

The efficiency of any institution, educational, commercial, industrial or otherwise, is known by the product it puts out.

That the rural schools of Washington township (and I presume the same will hold good in other townships) are not turning out as good scholars as they did thirty-five or forty years ago may easily be known.

There are fundamental principles underlying all success, whether it be in the religious, scientific, professional, or secular world.

The common school branches constitute the fundamental principles of an education and if these principles are not well laid on a broad foundation the superstructure built thereon will not endure.

In other words, the pupil should be required to MASTER one grade before he is permitted to pass on to a higher grade no difference how long it takes him to do it. Our boys and girls are being rushed through school (the grades) in order to get them into high school when they are not prepared to take up the high school course.

Assuming that children are not naturally any more intelligent now than they were forty or fifty years ago, experience proves that it requires longer than one term of six or eight months to thoroughly master and understand a subject.

Before we had a graded school system much time was spent in review; now very little, if any, is done, hence the pupil has a very superficial knowledge of what he has gone over.

The goal to be reached, or held up before the child mind is graduation and a diploma, and many a boy or girl that has been permitted to graduate and receive a diploma has had instilled into his mind the idea that his education is finished and that he may enter upon his life work. He is therefore handicapped and poorly equipped to meet the competition of these strenuous times.

About one-third of our common school graduates enter high school and a less number graduate from high school. Many are denied high school privileges on account of inconvenience, others because of expense.

What is the remedy? Consolidation, better and more sanitary houses, better equipment, better teachers, longer terms, are some of the things recommended, all of which are good as far as they go, but the best of houses and equipment and even the best of teachers, good as these are in themselves, are not all that is necessary.

In the opinion of the writer a return to some of the old-time methods would be an improvement. I know I am saying this in face of the fact that I shall be considered behind the times and called an "old fogy." Be it so, I have leved through all these changes and been an interested observer of the same. What I have said applies to the rural school, I know nothing about the city schools.

JUDGE WILLIS VAN DEVANTER

Although he was born in Marion, Indiana, sixty-two years ago, Judge Willis Van Devanter was appointed to the Supreme Bench from Wyoming.

He went to Cheyenne when it was a frontier settlement, and prosecuted "bad men" when he took his life in his hands to do it.

Soon after he went west, Mr. Van Devanter became interested in politics. He was elected city attorney of Cheyenne and was later a member of the Territorial Legislature, where he served as chairman of the Judiciary committee.

He was appointed chief justice of the Territory by President Harrison and was one of the youngest men to fill that office. Later when Wyoming became a State, he was chosen for the same post at the first election. He was always a Republican, and came "under the wing" of Senator Warren, who regarded him as a protege: In 1897 Senator Warren asked President McKinley to appoint Van Devanter as Solicitor General or to some equivalent office. "I'd like to," replied the President, "but he's too young." At that time Van Devanter was only thirty-eight. The Senator was not to be rebuffed. "Try him for thirty days," he urged, "if he does not make good at the end of that time he will resign; but I will stake all I own that he will prove more than satisfactory."

President McKinley was won over and named Van Devanter as assistant Attorney-General of the United States. He was assigned to the Interior Department and in six months had revolutionized the legal work there, and had brought more than two years' arrears of business up to date.

Among other things he conducted the celebrated Lone Wolf case, in which the Supreme Court for the first time defined the status of the Indian.

Judge Van Devanter devised the plan of opening Indian reservations by drawing lots which did away with the endless complications that always ensued from the old way.

President Roosevelt found him a man after his own heart and appointed him as United States Circuit Judge.

As a young man Van Devanter was not subject to hardships that were common to the youth of his day. He had the opportunity of attending the Cincinnati Law School and did not have to work for his board, for his father was a successful lawyer in Marion and had the means to educate his son.

However, young Van Devanter was not from boyhood enthused with the possession of law. He wanted to be a farmer and break colts! At another stage of development he wanted to be a fireman or a policeman, as most boys do.

But his enthusiasm for these occupations paled and one day after he had been talking with his father he came home and threw himself across the bed and said: "Mother, if you'll let me go to a law school, I'll go to the top of the ladder." And today his dream has come true, for Judge Willis Van Devanter is one of eight Associate Judges who render the most important decisions in the world.

But he has never given up entirely the idea of being a farmer, for nearly every summer he goes north to his country home and raises vegetables and enjoys the freedom of an out-door life.

When he was but thirteen years old he "put in" a field of wheat on his father's farm and no better wheat has been raised on that farm to this day.

Such, in brief, are a few facts in the life of one of Grant County's celebrities. We are proud of him as we are of many others who have reached "the top of the ladder," so far as fame is concerned.

Compiled by Ronald Jacobson from articles in the Illustrated World and Saturday evening Post, together with information obtained from Mrs. Van Devanter, mother of the Judge, who now resides in the Colonial Flats.

* LEWIS LOYD

Lewis Loyd was born in 1839 in Ohio, and moved to Grant County when but three years old, 1842. He now lives two and a half miles south-east of Roseburg.

The first settler at Roseburg was "Dick" Roe, a shoemaker, but he also sold supplies to the early settlers of Roseburg. Mr. Loyd was only about

fourteen years of age when "Dick" Roe started his shop. "I can remember well my first trip to 'Dick's' shop. I watched him make shoes for two hours, as he was the first shoemaker I had ever seen. My shoes were always made of deer skin before Dick' Roe came to this neighborhood."

There was an abundance of game when Mr. Loyd was young. He never saw but one bear, but shot many deer, wild turkeys, foxes and other game. The north and south line of Mr. Loyd's farm was the boundary established by the government between the whites and the Indian Reservation. "The Indians were friendly to my father and his family," said Mr. Loyd, "and would let us hunt on their land, but some settlers they would not permit to cross the line because they cheated the Indians."

An old Indian trail ran southeast and northwest from Delaware County up through Roseburg past Mr. Loyd's farm. He said he could remember no Indian cemetery in Grant County except the one at Indian Village, near Jalapa.

When asked if he remembered Sam McClure, he replied: "Well, I should say I do remember Sam McClure. I worked for him for twelve years. He used to get the better of the Indians when they came to trade with him. I have known him to buy a pony of an Indian for a half-gallon of whiskey. It all depended upon how bad he thought the Indian wanted the goods what price he asked for them. Ole Sam would ask a plenty for his goods."

"There used to be a hotel where the I. O. Crawford store is now. It was not very clean nor sanitary—just a kind of shack."

"I cannot remember the great flood of 1847 myself, but I recollect hearing people talk about riding in boats to Jim Sweetser's store."

Mr. Loyd expressed a wish for the return of the "good old days"; he does not like the age of "autos." He is a very pleasant old man. As we left he said: "I forgot to tell you Roseburg was named for 'Dick' Roe."

—Told to Kenneth Rudolf.



MRS. MORRIS BLUMENTHAL

Mrs. Ida Marks-Blumenthal was born in Rochester, New York, Oct. 8, 1848. She lived there until she was eighteen when she married Morris Blumenthal and came "west" soon after her marriage, coming to Peru, Ind., on a visit, and later came to Marion in a buggy, as there were no railroads through Marion at that time, although six weeks later the Pennsylvania had completed its line.

Marion was a small town without any street cars or modern conveniences. A small brick court house was located where the present court house now stands, and a little log jail stood on Boots street north of the present postoffice.

People always carried a lantern after nightfall when passing the jail. Pigs ran loose about the public square and there was everywhere the air of the primitive.

About 1870 there was a contest between Jonesboro and Marion as to which town should be the county seat. Marion won by a very few votes.

Horse cars were first used about 1885. The line ran from the public square to the present site of the Pennsylvania freight office.

A fire in town was an exciting occasion, bucket brigades being formed and women helping to fight the fire.

The great boom of 1885 or '90 increased not only the population of Marion, but also the commerce and general welfare of the town. Marion began to be a "city" and improved in every way.

Like every town Marion has its share of weird and uncanny incidents. One time a "ghost" was said to make its habitat near the old Washington street bridge. Excitement ran high, but when the less impulsive inhabitants investigated the "ghost" was found to be a thing more formidable than a little timid female dressed up to imitate the immaterial.

And so Mrs. Blumenthal has watched "our Marion" grow from a small "burg" to a great industrial city with modern sky scrapers and civic beauty.

She says life is worth while and full of good things for him who pays the price.

SARAH JONES (COLORED)

"I don't know nothin' about my age 'cept in the yeah the war started I was eighteen," said Sarah Jones. She must have been born about 1842, according to this statement. She was born in Carthage, Indiana, where her father owned a very large farm and raised mules.

She said "Ah neber was inside a school house in mah life and don't know nothin' about it at all. Mah father always said 'No sah, yo don't go to no school. The kids thar teach you' to be bad,' and he neber did let one of us go. Ah neber was off our farm, not even to go to town, or on the next do' neighbor's farm fo' mah father said that's way we learned bad."

She says she was "free born" and never knew what a slave's life was but from her description of how she was treated by her father she was pretty near to one. His name was Lassiter and was known for his fine mules, and she said the same whips were used on her as were on the mules. She had to plow and work in the fields when a very small child.

Until she left home when they moved to Fairmount when she was grown, she was not allowed out of her father's sight after dark and if she was, she was flogged with the mule whip.

Sarah Lassiter was married to Archey Jones a good many years ago but she doesn't remember the year. She said the reason she didn't know anything was because of her not being allowed to go to school and all the books that were ever in her family she was either too tired or too stubborn to ever learn more than A, B, C, D.

She had several brothers and sisters but she and a brother are the only ones left.

One little incident that was rather funny that she remembered, she told as a joke on herself because she mixed her words up so.

One day she was trying laboriously to thread a needle for some patching she had to do and after trying a good while in vain exclaimed, "Me can't see the needle of me eye," instead of the eye of the needle. She laughed heartily over this.

She said after they moved to Fairmount she left home and came to Marion to work. She worked in the Spencer hotel for eight years and since has done housework. The past few years she has worked for Henry Shugarts. She always goes to bed at nine o'clock and is always up before five in the morning and then walks out to Shugarts, (about two miles) and works all day, then walks back in the evening. She does this rain or shine and says it don't wear her out much.

She said she went back to Fairmount every once in a while so long as her mother lived, but now she was gone she never went back. "My, how I loved my mammy and she is the only pusion who eber did love me." These words were very tender, about her mother, for she said that it was her mother who used to try to teach her, but she herself wouldn't allow it. Her mother always helped her in everything she did.

In conclusion she said, "Oh, I'm awful glad the Lord let me live and He sho' meant fo' me to work, fo' all I'se done all my life is jist work hard all the time fo' that is all I eber done but I am awful glad I got to libe."

—Mary Herzog.



MRS. WILMORE'S STORY

Mrs. Wilmore was born in Guilford County, North Carolina, October, 1829. She is the oldest of twelve children, seven of whom are living.

Her early home was in the midst of the slave district, so she spent almost as much time with a colored "mammy" as she did in her own home. The negroes always made over her, saying "Lord bless this child, and may she lib to be an ole lady." They were always praying for her hoping she would have a long and happy life. Their prayers came true.

She can remember many a time of seeing droves of slaves coming down the road, often as many as five hundred at a time. A chain separated the men and women, who walked double file. The women were handcuffed on one side, the men on the other. For miles down the road you could track them by blood. The roads were made of sand, which in the hot sun would burn their feet until they were blistered. They had no shoes.

As they marched they would sing, "Marching Through Georgia" in a

pathetic sort of way.

When a man wanted to sell his slave the darkey was not allowed to say a word or even look up as the buyer scanned him closely. If he did either he was struck with a blacksnake whip.

Mrs. Wilmore left Carolina when seven years of age and spent one year in Virginia with her aunt, at the end of which time her family started to Indiana in a little spring wagon drawn by ponies. They were nine weeks on the road and landed at Newport, Wayne County.

She went to a one-room school house with a big fireplace. When they wanted to put a new back log on the fire they would take a horse and fasten a chain to both horse and log, then drive the horse right through the middle of the school room. By the time the horse got to the opposite door the log would be up to the fireplace.

The last school she attended there were men and women of forty and fifty years of age attending.

The teacher took turns "boarding around" with the pupils. She was always glad when the teacher came to her home for they always had "light biscuit," at other times they had only corn bread. She even took corn bread to school for her school lunch.

When on their way to Indiana they stopped in an old log house to rest awhile and her youngest brother fell into an old well. She rescued him at great peril. Another time her oldest brother fell into the river and she saved him also.

She was married when nineteen years of age and came to Huntington County.

She attributes her old age to obeying the command, "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." She also thinks that the colored mammy's prayer had something to do with it.

She had an aunt who lived to be over one hundred, an uncle who was one hundred and one. Her father lived to be ninety-seven and her mother eighty-nine years of age.



THE OLD DAYS AND THE NEW

O, the old days, the old days,
When everyone was kind,
When everyone a helper was
And there was peace of mind.

O, the old days, the old days,
So many years ago,
And yet it seems but yesterday—
I love those old days so.

O, the new days, the new days,
When everyone's possessed,
When all are mad to "get rich quick"—
There is no time for rest.

O, the new days, the new days,
They are too much for me!
I only ask to wander back
To the days of "use-to-be."

—Cora M. Straughan.

(This little poem was suggested by the old people with whom I have talked in getting material for this book. Almost everyone longed for the "good old days.")

In the early years of the nineteenth the only inhabitants of what is now Grant County were the Miami Indians.

As the white settlers came the Miamis were placed on "reservations"; some of them being sent to the West or the "Unknown Country".

A few of the descendants of these early Miami Indians may yet be found in the County.

Most of the following stories are told by older citizens who remember the Indians in their native haunts.

HISTORY EXCURSION TO THE LAST HOME OF THE MIAMIS

One Saturday I made a special trip to Indian Village (the Indian cemetery west of Fox Station), to find out if reports were true concerning the dilapidated condition of this historic spot in Grant County.

I am sorry to say that most of what I had heard was true. The old church has fallen to decay. Part of the roof has been removed by storms and inclement weather, and the rain and snow fall upon the sacred pulpit and Bible stand. The window panes are broken and both doors off their hinges. The old bell has fallen from the belfry, the plastering from the walls and ceiling, the seats have fallen from their places and tumbled carelessly against the walls. Everything spoke sadly of neglect.

I did all I could to restore the seats and put in order such things as one individual could handle, but it was a poor service I rendered, for without the aid of a carpenter not much could be done.

Then I went into the cemetery back of the church, a lovely God's Acre, where are sleeping the last of a proud tribe, the Miamis. Old Chief Meshingomesia and family, Coon Bundy and relatives and other braves lie here in their last sleep. "The dead lie here alone."

Going down the rows of graves I found thirty-two graves marked with monuments or slabs of old marble; fourteen marked with boards, only one or two of which had legible inscriptions, and twenty-six others unmarked, making in all seventy-two graves.

Many of these were in bad condition, being sunken and neglected. When some of the graves were new it is evident that young trees had been planted upon them, for now large trees are growing in the center of many of them. Rose bushes are growing, uncultivated, in many parts of the old cemetery.

One grave, newer than the rest, I tried to restore by removing the grass and weeds and placing a border around it of rocks. Then I planted on it several bunches of blooming violets, a few ferns and one wild white flower.

This being done I started south to the place that had been pointed out to me as Meshingomesia's old home. I saw no trace of hut or wigwam, but instead a nice modern brick house. Upon inquiry a young woman very graciously informed me that the former site of the old Chief's house was some six hundred yards farther on in a southern direction.

"You are now on the old Miami Reserve," she said, "flints and arrows are often found here. Would you like to see a picture of old 'Shing's' cabin? Father tore down the old hut to make room for improvements," and with these words she hastened to bring an old album containing a kodak view of Meshingomesia's old cabin, and a negative taken a little later she gave me so I might have some prints taken from it.

Thanking her for her kindness, I hurried on to the place she had indicated as the site of the hut, but no traces could I find so I went on through fields of corn and wheat until I came to a house around the bend of the Mississinewa river, situated near Conner's Mill.

"O, yes, I can show you where 'Old Shing' lived," said the lady of the house above referred to, "Mrs. ——— and myself are the only ones living who went to the old Indian church when Coon Bundy was the preacher. I was a friend and neighbor of 'Old Shing' as long as he lived. You are now standing on the very ground where the battle of the Mississinewa was fought. You see that little wood yonder? Well, that is where the Indians had their hiding place when they attacked." Then following her directions I came to the place where old Chief Meshingomesia's cabin stood. It is now a wheat field, but I found a few old broken dishes and a piece of mortar that proved I had found the place.

There is a feeling half of reverence, half of pity, that comes to one as he views the scenes of these historic places. There is so little left to remind one of the Old Days when the Miami roamed at will over the hills and forests of Grant county.

—Homer Kells.



LOUISE MILLER-WINTERS

Adopted Daughter of Chief Meshingomesia

Louise Miller was born on the Wabash river, near Wabash, eighty-nine years ago.

Her mother was murdered when Louise was only one month old. It seems that her mother had been to an "adoption" ceremony and was returning home on horseback with little Louise cuddled in front of her. An Indian, who was jealous of her husband, followed and stabbed her. Little Louise fell from the pony to the ground and cried. An old Indian, not far away, heard the child cry and told his squaw that he heard a child crying. She said he was surely mistaken; but again the baby's wail brought the Indian to its rescue. It was wrapped in a blanket. They cared for the little papoose until Chief Meshingomesia asked for it. He had two boys, but no girl, so he asked to adopt little Louise, saying he would treat her as his very own child, and Mrs. Winters says he lived up to his promise, for both his squaw and old "Shing" were very good to her.

Her real father's name was Miller. He was an Irishman and her mother was a French-Indian.

Mr. Miller was an agent and sold calico and other goods needed by the pioneers, so he gave little Louise most of her dresses.

She says the Indians lived mostly in tents when she first remembers them. They ate deer meat and bannoy. They would cut a big slab of venison ham and hold it over the fire until it was brown and dry. When they got ready to eat it they sawed it all out in a sack or put a cloth over it then she would use her foot and "trem" it until it was soft, then she'd put it in a pot over the fire and cook it with "Indian corn." Good!

She remembers when the Government divided the Reservation and sent part of the Indians West. When she asked if they hated it, she said: "Oh, gracious, you ought to have heard them crying—and we never saw them again. They did not divide families. They went down the Wabash river on boats pulled by horses on shore. They took all they had, which was not much, with them."

Mrs. Winters, in spite of her eighty-nine years, walks long distances. She sometimes steals away from her daughter, Mrs. Anna Wimmer's home, near the Dunn Hill, and walks to Lafontaine, eight miles away. "If I go, I've got to go that way. I have a HOSE"—pointing to her feet. She said she did not know Frances Slocum. "That's a woman I've never seen, but I've heard them talk about her a lot."

She married Joseph Winters many, many years ago. He has been dead about twenty-two years. Old "Shing" married them. Mrs. Wimmer said "Shing" did about everything. They did not go by law in those days."

I asked Mrs. Winters if she ever heard of the "Great Spirit." "O, yes, yes" she said. "Meshingomesia was that kind. He talked to the Great Spirit, and could foretell events, or call up spirits at will."

I asked her if she had ever heard "ravings." "O, yes, yes, it made me tremble. The dog, even would try to get out of the room, and would scratch at the door. I have SEEN Spirits. I have seen Meshingomesia since he died. He seemed happy," at which remark her daughter said, "I think she dreams."

"I've been bad scared at times. I was afraid of the whites when I was a little girl. The whites were mean to us—stole our ponies."

She remembers hearing the Indians talk of the Battle of Mississinewa. "I've never been sick. Don't know what a doctor bill is. I ail, but get over it. I sleep good."

When asked if she believed in God, she said: "O, yes, I believe in God. Don't know when I've been to church; our church broke up and is nearly 'tore' down, but I'll live with God when I'm gone."

"O, yes, come back again. I'm old; don't know how long I'll live. My, I like to talk to you. I NEVER forget anybody that has been good to me," and with that the old, old lady seemed tired and I left her, a pathetic figure of a fast dying race, with contentment and native simplicity transfiguring the old wrinkled visage of one of the last of the Miamis.

Her child was the first person buried in the Indian graveyard, west of Fox Station.

—Cora Straughan.



WILLIAM ROGERS

William Rogers was born September 5, 1845, in Preble County, Ohio. He has lived in Grant County since 1852, where the family located in the Miami Reservation. When he came here Jalapa was a forest with only an

occasional log cabin. Just north of the Mississinewa river there were five hundred Miami Indians. They were not a brave tribe as some Indians are—they had been subdued, and were afraid of the whites, therefore were not a warlike tribe.

The Miami Reservation at first included all of the western part of Grant County, probably extending as far west as Kokomo, but it had been reduced by cessions to the government. There Indians had come from Ohio, had been driven west with the frontiers of civilization.

Mr. Rogers said some of the chiefs were Osandiah, Little Turtle, Josinah, and John Richardville. Meshingomesia was the last chief of the tribe.

The battle of Mississinewa was fought December 18, 1812. The Indians were taken by surprise.

Legend says that for renown Col. Campbell took forty or fifty Indian prisoners, among them being a young girl. Her dusky lover appealed to Peon, a warrior. So Peon led the Indian forces and attacked Campbell. The Indians were defeated but succeeded in getting their prisoners.

Mr. Rogers also saw the trees on the battlefield and they were full of bullets ten feet above the ground. The whites had aimed too high to do their deadliest work.

Legend also says that after the battle the Indians dug up the white soldiers who had been buried by their comrades, scalped them, then burned them. One man said he saw the scalps in a walnut stump. A lady in Ohio, who had lost a brother in the battle, sent to officials in Grant County to have his body exhumed. Judge St. John and another man dug in to the grave but found nothing except a watch. This sounds like the above story might be true.

A man by the name of Sam Gilpin cultivated the land of the battlefield and plowed up a wagon load of horse bones, blunderbusses—a large pistol of a peculiar make—and horse pistols.

The weapons used by the Indians in this battle were guns and scalping knives.

Mr. Rogers says the Miami Indians sold part of their furs at old Davy Foster's trading post at Kokomo. The trail went southwest from Jalapa to Kokomo.

Missionaries worked among these Indians at an early day. The first priest he remembers was Bruellet, who preached in the Indian dialect, and a Mr. Slocum interpreted into English. The Indians would meet out in the open woods in great audiences.

Later a white man, named Babcock, organized the Baptist church among the Indians.

The primitive Miami Indians believed in the Great Spirit. They thought He came up out of the water, so it was not a great departure from their original belief to baptism.

In the "50's" when an Indian died the family vacated the hut where the death occurred. They would return to it at certain times, according to the moon, and burn feathers. They thought this kept his spirit away, they did not want it to return.

Before they buried the dead the chief placed his hand on the dead Indian's forehead and told him not to come back. They then adopted another Indian into the family to which the deceased belonged.

The ceremony of "adoption" was very interesting. The day previous to the adoption the Indians piled brush and logs—combustible substances—and formed a circle fifty feet in circumference. When the adoption time came an Indian sat in the center of this circle where there was usually an empty beer keg filled partially with water, with a deer skin over the top like a drum head. The Indian would beat this instrument and the braves and squaws around the circle would keep time to the weird rhythm until some of them were utterly exhausted. This dance lasted a long time. The Indian to be adopted was "togged" up in his best "regalia"—necklace, anklets, feathers and blanket. This strange sight Mr. Rogers has seen many times.

Mr. Rogers knows more about the Miami Indians than any man now living. He has been a student of their habits and customs from childhood. is seventy-five years young.

He is an admirable old man—not old, for such as he never grow old

He has been a minister in the Methodist Protestant church for many years, indeed was one of the founders of that church in Grant County.

He told about three "glorious" weeks that he spent in the Sankey school at Chicago under the direct tutorage of that blessed Saint of God.

Rev. Rogers says the secret of success is moral honesty and unselfishness.

"I'm optimistie. I think we're leving in the Morning of Life! I do not think God will permit any providence to destroy the world now. Since the great World War I have burned all my manuscripts and when I preach I prepare from the beginning. LIFE IS WORTH WHILE. It is time to quit the droning of voice, and saying what everybody believes."



MRS. VIOLETTA VAN DEVANTER

"Well, I don't know as I can tell you much," said this white-haired lady who is now 83 years "young."

"I was born in Sidney, Ohio, in 1838. When I was eleven years old my father moved to Marion and I have lived here ever since—72 years.

"Marion was then only a village of about 600 inhabitants. We went to the Butler House (Fifth and Adams) until we could find a place to stay. This hotel had a total number of about twelve rooms. Then we found two rooms aerees from where the K. of P. hall is now, and we stayed there until my father bought the Spencer farm.

"There were no public schools then; nothing but private ones. I attended one of these, located on Boots street and Spencer Avenue. The teacher was Mr. Lowe. We read out of the Bible (which they knew far better than the average pupil of today). The teacher would give us problems, as we had no book for 'sums.'

"The town has certainly changed since then" said Mrs. Van Devanter. "Why, when we came the mud was hub deep in front of the 'Butler House.' The cemetery was at the top of the hill on Third street. Beyond this cemetery was a thickly wooded forest. I have been told that a man and his son started through this to a neighboring farm house. They got lost some way and when they didn't come home people took torches and went in search of them. After two days they found the s n dead and the father unconscious from mosquito bites.

"The means of travel was very inconvenient. There was a stage from Anderson to Marion, which stopped at Jonesboro and Fairmount. The stage went down to Eighth and Adams and turning there went down to the river and followed the river around to Jonesboro. This road was rather bumpy, as it was made of logs with a little dirt spread over them, for the land was swampy and the logs would sink when the stage went over. There were no bridges then.

"I went to Sabbath school at the Methodist church, then located between Washington and ——— on Fifth street.

"In the winter we used to slide down hill on chairs.

"When the first railroad was built through Marion my husband was attorney for the company. This was a source of great comment by the inhabitants.

"My, just think of the inventions since then! They used to put the wheat on the barn floor and flayed it out. Then it was run through a windmill and the chaff blown away.

"There was an old Indian camp over by Jalapa then. My husband was attorney for them when the land was divided up by the government. Commissioners were sent from Washington to divide it, giving land to the 'worthy' ones. Before this they all lived in a kind of village but not r t'y got their own land they distanded and lived in their own little huts on their own land.

"The Indians have been badly treated. It never seemed just right to me that they should be cheated out of the land that was given to them.

"Meshingomesia was their chief and when they came to town they would file in on their horses single file and traded at a store owned by Mr. McClure. When Meshingomesia died they chose William Peonga as their chief because he was the best suited for the place, having had better advantages.

"The most prominent families that I recall now were the Sweetsters.

Whites, McClures, Websters, Dr. Shively; both the Lomaxes', Hogins', Steeles' and the Swayzees'.

"Mar'on boomed when gas was discovered thirty-five years ago. We would have had that yet, but people were so wasteful of it.

"I have five children living; I lost three. They all have been such a comfort to me. You know I have one son who is now Social Justice on the Supreme bench," said Mrs. Van Devanter, proudly. (And who wouldn't be proud of such an honor?)

"I certainly am glad if I have been of any help to you and if you wish to know more I will be glad to help you."

—Told to Ava Hutton.

*
A SQUAW SUICIDE

A long time ago there was an Indian squaw whose husband was very quarrelsome. They lived on the banks of the Mississinewa river between Marion and Jalapa.

One day after a very severe quarrel the poor squaw was so downhearted that she decided to end her misery.

There was a large rattlesnake den about three and one-half miles north of Marion where many rattlesnakes existed. It was located in what was called the "Devil's Backbone." People used to sit on this ledge and shoot the snakes as they came out of their holes in the den.

This squaw thought of this method as a means of ending her life and immediately made up her mind to try it. She crawled into the cave and that was the last that was ever seen of her, so every one supposed she had been devoured by the snakes.

*
AN INDIAN BURIAL

In early times the Indians had a method of burying their dead in trees or on platforms, so that wild animals could not reach them. But in later years they dug shallow graves for they did not believe in burying them very deep under the earth.

They always buried their belongings with them. If a warrior died they buried his weapons, blankets, and war costumes with him, and over his grave they placed his horse or dog, which had been killed. It was believed that they would help him in the "Happy Hunting Grounds."

The relatives brought food and placed it near the grave. The wolves and other animals would often come and eat the food but his relatives thought his spirit had taken it during the night.

When Chief Toy Toy's wife died her two daughters bought a whole bolt of silk and with her jewelry and other belongings, buried with her. These were thought to be of use in the next world.

*
AN INDIAN ADVENTURE

One bright summer day, we children were out playing on the green grass. It was a half-holiday and we had no work to do. We were running and playing and at last found that we were some distance from home. A startled cry of "Look, the Indians!" brought to us the necessity of getting home quickly.

Starting toward home we ran as fast as possible, for the dread of the Indians had not as yet disappeared from the little settlement of whites.

The Indians came on faster and faster and nearer and nearer. At last we reached our house. Just as we reached our front door the Indians reached our front gate.

We heard a cry and to our horror beheld "Baby Helen," as she was called by every one, standing half way between the Indians and ourselves. What would happen to her? We stood rooted to the spot. The Indians stopped on seeing her, as if surprised.

An old Indian squaw begged us to let her hold the "white pappoose." Mother did not know what to do for if she did let the squaw hold Helen she might carry her off and if she did not, the Indians might kill or capture us and burn our property.

At last, getting a promise from the Indian to be very careful, mother let her have Helen, who laughed and jabbered like a young jay. Helen was happy, there wasn't a doubt of that, for she started playing with the Indian's beads, saying, "petty, petty."

The squaw's face grew brighter and her eyes sparkled as if glad to hold Helen. All this time we children had stood back wondering what she would do next.

She, although unwilling, at last put Helen down, dropping a string of beads and a pair of leather moccasins in her lap, and saying "Good-bye, white pappoose," silently went away with the rest of the Indians.

P. S.—A story told by Eliza Carey of her adventure with the Indians. This is a true story and "Baby Helen" was her sister.



REMEMBRANCES OF W. F. TUDOR

In the year 1859 I saw a herd of ten or twelve deer on the Delphi road.

About 1868, when seventeen years of age, I drove a huckster wagon over parts of Grant and surrounding counties. On one of my trips I met one of Meshingomesia's granddaughters and fell in love with her.

I have tried many times to hold conversation with Meshingomesia but was unable to understand him for he talked in Indian dialect. As I remember him he was of medium height and heavy set, and had a few gray hairs on his chin.

I have ridden on the Delphi road west of Marion when the horses' feet popping in the mud made a noise like a shot gun. The horses would have to rest every little bit.

While living in Monroe township a neighbor and myself found it necessary to mark the trees so our children could find their way to school. We did this by cutting a chip from the side of the tree.



OLIVER PERRY HIX

"I have lived in Grant County nearly 83 years, so I ought to know something about early days. My parents came from Cedarville, Ohio, in 1834, and settled in Washington township in Grant County, where I was born, October 29, 1838.

"This was all forest then with once in a while a bear, panther or wolves prowling about, with squirrels as thick as English sparrows. Then there were pheasants, turkeys, quail and once in a while an eagle. Then for variety, there were 'oppossums, coons, skunks, porcupines, foxes, minks, weasles and groundhogs. There were rattlesnakes, spotted milk snakes, garter snakes, blue racers and black snakes.

"If a person were bitten by a rattler he was made drunk with whiskey as quickly as possible. Oftentimes they died from the snake bite. The person bitten would swell quickly and suffer great agony.

"A rattlesnake has one rattle, or 'button,' for every year it is old.

Once in a while a lynx would go through the country causing fear wherever it went. Wildcats were very numerous; they would catch chickens, geese, and even young pigs. There were at first many gray foxes but the red ones drove them out.

The Indians used to come to my father's house hunting ponies, etc. They were rogues and would steal a great deal. 'Old Shing' was their chief and bossed all the Miamis. They would not do anything without asking him first.

The battle of the Mississinewa was fought in 1812. Col. Campbell came from Greenville, Ohio, and went down the Mississinewa, taking two Indian villages and killing a few of the inhabitants. They came back to the Jalapa Village for the night. The next morning the Indians attacked them early. The whites formed a hollow square about the hill and shot in every direction. Many of the whites were mounted. The Indians fell back defeated and left their dead on the field. The whites suffered but little loss—the Indian loss was greater. I do not think 'Shing' was in the fight for he was a coward.

"Several years ago there was a celebration on the Battleground and I was asked to stake off what I thought was the real battlefield. Later when those who were informed came they told me I had it exactly right.

"Three Indians were buried by the whites near the eastern part of the battleground.

"The Indians did not seem to hold resentment against the whites after the battle.

"Old Davy Conner came here before Mr. Renbarger. He had a trading post about three-fourths of a mile east of Sutton's ford, or what is now

called the four-mile bridge. Sometimes the Indians got fierce and would threaten Conner; then he would pick up a keg of powder and swear he would blow them all to hell. That was enough—they would take the hint and put off.

"Yes, I was in the Civil War for three years, in Company F, 34th Indiana Infantry, called the 'Morton Rifles.'

"One time when the soldiers of Marion were ready to start for the war, a group of Southern sympathizers threw out some slang and the soldiers ran them right out of town. Sometimes the service was pretty hard. I marched once for forty-eight hours without a bite to eat, part of the time I was in General Grant's own regiment. One morning we were eating breakfast—had nothing to eat but hard-tack and raw meat—we noticed Grant was not eating, and said:

"General, why don't you eat your breakfast?"

"I have nothing to eat!"

"Can you eat hard-tack and raw meat?"

"You bet," came the quick reply, so we shared our frugal breakfast and he ate heartily.

"We had some brave generals. Logan was one of them. He'd fight the devil without fear."

Mr. Hix remembers the election of Harrison, Polk, Taylor and others, but he first voted for Lincoln in 1860. It was a hard-fought campaign.

His regiment fought the last battle of the war, the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoras. This was a month after Lee surrendered, but they had not received word yet of his surrender.

Mr. Hix thinks the old Wayne trail came in to Grant County from the south, near Matthews. It came through one mile east of Monroe township and went northeast through Wm. Hays', Sam Bowers' and Ike Anderson's farms, on up Back Creek out of the county.

Mr. Hix is a very interesting old man.

I came here.

"I have lived in Jalapa for fifty-five years."

*

SILAS MOREHEAD (91 YEARS OLD)

Mr. Morehead was born in Fairfield County, Ohio, November 29, 1830. His parents moved to Grant County in 1842 and settled southeast of what is now Jalapa. They entered the land of the Government and settled in the woods. Some of their neighbors were Billy Prickett, Bob McClure, Nick Elsrade, Davy Conner, Reason Malott, Johnny Dunn and Edward Baldwin. There was no house between Morehead's and Peru.

In a year or two Joaquin Miller's father settled a half mile west of them, but the family did not stay long, and moved on out West, after they had built a log cabin here.

Mr. Morehead's father was the third man who settled on the Indian Reserve, the others being Dave Mercer and a German, Mr. Sprecher (who was miller for Dave Conner). His father paid \$1.25 per acre for eighty acres. The Peru road was the eastern boundary of the Miami Reserve.

When they moved from Ohio they came in a covered wagon. Silas and his brother had to stop and rest. An old sow and pigs got after him, and he quickly found out he was not tired. The family would stop and cook their meals over a camp fire.

The early settlers ate corn bread, fat meat, pumpkin butter, hoe cakes and maple syrup. Their diseases were ague, chills and typhoid fever, but there was but little tuberculosis—their open-air life prevented it.

Davy Conner was one of the first settlers in Grant County. He was government agent to the Indians and bought furs of them. He had a trading post and would sell apples to the Indians to put on the graves of their dead (for Indians thought the dead rose in the night and ate food). Then Conner would go out at night and take the apples off the graves and re-sell them to the Indians the next day.

The Indians were peaceful with the whites but they often got drunk and would fight among themselves, sometimes killing each other. They never buried the dead very deep. One time Mr. Morehead was at the Lower Village below Jalapa and saw the end of a coffin or "dead box" that

had been washed up by the rains. Another man who was with Morehead poked a stick into the coffin and found some whiskey bottles. The Indians would bury whiskey, money, dogs, guns, ammunition, or any article they thought the dead would need, with the corpse. They wrapped their men in blankets and the squaws were wrapped with cloth from the waist to the feet. The Indians would hold council around a fire then dance until they were worn out, sometimes for a day or two.

"Old "Shing," their chief, was a fine old Indian, but like most of them he would sit around and let his squaws do most of the work. He had two squaws. Shickway was a widow when he married her. His first wife was the mother of his two sons, Pecongak and Ataw-Ataw.

Old "Shing" told Mr. Morehead that he was not in the Battle of Mississinewa, his mother took him and went to Peru. Meshingomesia said the white soldiers killed in the battle were buried just above the mill dam on the Lawson farm. The Indians took their dead with them.

They killed nearly all the horses of the white soldiers. Mr. Morehead said the woods were full of horses' bones.

The Indians believed when they died they would go to the New Hunting Ground.

Mr. Morehead knew old "Shing," both before and after his conversion, and said he could not see much change. He saw "Shing" baptized by a white preacher, Reverend Pavey. "Shing" was so big and heavy the preacher nearly let him stay under the water, and had to work to get him out.

Old Waucoon was an Indian preacher who often preached at Indian Village. One time Mark Conner and Frank Hall became amused at his remarks for he could not speak English very well. After the service Waucoon caught up with the boys as they went home and said: "You, Markley Conner, and you, Plankley Hall, think you smart, all time laugh at preacher. You no where when Clist (Christ) cer e!"

Old Waucoon was at one of Bob McClure's horse races. This surprised McClure so he said: "Waucoon, I didn't think you would be here." "Clist went among sinners," was the laconic reply.

Mr. Morehead said Jalapa was laid out in 1849, the next year after the Mexican war. Jacob Sprecher laid it out and named it Jalapa for a Mexican town in which he had been stationed during the war.

Mr. Morehead remembers William Henry Harrison's campaign. It was a great time. Men would fight at the drop of the hat, and sing campaign songs—"Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," etc. He remembers Polk, the Mexican war, and the excitement attending that. Then slowly but inevitably the Civil War loomed up upon the national horizon.

Mr. Morehead served three years in the Civil War, in Company A, 75th Regiment Indiana Volunteer Infantry. He was in the battle of Chickamauga under direct command of General Thomas, "The Rock of Chickamauga." At one time they were surrounded by rebels and Thomas said, "Come on, boys, and follow me and we'll get out." Sure enough they did and were able to take some rebels with them. After that this company was Thomas' favorite one and they in turn liked "Old Pap Thomas," as they affectionally called him.

Mr. Morehead was severely wounded in the battle of Chickamauga. He was shot in the hip, the bullet passing through his body to the other hip, where it still remains at the advanced age of ninety-one.

He was also shot in the arm. He lay for four days, helpless, without anything to eat or drink. Then the rebels came and got him and laid him farther on between two rows of cotton where he lay flat on his back for three weeks. He could not turn on account of his wounds. He did not have a blanket even and the rain beat down upon him. There were other Union soldiers near him who were not so badly wounded as himself, so they crawled out and got corn, and that was all any of them had to eat.

A soldier lay in the next row to him, badly wounded, who cried, prayed and cursed until death relieved him of his misery. For three days after death he was not removed and became a gruesome object in the next row to Morehead.

The rebel doctors would come along once in a while and put a wounded man on some old boards and cut off an arm or leg. Often the poor fellow would die during the operation. They cut out the bullet from Mr. Morehead's arm and gouged at the one in his hip, but were unable to get it.

After a time all these poor wounded men were gathered up and sent to Richmond. The train upon which they traveled was not a Pullman! They were thrown off and on again at little stations according to the convenience of the rebels. Upon arriving at Richmond they were hurried to Libby prison, but Mr. Morehead was only there three days until they chose the worse wounded soldiers and sent them to the "Devil's Barracks," (as the victims called this hell-hole of the South.)

Mr. Morehead remained here about two months, recovering in spite of the treatment he received. They were fed mule meat and corn bread once a day. "The mule must have been sickly at that," remarked Mr. Morehead.

If a man ventured over the "dead line" he was shot without a word. The men died like flies in this prison house. Sometimes they would not be removed for hours after death.

Once in a while new prisoners would be brought—pale, weak, emaciated—nothing but skin and bones.

Finally Mr. Morehead was able to be exchanged. When they stepped over into the Union lines once more the Union soldiers shouted and sobbed with joy, but the rebels who were to be exchanged for them sneaked silently to their own ranks. They didn't want to go for they knew it meant starvation and hardship, while they had been well fed by the North. Mr. Morehead said he surely did justice to the good things the Union soldiers gave him—beef, "light bread," coffee, butter—oh! when a fellow had been starved for months.

After Mr. Morehead got able he was exchanged to Sherman's division and was with him on his famous "march to the sea." He was not yet very strong and gave out every day as a result of his wounds at Chickamauga, but they told him he need not carry a gun even if he was able, but march as best he could.

As they went through South Carolina they had nothing to eat but "nigger peas," while in Georgia they had nothing but sweet potatoes, for Sherman had cut off all supplies and communications with the North. There was not much of the "gobbling of turkey's," spoken of in the song, or else their commissaries" did not do their duty.

"War is awful. I don't want any more of it, but I'm glad I could serve my country for three years," said this aged man of ninety-one years in whom there burns yet the sacred fires of Patriotism.



CONCERNING THE INDIANS OF GRANT COUNTY

We lived down close to the Indian Village, when I was a little girl, and so the sight of Indians was no novelty to me. We all knew old Meshingemacie, the old Indian chief. Most folks called him "Old Shing." I believe "Old Shing" was the ugliest man I ever did see. It seemed like most every night I went to bed I could see his awful ugly face looking at me through the window.

He was very fat. I imagine he weighed about three hundred pounds. His face was greasy and full of wrinkles. In fact, "Old Shing" was a very repulsive looking sort of an Indian.

When I had to pass "Shing's cabin I always climbed the fence on the other side of the road and walked past on the inside of the fence, because I was so afraid of the dogs which he kept. "Old Shing" would be sitting in an old rocking chair on the front porch, with his pipe in his mouth. His squaw and her sister would be sitting down on the step, each with her pipe. The yard was usually covered with an odd mixture of toddling papooses, larger children, tiny rolling puppies, and huge fierce dogs.

I played with the Indian children a great deal but I hardly ever went to their house to play. One evening one of the Indian girls asked a number of us girls and boys over to her house for supper, and since she said that "Old Shing" and his squaw had gone to town, we decided to go.

We had a good supper of bacon, baked potatoes, corn cakes and molasses. We were almost through when we heard the dogs beginning to bark and looking out we saw that "Shing" and his squaw were coming back sooner that we had expected. All of the white children expected to be scalped right there, but "Shing" came in, gave one glance at us, and then out to his accustomed seat on the porch. After that I was never afraid of "Old Shing."

Every so often the Indians got a certain amount of money from the government, and on that day one could see them going to town after it. "Old Shing" came first and after him the other Indian men. Some of them rode scrawney-looking horses and the less fortunate walked, but always going single file and without noise. Sometimes the scraws went when there were provisions to be carried home.

FRANCIS W. MALOTT

Francis W. Malott was born January 30, 1839, a quarter of a mile from where he now lives on Bond Avenue, so he has known Grant County from his earliest infancy.

His first recollection was at the age of five when his grandparents took him to Somerset. A rich old Dutchman lived close to the place with a nice home and many nice chickens, ducks and geese. Little Francis' grandfather told him he would sell him to this Dutchman, and in his terror the child appealed to his grandmother. We all know what grandmothers do for little boys in distress.

His grandfather, Reason Malott, entered the land north of Marion in 1827. The ancestors of Francis had been slowly moving westward from Baltimore for nearly two hundred years. When his grandparents came to the Mississinewa valley, Grant County, it was the border line of civilization. Reason Malott, George Badger, Johnny Well, and Robert Massey, with their families, came down the Mississinewa river on rafts in April of 1827, and settled near the present Park Road.

When asked who was the first white child born in Grant County, Mr. Malott said he thought it was an Overman girl in 1826, for his uncle Robert was not born until August, 1827.

He thinks David Conner settled in Grant County as early as 1818 or '19. He had a trading post just above the present Four-Mile bridge.

Old Henry Renbarger fought in the Indian wars of 1811-14. He came with his company to Grant County in 1813 or '14. He burned the last wigwam on the land he afterwards entered and said: "When this land comes into market I want this very site if I can get it," and sure enough he entered it in ———?

Mr. Malott said he did not know whether old Henry Renbarger was in the Battle of Mississinewa or not, (we think not for it was fought Dec., 1812), but Mr. Renbarger told of a row of Indian graves one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards long which lay just at the east end of Conner's Mill dam, (or Barley's mill, as it was afterward called), but these graves have been washed out by the floods of the Mississinewa.

Malott's father often made the trip from Marion to Lafayette in an old pirogue, or French boat, cut out of a poplar log. He carried meat, skins and Indian trumpery. When he got to the "Broad riffle" above Peru the Indians would help him over the rapids.

Old Sammy McClure started with about five dollars worth of needles, pins, beads and trinkets. With that as a start he accumulated quite a nice little fortune.

Mr. Malott remembers the construction of the first bridge in Grant County. It was the Washington street bridge, and the floor was not yet in when the great New Year's "freshet" of 1847 washed it away. This was a bigger flood than that of either 1882 or 1913. It drove his grandfather from his home (near the stone quarry) at one o'clock in the morning. The water reached to Meridian street, North Marion. A baby was rescued in a cradle as it floated down the river to Somerset. The little thing was unharmed and they finally located its parents, who lived at Deerfield, Randolph County.

The first campaign Mr. Malott recalls was that of William Henry Harrison, 1844. It was a "hot" campaign. His father and Jacob Ryder were building a mill dam down by Somerset while the campaign was on. They were both Democrats. Little Francis remembers a Whig on the opposite side of the river calling to them: "I can lick any d—d Democrat you'll bring to me!"

Mr. Malott also remembers the agitation concerning the Mexican war.

His father belonged to the militia or "Home Guards." and wore a uniform of blue with "gold" buttons, and a high cap (Scotch form). This looked imposing to little Francis.

Mr. Malott has an interesting story of his own life as a soldier in the Civil War, but had not time to tell us. When asked if he knew anything of the "underground railroad" he said quickly, "a little!"

He knew old Chief Meshingomesia quite well. "Old Shing's son, Pecong-a, was "six-foot-four" and a powerful frame. Mr. Malott worked for Pecong-a several months; Mrs. Pecong-a was a good cook.

One day Henry (old) Renbarger and Malott went home with Pecong-a for Sunday dinner. Bori-at, the French-Indian preacher, was there also, and told the story of his conversion: "I was once bad injun. Get drunk, maybe kill white man. One day in corn field got religion—happy, happy. Now GOOD Injun!"

Louise Winters, old Shing's adopted daughter, went to a Quaker school which was located just north of the Mississinewa school building. She boarded at Sam McClure's. She got a fairly good education but went back to Shing's home where they talked in Indian dialect only, so she gradually drifted back to Indian ways again.

Francis Malott's father has seen the Indians raise the tomahawk over his mother's head to scare her into giving them the last bit of meat she had in the cabin. Her husband had to go sixty miles to Randolph County for his grist of meal and she and the children would stay in the lonely cabin alone. They always left the "latch string out," for an Indian would become very angry to find it otherwise, but they put an iron bar across the door inside to keep the Indians out.

In those days they built a close pen right up against the cabin for pigs or fowls to keep the Indians from stealing them or to prevent the wolves from catching them.

"Amusements? Yes, we had them back in those early days," said Mr. Malott. "Father, the Badger boys, Enos Massey and others would set traps to catch wolves. One Sunday morning they caught one so they decided to have some fun with a neighbor, who boasted his wolf dog was the best in the community. The men called across the river to this neighbor, telling him they had a wolf and for him to bring his famous dog across and spend the day. Then the men took a forked stick and thrust it over the wolf's neck so they could muzzle it. One fellow tried to put the muzzle on but put his hand in the wolf's mouth instead. Someone else succeeded in muzzling it, then they tied both pairs of legs and ran a pole between its fore and hind legs to carry it to the corral. They then cut its hame-strings so it could not get away. By that time the neighbor and his wolf-dog had arrived and they turned the dog into the pen with the 'worsted' wolf, but the wolf proved too much for the dog. Then the men put a little 'measley' bench-legged fiste in and it worried the wolf down. This little episode took the boast out of the wolf-dog's master."

Mr. Malott said his mother got a cook stove of a peddler when he was about five years old. She paid forty or fifty dollars for it. He then told how the old pioneer mothers used to bake "light" bread or biscuits by a "reflector." The pan of bread was placed on a hot hearth, then a tin plate was so placed as to reflect heat upon it until the bread was nicely browned and done.

Mr. Malott married a Bohemian girl in 1869. She came from the "oold country" when only five years of age, so she can remember but little about it. She was left an orphan at six years of age so she had to work hard for a living.

These old pioneers are interesting to talk to and received us very cordially.

—Alvin Allen, Cora Straughan.



BENTON WHITE

Mr. Benton White, age 71, of Pleasant Township, said he was at the burial of Meshingomesia. He died, apparently, of old age, for he was not sick long. They hauled him from his log home to the Indian church, about a fourth of a mile away, in a spring wagon. He was buried in a dark robe, or suit, like the whites used for burial purposes. The whites filled in the grave. The day was very cold and people shivered when he was buried.

ANN STELTS-LAWSON

Ann Stelts was born in Pleasant township, Grant County, in 1854. She was married to Nathan E. Lawson when seventeen years of age.

Together they built their "little cabin in the clearing." They daubed it with clay and built the chimney with sticks. Their's was a typical pioneer home. Her husband having died a few years ago she now lives alone, her home being situated in the midst of the Mississinewa battlefield.

Her whole life has therefore been spent near the Indian Village and she is probably better informed concerning the habits and customs of the Miami Indians than any living individual.

She remembers old Meshingomesia quite well. He was a nice old man, having been a faithful attendant at the old Indian church at Indian Village. Many times she has seen him lead the procession entering the church, followed by his two squaws, then Pecongga and squaw, Skier and squaw, Marshall and squaw, Charles Winters and squaw, then last came old "Molly" and old "Blinkey." The squaws always wore red or yellow handkerchiefs over their heads. If any one was occupying the Indian pew he would have to vacate on the Indians' arrival.

Old Wau Coon was their preacher, and he would preach vigorously. "Oh-Oh-Oh," he would say, "my Bible tells me that if you are not good you will go way UP to Hell!"

Mrs. Lawson has "laid out," or prepared for burial, most of the squaws of that neighborhood, and her husband has prepared the corpses of the Indian men.

One time Mrs. Lawson was at Lucy Dole's, an Indian woman's "wake." About midnight Mrs. Lawson was sitting near the corpse, close to a window. There was a sheet at the window which the wind blew and she thought it was Lucy coming to life. Needless to say, she was frightened.

The Indians would "stuff" snakes, frogs, little ground puppies, lizards, deer, and all kinds of animals, and kept them in a little log hut one-half mile from the old Indiana church, then when they had a dance, "adoption," or any festivity, they would bring these out and dance about them.

The Indians believed in witches also. If one of the tribe got sick the other Indians would burn the thing that they thought bewitched him. This was generally a feather, or bunch of feathers, which they would burn under the sick one's bed. They thought the witch would then leave.

One time an old Indian couple, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, had a bottle of whiskey on the mantle in their cabin. They both got drunk and Mrs. Marshall fell into the fire and burned her side until her intestines protruded. She died a miserable death. When she was buried, they placed the coffin on a mud-boat and on the same "vehicle" was Mr. Marshall, "hog" drunk. She was buried at the Indian cemetery.

The little ridge upon which Mrs. Lawson's present home is situated was used in the battle of Mississinewa as a breast works for the Indians, over which they fired at the whites. The whites took cover in an underbrush east of her house. In her garden there are three graves of Indians who were buried just after the battle. Every summer the wild sun-flowers grow over these graves, although the ground has been cultivated for years and years. The whites who were killed in the battle were taken to the nearest graveyards and buried. The Indians were buried just about where they fell.

Chief Meshingomesia told the whites if they would "go in" with the Indians he would grant them enough land for a cemetery and church. The deed was a verbal one, as he could not read or write. He said: "This shall belong to the Baptists so long as water flows and grass grows." And it does remain in the Baptists' care to this day.

Old "Shing" gave Mrs. Lawson's husband his picture, a favor granted to very few white men.

Mrs. Lawson says life is worth living even though she has seen some of the hard side of life.



LYDIA FRAZIER-SFEGAR'S STORY OF INDIANS (Grand-daughter of Martin Boots)

Lydia Frazier was born in 1844 on what is now known as the Matter

farm, west of Matter Park. Her father settled there in 1831, purchasing the land from the Indians.

The first she remembers of the Indians was when they used to come to her father's home to buy apples. They rode on horseback, single file, wearing pink calico shirts with ruffles on collar, cuffs and front, a blanket lapped around their burly bodies. Sometimes they were painted with pokeberries and herbs of different kinds, and sometimes tattooed in fantastic designs. They went bare-footed and had rings in their ears and sometimes in their nose.

The squaws did all the work, as the braves were supposed to hunt. The squaws raised small patches of corn and pumpkins. The latter they would slice in round rings, hang them on sticks and dry them.

They had a village where the Mississinewa curves in what is now Matter Park. They loved nature and tried to copy and follow everything as nature had it. They traveled from place to place a great deal, but had fixed homes. They were "civilized," but once in a while would go on a "rampage" among themselves.

They were very generous to friends, and had remarkable memories. If any one did them a kindness it was never forgotten and they did all in their power to return the favor. They were silent when the "whites" were around and conversed with each other by signs.

They prided themselves on doing as much "fancy" work as the whites. Their bead work was very beautiful.

Mrs. Seegar thinks it a great injustice the way the whites treated the Indians. They cheated them in many ways because the Indians were ignorant, and pushed them westward when the white man wanted their land.

It was Indian nature to be cruel and endure much without making a sign. The more they endured silently the more respect they received from their race.

When the papposes were a day or two old they were tied or strapped on boards and fastened to the mother's back. In summer they were stood up against a tree or wigwam. The babies seemed to enjoy it. This is the reason they grew so tall, straight and strong. They were kept strapped on these boards until they were old enough to walk.

The Indians were converted and tried to live like Christians. They built a little log church at first, but later erected the frame church across the river from Jalapa. This was a Baptist church, but the sermons were preached in the Indian language, so all could understand. When an Indian died he was buried in the cemetery back of this church, and a monument placed at the head of the grave. The Indians prided themselves on placing a tombstone equal to the whites at the head of each grave.

They were often buried in a sitting posture and their treasures or weapons of warfare were buried with them. The wealthy Indians would put their favorite horse or dog in the grave with the dead.

The Indians built their canoes of birch bark. They were very light and were manned with great dexterity by the braves. Mrs. Seegar said she always was afraid to get into these light canoes, they looked so frail.

As a little girl she was terribly afraid of the Indians, for she was taught if she didn't obey, "Old Shing," the Indian chief, would get her. She remembers when a white child was stolen by the Indians. This child is still living—Mrs. Louise Winters—but she took the ways of the Indians among whom she was raised.

The first cabin Mrs. Seegar remembers had no windows, nothing but the crack in the logs. It had a great fireplace across one side by which they lived and cooked. "Those days did not seem so cold as now. We are used to luxuries so we could not go back to those old days," she said.

The Indians were paid so much a year by the government. Sam McClure acted as their banker.

"But the day of the Red Man is past."

—Type by C. Stanley.



THE INDIANS OF PLEASANT TOWNSHIP, GRANT COUNTY

Many years before the white man came to the continent of America,

the red men lived and ruled the land. Some historians believe that the red man came from Asia, across the Behring Strait, but the red men believe that they originated from some of the lower types of animals.

When Columbus discovered the New World and the red men, he called them Indians. The red men, or Indians, divided into many different tribes. They were called Indians ever after Columbus discovered them.

When the white men came to America to settle, they drove the Indians back into the wilderness and took the land that the Indians thought was his property. Therefore the Indians resisted. One of the tribes that resisted the white man was the Miami Indians. The history which follows will be about that tribe from the eighteenth century up to the present date.

The Miami Indians were not known in history much before the nineteenth century. They lived along the Wabash and White rivers, and up through the northern part of the Indiana Territory. They had about the same religion that most other Indians had. They believed in the Great Spirit and the Happy Hunting Grounds after death. They believed that they originated from some of the lower types of animals, or bones of the animal. The Miami tribe believed that they originated from the turkey, therefore they carved a turkey foot in a large rock. This rock was in diameter about twelve feet and stood out of the ground about four feet. It was found on the land now owned by Robert Spencer, of Marion, Indiana. In 1916 this rock still existed, but some of Mr. Spencer's workmen were blowing up the rocks in the same field and thoughtlessly placed some powder under it and blew it to pieces.

From the year 1810 to 1812 the Miami Indians were friendly to the white settlers, but in 1812 the British supplied the Indians with guns and knives and offered them rewards for the settlers' scalps. Little Turtle and Tecumseh were two ambitious warriors, who led the Miami Indians to battle. The one-eyed prophet was their adviser. The chiefs and the prophet agreed upon attacking the fort at Fort Wayne. Gov. Harrison received a message for help from the besieged fort. Harrison thought that the Indians would fight until winter then quit, but the Indians that were in the district which is now Pleasant township, Grant county, and Liberty township, Wabash county, supplied the Indians with food. Gov. Harrison then sent to Ohio for help. One part of the help received he sent to Fort Wayne, and the other, under Gen. John B. Campbell, to destroy the Indians and their villages that were feeding the Indians that were besieging Fort Wayne.

Gen. John B. Campbell found the Indians on the east side of the Mississinewa river, near where the little village of Jalapa now stands. December 17th, 1812, in the morning.

A few of the Indians attacked them there but the soldiers repelled them. Early the next morning at dawn the Indians again attacked the soldiers who were camped on the second river bottom. Over a hundred of the cavalry horses were killed and many of the men killed and wounded. The soldiers gradually drove the Indians back. Some of the Indians were driven over the bluffs of the river banks into the water. The others were followed to their villages. When the soldiers reached the villages the Indians had fled. The soldiers marched farther north and found two more villages which they destroyed. The village at the mouth of the Meto-sin-ia creek was the largest village. At this village the soldiers found an old crippled Indian squaw whom they left in her hut, but they destroyed the other huts in the village.

The soldiers and officers thought the chief that led the Indians to battle was Little Thunder, the son of Little Turtle. It was told later by the Indians that Me-shin-go-me-sia, then a small child, was in one of the villages when the attack was made, but was led away with many other children by a squaw.

After destroying the villages and capturing about forty prisoners, the soldiers went back to camp. They found many of their comrades killed and wounded. Gen. John B. Campbell ordered the dead soldiers to be buried. The soldiers placed their dead comrades under the sod at one corner of the camp and there they lie to this day without a stone, tree or stake to tell where they sleep or to honor them. It is stated in the Grant County History that there is a certain man that has a map of the camp showing the place where the soldiers are buried. We hope that the future

history of Grant county will have a statement in it stating that there has been erected a large monument in honor of these men.

The Indians were defeated and settled down on their reserved land. McClure, the fur trader, knew the ways of the Indians quite well and helped to civilize the Indians of Pleasant township. After the town of Marion began to grow the Indians began to pattern after the white men in making homes. They built the "hog-pen" style of log house for the common warriors, and the hewed log house for the chief and his relation. A few of the Indians being discontented, went west; others mixed with the neighboring tribes.

The Indians went to Marion by a trail which ran down past the battle ground, then in a northeastern direction, past a large pond known as the "John Dunn Pond," then over to the Wabash pike at the hill just north of the Four Mile Bridge. They always marked their horses in Mr. McClure's barn-yard when they went to town.

The Indians took this trail until a superstition arose among them about the pond. It appears that an Indian bravely stole some gold or silver, and while he was carrying it home he was drowned in the pond. The Christian Indian preacher told them that the GREAT SPIRIT, or the new God, the white man's God, had seen this Indian steal the money and had made him to walk out upon the pond and drown. Therefore, the Indians shunned the pond. It is stated later by a white man that the Indian was drunk.

Me-shin-go-me-sia was made chief at the death of the old chief. He became a Christian and tried to make his people quit stealing and drinking. He and a few other Indians built a church, so the Indian became more friendly with the white people; but some were discontented with the progress of civilization and went west, leaving only a few here.

Their land was to be divided up equally among the Indians, squaws as well as braves. They wanted deeds to this land so they could do with it as they wished. Finally they succeeded in getting McClure, of Marion, to represent them and their wants at Washington.

When McClure came back the Indian had the same right to vote as the white man had, so the Indians of Pleasant township were made citizens of the United States of America. The land was divided among them, each receiving eighty acres of land. Then the grafter began his work. He bought the land from the Indians at the price of a song. He got the Indian in debt to him so that he could get a hold upon his land. Gradually the Indian lost out until now but a few own their own land.

The Miami Indians love music. Many of them have very excellent pianos and other musical instruments. The quickly become civilized and make good students in school. The better class make good neighbors. Me-shin-go-me-sia belonged to the better class, yet he was very suspicious of the white man. Julia A. Headrick says that he was a fine old Indian man. One time she borrowed a copper kettle of him and gave him some apple butter in return. The apple butter pleased the chief so he said, "You can have the old kettle any time you want it, if you bring me apple butter as good as that every time." Miss Headrick said that the chief was not up to date with his manners for he got a large spoon and began to eat the apple butter, making all kinds of noise, trying to show her how he liked it. She informed him that it was to be eaten with bread. Miss Headrick's story is no doubt true for she came to that section of Pleasant township with her father in early days.

Joaquin Miller, the poet, lived near the site of Jalapa. His father had some sheep killed. Me-shin-go-me-sia went to Mr. Miller and paid him for the sheep, and said he thought it was the Indians' dogs that killed the sheep, but Mr. Miller thought the timber wolves killed them. The chief was very kind to his Indians and the white neighbors.

He came to think that he should have a fine house just like the better houses in Marion, so he had a large brick house built. All the surviving Indians have his picture hanging on the walls of their homes. He lies in the Indians' sacred burying ground, behind the Second Baptist church, two and one-half miles west of Fox Station.

The Indians of today want to forget the past. They do not want to talk about their ancestors nor about the Indian Wars. When asked about such questions they say they know very little about the Indian history.

Of the vast amount of land that the Indians one time owned in Pleasant township, they have left only one hundred acres which is owned by three out of the many families. The rest are working for their bread by daily or monthly wages.

The Indian of today has changed his mind about the Squaw. He used to think that she should do all the work and himself do the resting, except when hunting or fishing. Today the Indian has more tendency to work, but he has not the will power to push ahead to success. The Indian women seem more progressive for many of them have graduated from the High Schools of the country and are teaching now. They have just as good manners and habits as the white girls. The Indian braves are also just as patriotic as the white boys of America today.

—By Ira C. Wysong, Marion High School.

TOLD BY HIMSELF



James S. Renbarger was born November 24, 1838, in Grant county, near Barley Mill, down the Mississinewa about four miles from Marion.

His father, Edward Renbarger, came to Grant county about 1821. He came from Randolph county in a flat-boat on the Mississinewa River.

When a little child James would often walk to Marion. He also walked four miles to school right through the woods. The school house was an old blacksmith shop with a great fire place in one side that would hold a "back log" six feet long and required two men to roll it. The chimney was made of sticks and "cats"—daubs of mud and straw.

There were no newspapers in those days. The "news" was carried from neighbor to neighbor as they would chance to meet.

There were no churches, but services were "held around" in the homes of the pioneers. The preachers were "circuit riders" and belonged to the Methodist, Campbellite, Christian, Dunkard or Presbyterian faith.

In case of death the corpse was carried to the grave-yard in a big wagon, the casket covered with a white sheet. The friends would often ride in the same wagon. Where there was a corpse in the house the mirrors were covered over so no one could see the dead person in the "looking-glass," for that would have been bad luck. A cabinet-maker made the casket of walnut and varnished it. The corpse was measured, then the casket made to fit.

reached over and got a hunk of corn cake and a piece of bacon and went

Teachers were strict in those days. They used the rod frequently—often there would be a half dozen "seasoned" switches standing in the corner ready for use.

Mr. Renbarger said that David Conner was one of the oldest settlers in the county. He had a "trading post" with the Indians, and sold them calico, trinkets, or anything they wanted, especially "spirits," of which they were very fond. For these things Mr. Conner took furs and trinkets in return.

The Indians would build a fire and dance or "pow-wow" about it. Then they would drink liquor, or "spirits," too freely. A fight would ensue and they would kill each other unhesitatingly. Mr. Renbarger said his father would take care of these dead Indians, or their friends would bury them in a field or wood near by. They always buried their dead with the head to the East, so when they went to the Happy Hunting Ground they would go by day, and hunt as they went. In order to do this their favorite dog was buried with them and a plate of food was also placed in the grave that they might have food on the trip. Their horse was also killed and placed on the top of the grave so they could ride if they chose. Mr. Renbarger says his father has buried as many as twelve Indians in one day after one of these drunken debauches.

He has talked to Meshingomesia many times about the Indian battle of the Mississinewa. The old chief was not so very brave and stayed back with the squaws during the battle.

The Indians never bothered the whites in Mr. Renbarger's day, but they would kill each other without much thought about it. Meshingomesia had two sons, Peconga and Awatawataw.

Mr. Renbarger married Miss Amelia M. Baird sixty-four years ago, March 7, 1857. They are the oldest married couple belonging to the Octogenarian Club of the county.

Mr. Renbarger's aunt, Martha Renbarger, was the first white child born in the county of Grant.

MESHINGOMESIA

No record has been kept, but it is believed that Meshingomesia was born about 1781 or '82 near the mouth of Metocinyah creek in Wabash County. He lived here until he was nearly grown.

In 1815 he married Tackaquah, the daughter of a Miami Indian, Soanahkekah.

When Meshingomesia's father, Metocinyah, died he became chief of the Miamis. He dressed like the white men but spoke the Indian dialect. He and his tribe belonged to the Baptist church.

He would bring his tribe to the village of Marion once or twice a year to trade. They traded mostly with Samuel McClure, for he was the only person who was well acquainted with their customs and language. They always came by the way of the trail along the river then cut diagonally across what is now the court house yard and on to McClure's store, which was located about where the C. H. Gverman drug store now stands.

Following is Meshingomesia's family tree:

1. Osandiah, great-grandfather of Meshingomesia.
2. Ataw-Ataw, grandfather of Meshingomesia.
3. Metocinyah, father of Meshingomesia.
4. Meshingomesia had two sons:

(a) Pokung-gah.

(b) Ataw-Ataw.

5. Pokung-gah was the father of six children:

(a) William.

(b) Robert.

(c) Mary.

(d) Jacob.

(e) Thomas.

(f) John.

6. Ataw-Ataw was father of five children:

(a) Nelson.

(b) Anna.

(c) Ellen.

(d) Lucy.

(e) John.

Meshingomesia died Dec. 16, 1879, aged about ninety-eight years. He is buried in the cemetery at Indian Village, where most of his family are now buried.



INDIAN CEMETERY

At Indian Village, 2½ miles west of Fox Station.

1. Rosie A., daughter of N. and M. Tawa-Tawa, died Oct. 10, 1887; aged 14 yr., 3 mo., 6 days.
2. Ellen Tawa-Taaw, died Jan. 18, 1891; aged 23 yr., 11 mo., 15 da.
3. Melvina Taawa-Taw, died Feb. 27, 1894; aged 55 years.
4. Frances Tawa-Taw, died May 25, 1891; aged 25 yr., 10 mo., 20 d.
5. Camillus Aw-taw-waw-taw, died Nov. 13, 1895; aged 24 years, 4 months, 18 days.
6. Ta-ke-e-quah, wife of Aw-taw-waw-taw, died July 21, 1874.
7. Infant daughter of J. and E. Walters, born dead Jan. 10, 1888.
8. Mary, wife of George D. Chapendoceah, died Oct. 1879; age 24 yr.
9. Charles, son of G. D. and M. Chapendoceah, died July 25, 1879; aged 9 months and 3 days.
10. Sarah, wife of George D. Shapadosia, died April 17, 1873.
11. Elizabeth, daughter of G. D. Shapadosia, died Sept. 16, 1872; aged 5 years.
12. Mary Dusia, died Feb. 15, 1877; aged 16 years.
13. Peter, son of G. and B. Shapandusia, died March 15, 1866; aged

2 years.

14. Angeline Chapindagie, died 1867; age unknown.
15. Mary J., wife of F. H. Aveline, died Nov. 3, 1882; aged 23 yr.
16. Infant daughter of R. and R. Peconga, died March 11, 1876.
17. Sarah Winters, died Sept., 1870; aged 70 years.
18. Lucy Doles, born 1858, died 1898.
19. George Doles, born 1857, died —?
20. Aw-taw-was-taw, died Dec. 26, 1879; aged 62 years.
21. Nelson Tawa-Taw, died Dec. 9, 1879; aged 35 yr. and 6 mo.
22. Ellen Tawa-Taw, died July 19, 1879; aged 23 years.
23. Ta-ke-e-quah, wife of Me-shing-o-me-sia, died Sept. 15, 1879; age about 94 years.
24. Me-shing-o-me-sia, died Dec. 16, 1879; aged about 98 years.
25. C. Peconga, died Sept. 16, 1879; aged 64 years.
26. Ka-ge-to-no-quah, died June 29, 1881; aged 68 years.
27. M. E. Prickett, died July, 1880; age, (?).
28. Lucinda, age 2 mo. and Jerome, age 8 mo., infant children of J. M. and Hannah Prickett.
29. Jane Marshall, died Dec. 30, 1880; age 50 years.
30. Mollie, died June 23, 1884; age about 85 years.
31. Jacob Cotsipon, died Aug. 9, 1883; aged 31 yr., 4 mo., 20 da.
32. Coon Bundy, died Oct. 3, 1868; aged 31 years.
33. John Newman, born 1845, died —?
34. Jane, wife of John Newman, born 1837, died 1911.
35. Elizabeth Margaret, daughter of L. and G. Winters, died July 3, 1873; age 3 years.
36. Mary, daughter of C. and J. Bundy, died May 19, 1881; age 19 yr.
37. Martha J., daughter of John and Jane Newman, born March 8, 1873, died Nov. 3, 1887.
- Dec. 27, 1877; age 4 mo. and 26 da. Children of Joseph and Louiza Winters.
38. Amanda Catherine, died May 10, 1865; aged 5 mo. Joseph, died
39. Lizzie, wife of Peter Peconga, died April 14, 1883; age 19 years.
40. Infant child of Peter and Lizzie Peconga, died April 14, 1883.
41. Infant son of R. and R. Peconga, died Nov. 8, 1880; aged 11 days.
42. Ada Kisman—No date.



Old Cemeteries of Grant County

A request was made that we make a record of dates on old tombstones in Grant County. The following list is not complete for every old cemetery was not visited. Those persons who were born after 1840 were not recorded.

In An Old Cemetery

Cora M. Straughan

Here lies the dead,
To secluded country places
The little cortege wound its solemn way,
And left there the beloved form
Within the heart of mother earth,
While "Dust to dust, and earth to earth," was chanted.
And none was left to watch the lonely Mound
Save birds and flowers and sleepless stars of heaven.
And springtime gave its covering of green
And winter, grim and cold, its shroud of white.
Then season followed season, and the mound
Sank deep into the hollow of the hill
And other mounds were added one by one
Till all that generation slept its peaceful sleep
Within the quiet city of the dead.

Here lies the dead
To-day we stand with heads uncovered,
And feel their sacred presence,
While we read the simple epitaph
On crumbling slab of marble.
O, birds and flowers and sleepless stars of heaven
Well have you kept your vigil,
For we know that they are safe from harm,
And rest in perfect Peace
In this calm city of the dead.

CONNER GRAVEYARD

One and one-half miles north of Matter Park.

This little graveyard is situated on a hill upon the old David Conner farm. It is surrounded by a stone wall about three feet high and the ferns and shrubs that grow within it show the care that someone has taken of it. The old, old slab that was the first marker of David Conner's grave is well nigh destroyed and has been replaced by a modern monument that modestly marks the last resting place of Grant County's first settler:

1. David Conner, Aug. 9, 1771—Aug. 9, 1844.
2. Jephtha Conner, Sept. 20, 1826—Aug. 6, 1800.
3. Margaret E., wife of J. Conner, March 18, 1829—June 16, 1899.
4. David, son of J. and M. Conner, Nov. 18, 1848—Nov. 19, 1848.

RENBARGER CEMETERY

Three miles north of Marion (Lagro road) and about one-half mile west. This is a small family graveyard, located in a field which once belonged to old Henry Renbarger. He was one of the first settlers in Grant County. There is a stone wall about four feet high which encloses this small cemetery.

1. Henry Renbarger, (1793); died Sept. 25, 1872, age 79 yr., 4 mo., 26 days.
2. Elizabeth Renbarger, wife of Henry Renbarger, died July 12, 1837; age 43 yr., 7 mo.
3. Margaret, daughter of Henry and Elizabeth Renbarger; died Jan. 10, 1830; age 6 yr., 9 mo.
4. Susannah, wife of Henry Renbarger, (1814), died March 20, 1862; age 48 yr., 3 mo., 7 da.
5. Nancy C., daughter of Henry and Susannah Renbarger, died Dec. 12, 1859; age 5 yr., 2 mo., 12 days.
6. David Hamaker, son of J. and E. Hamaker, died May 12, 1844; age 20 yr., 2 mo., 26 da.



CEMETERIES

THE McCORMICK CEMETERY

Four and one-half miles southeast of Jonesboro, on Muncie-Jonesboro Pike. This is a very old cemetery back in a wood. When old Robert McCormick came there, nearly eighty years ago, he found an Indian camp on this hill with one Indian buried there. This is one of the oldest cemeteries in Grant County.

1. Robert McCormick, born in Pennsylvania July 5, 1779; died Aug. 9, 1836. Age, 57 years, 1 month, 9 days.
2. Ann McCormick, born Sept. 6, 1787; died Jan. 23, 1880. Age, 92 years, 4 months, 17 days. (She married a Mr. Fankboner after the death of Robert McCormick).
3. Samuel Todd, born Nov. 5, 1779; died July 28, 1863. Age, 83 years, 8 months, 23 days.
4. Tamson, wife of Samuel Todd, died April 26, 1852; age 68 years, 9 months, 19 days.
5. Joseph Estle, born Oct. 20, 1777; died Oct. 1, 1853. Age 75 years, 11 months, 11 days.
6. Elizabeth Estle, born Jan. 22, 1764; died Oct. 11, 1857. Age, 93 years, 9 months, 19 days.
7. Abraham Carpenter, died May 26, 1870. Age, 64 yrs., 5 mo, 15 da.
8. Mary Ann Carpenter, died Sept. 29, 1882. Age 81 yr., 5 mo., 7 da.
9. Wm. Payne, died Sept. 10, 1875; age 70 yr., 8 mo., 1 da.
10. Morgan L. Payne, died June 13, 1855; age 26 yr., 7 mo., 15 da.
11. Charles Wright, died Feb. 27, 1863; age 63 yr.
12. Davis Weesner, died July 22, 1849; age 34 yr., 5 mo., 24 da.
13. John Heavilin, died Nov. 15, 1876; age 71 yr., 9 mo., 11 da.
14. Bethsheba Heavilin, died Dec. 9, 1855; age 63 yr., 3 mo., 6 da.
15. Albert, son of J. and B. Heavilin; died Sept. 22, 1852; age 19 yr., 1 mo., 3 da.
16. Ephraim, son of J. and B. Heavilin, died Sept. 28, 1848; age 21 yr., 2 mo., 29 da.
17. Nancy, wife of Loammi Rigdon, died Sept. 11, 1839; age 23 yr.
18. John Alexander Rigdon, died Oct. 17, 1838; age 3 yr., 2 mo., 8 da.

19. Polly, daughter of J. H. and S. B. Clark, died Sept. 7, 1838; age 20 yr., 12 da.
20. Ursula, daughter of J. H. and S. B. Clark, died June 14, 1838; age 15 yr., 1 mo., 1 da.
21. Phebe, wife of Henry Simons, died Feb. 3, 1852; age 31 yr., 4 mo., 19 da.
22. Anthony Seiter, died Sept. 11, 1849; age 43 yr., 2 da.
23. E. W. Lynch, born 1827, died 1860.
24. Mary Lynch, wife of E. W. Lynch, born 1833, died 1898.
25. Eliza Lucas, born 1831, died 1907.
26. Basil Lucas, died May 6, 1866; age 59 yr., 8 da.
27. Sarah, wife of Basil Lucas, died Aug. 19, 1870; age 61 yr., 7 mo., 12 da.
28. Nancy, wife of Lemuel Sexton, died July 31, 1863; age 27 yr., 6 mo., 28 da.



DUNN CEMETERY

Three and one-half miles northwest of Marion, one-fourth mile west of Wabash Pike.

1. Mary E. Darby, wife of S. G. Darby, 1782; died Aug. 6, 1811.
2. Elizabeth Wood Porter, Sept. 7, 1792; died Aug. 24, 1874.
3. Seleigh Baldwin, 1782; died March 18, 1863.
4. Susannah, wife of Edward Baldwin, July 19, 1792.
5. Eliza Ann Props, 1821; died Oct. 9, 1846.
6. Joseph Gravies, Sept. 16, 1777; died Sept. 2, 1839.
7. John Stephen, 1802; died March 2, 1856.
8. Margaret L., wife of Rev. J. L. Miller, 1832; died Dec. 23, 1866.
9. William Massey, 1799; died Sept. 15, 1862.
10. Bethean, wife of Wm. Massey, 1801; died Sept. 10, 1873.
11. Daniel J. Stephens, 1829; died Jan. 9, 1851.
12. Wesley, husband of Sharake Pugh, 1834; died Dec. 3, 1862.
13. Ezra Porter, born April 2, 1790; died Nov. 27, 1874.
14. Mary, wife of Andrew Bayley, 1802; died Aug. 25, 1851.
15. Elizabeth, wife of Christian Miller, 1794; died Sept. 14, 1859.
16. Anna Moss, 1820; died July 4, 1854.



BACK CREEK

Two miles north of Fairmount, on Fairmount Pike.

1. William Hollingsworth, 1811; died Aug. 30, 1888, age 77 yr., 2 mo., 5 da.
2. Lucinda, wife of William Hollingsworth, 1814; died June 14, 1881; age 67 yr., 1 mo., 6 da.
3. Samuel Mart, 1824; died Feb. 13, 1889; aged 65 yr., 2 mo., 23 da.
4. Esther, wife of Samuel Mart, 1821; died Aug. 31, 1889; aged 66 yr., 6 mo., 11 da.
5. Joseph M. Little, 1835-1909.
6. Millie Little, 1839-1913.
7. Matindam Kirk, 1817; died 1905, 3 mo., 14 da.
8. Joseph Kirk, 1806; died 1886, 5 mo., 14 da.
9. John Copprod, 1805; died Jan. 15, 1891, aged 86 yr., 6 mo., 15 da.
10. Daniel Winslow, 1812; died May 18, 1889; aged 77 yrs., 9 mo., 23 days.
11. Anthony W. Wood, 1827; died Feb. 23, 1889; aged 62 yr., 6 mo., 17 da.
12. Joseph Hollingsworth, Aug. 23, 1814; died Aug. 8, 1897; aged 83 yr., 7 mo., 8 da.
13. Elijah Thomas, July 7, 1820; died 1889.
14. Meri Hodson, 1820; died 1890.
15. Sarah Newby, 1824; died 1911, 8 mo., 3 da.
16. Thomas Newby, May 7, 1824; died Dec. 7, 1903.



BURSON CEMETERY

Four Miles East of Marion on Montpelier Pike.

1. Anna Pattay—Born, 1822; died, 1855.
2. Eleanor Boxell—Born, 1810; died, 1852.

- 21 days. 3. Sarah E. McFadden—Born, 1825; died 1865, age 30 yr., 7 mo., 9 days.
4. Mary M. McFadden—Born, 1832; died, 1853; age 21 yr., 7 mo., 9 days.
5. Margaret Pulley—Born, 1816; died, 1845.
6. Adam Pulley—Born, 1764; died, 1857.
7. Keturah Pulley—Born, 1822; died, 1881; age 59 yr., 9 mo., 7 da.
8. Amos May—Born, 1829; died, 1865.
9. Keturah Wine—Born, 1788; died, 1846.
10. George Wine—Born, 1787; died, 1870; age 83 yr., 5 mo., 3 da.
11. Catherine Boxell—Born, 1800; died, 1893.
12. William Boxell—Born, 1801; died, 1881.
13. J. J. Pulley—Born, Jan. 18, 1833; died, Dec. 15, 1910.
14. James Boller—Born Nov. 30, 1790; died Aug. 23, 1861.
15. Ruth E. Boller—Born, Oct. 29, 1825; died, Aug. 3, 1905.
16. Rachel Marsh—Born, 1794; died, 1854.
17. Jesse Marsh—Born, 1789; died, 1852.
18. Elizabeth Pulley—Born, 1792; died, 1871.
19. Samuel Pulley—Born, 1791; died, 1871; age 80 yr., 2 mo., 5 da.
20. Jonathan Burson—Born, 1808; died, 1862.
21. Juliana Burson—Born, 1808; died, 1890.
22. Elizabeth Wolff—Born, 1815; died, 1895.
23. Jonas Wolff—Born, 1810; died, 1874.
24. George Elwood—Born, 1838; died, 1863.
25. Thomas G. Elwood—Born, 1814; died, 1861; age 47 yr. 8 mo, 7 d.
26. Mary Bevard—Born, 1822; died, 1842.
27. Beason Bevard—Born, 1825; died, 1845.
28. Charles Bevard—Born, 1790; died, 1841.
29. Zachariah Glary—Born, 1766; died, 1846.
30. John A. Boxell—Born, Jan. 9, 1840; died, Aug. 26, 1805.
31. Mary E. Pulley—Born, 1837; died, 1860.
32. Margaret Pulley—Born, 1830; died, 1898; age 68 yr., 7 mo., 6 da.

—Mary Howell.



HUMMEL CEMETERY (SOMETIMES CALLED LOBDELL)

On Range Line Road, Six Miles North of Marion.

1. Zenobia Hummel, died Oct. 18, 1874; aged 63 yr., 5 mo., 7 da.
2. Henry, son of C. and Z. Hummel, died Oct. 6, 1837; aged 4 yr., 8 mo., 10 da.
3. Henry Hummel, died Dec. 17, 1849; aged 80 yrs., 5 mo., 26 da.
4. Elanor, wife of Henry Hummel, died Sept. 1, 1857; aged 72 yrs., 3 mo.
5. Charles Hummel, died Dec. 16, 1882; aged 78 yr., 2 mo., 26 da.
6. Edward Fox, died Feb. 13, 1885; aged 78 yr., 6 mo., 7 da.
7. Henry C. Curtis, died Aug. 23, 1860; aged 23 yr., 4 mo., 21 da.
8. Martha Armstrong, died June 3, 1894; aged 54 yr., 8 mo.
9. John Lobdell, died Nov. 13, 1890; aged 81 yr., 1 mo., 2 da.
10. Plesanda, wife of John Lobdell, died Dec. 15, 1897; aged 79 yr., 9 mo., 1 da.
11. John W. Melick, 1808-1870.
12. Harriet Watson, 1815-1889.
13. Elizabeth, daughter of J. W. and H. Melick, died June 18, 1857; aged 22 yr., 9 mo., 28 da.
14. William Ward, died Oct. 3, 1869; aged 57 yr., 10 mo., 3 da.
15. Jackson Hummel, died Oct. 23, 1875; aged 45 yr., 8 mo., 23 da.
16. Abraham Hedrick, died Jan. 25, 1894; aged 88 yr., 20 da.
17. Sarah G., wife of Abraham Hedrick, died Sept. 23, 1885; aged 78 yr., 9 mo., 1 da.
18. Esther, wife of John Fox, died March 22, 1860; aged 45 yr., 5 mo., 2 da.
19. David N. Hedrick, died May 22, 1857; aged 39 yr., 3 mo., 18 da.
20. Maria M., wife of John Hedrick, died Jan. 4, 1864; aged 85 yr., 1 mo., 6 da.
21. Thomas Watson, died Sept. 10, 1856; aged 67 yr., 3 mo., 8 da.
22. Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Watson, died Aug. 27, 1869; aged

- 74 yr., 2 mo., 28 da.
 23. Eliza J., daughter of Henry and Mary Bane, died Dec. 24, 1839; aged 3 da.
 24. Henry Bane, died Jan. 10, 1865; aged 53 yr., 6 mo., 5 da.
 25. Mary, wife of Henry Bane, died June 1, 1877; aged 70 yr., 6 mo., 7 da.
 26. Sarah L., wife of T. J. Eviston, died June 1, 1870; aged 33 yr., 6 mo., 23 da.
 27. Roland, son of J. and C. McDanel, died April 17, 1856; aged 22 yr., 1¹/₂ da.
 28. Elizabeth H., daughter of J. and C. McDanel, died June 1, 1841; aged 19 yr., 3 mo., 17 da.
 29. Catherine, wife of John McDanel, died Feb. 19, 1876; aged 71 yr., 8 da.
 30. John McDanel, born Aug. 1, 1803, died Aug. 24, 1874; aged 71 yr., 2³/₄ da.
 31. Jacob Hansley, died March 26, 1872; aged 67 yr., 8 mo., 14 da.
 32. Nancy, wife of Joel Martin, born March 20, 1820, died Jan. 3, 1901; aged 80 yr., 9 mo., 13 da.
 33. Catherine, wife of John Wagoner, died July 13, 1866; aged 84 yr., 6 mo., 13 da.
 34. Catherine S. Hedrick, died June 2, 1898; aged 61 yr., 4 mo., 2 da.
 35. John Hansley, son of J. and E. Hansley, born March 14, 1836, died Dec. 1, 1860; aged 24 yrs., 8 mo., 17 da.

* GRIFFIN CEMETERY

About two miles east on Soldiers' Home Pike.

1. Calet Morris, 1802, died March 10, 1858; age 56 yr., 11 mo., 23 da.
2. Gabriel P. Poe, 1795, died June 2, 1872; aged 77 yr., 7 mo., 1 da.
3. Elizabeth Poe, 1801, died April 29, 1878; age 77 yr., 4 mo., 4 da.
4. Thomas Gabe, June 8, 1806, died Nov. 16, 1887.
5. Michael Futrell, 1811, died 1888; age 77 yr., 11 mo., 24 da.
6. James Griffin, 1784, died 1862; aged 78 yr., 8 mo., 11 da.

* UNION CHAPEL CEMETERY

Two Miles North of Hanfield.

1. James Phillip, June 16, 1807, died Dec. 16, 1874.
2. Margaret C., wife of Joseph Eis, 1823, died Sept. 28, 1871; aged 48 yr., 5 mo., 3 da.
3. Jesse Moore, son of G. and D. Moore, 1826, died Feb. 13, 1863; aged 37 yr., 3 mo., 13 da.
4. Susan, wife of Isaac Bradford, 1823, died Dec. 21, 1877; aged 54 yr., 10 mo., 26 da.
5. Levi Carter, 1790, died June 15, 1871; age 81 yr., 11 mo., 7 da.
6. Catherine, wife of J. D. Beekman, 1817, died May 25, 1868; aged 51 yr., 3 mo., 18 da.
7. Susannah, wife of A. Galatine, 1812, died Jan. 23, 1854.
8. Jacob Cochran, 1797, died Dec. 11, 1863.
9. Sarah, wife of J. Hutton, 1831, died Jan. 5, 1877; age 36 yr., 1 da.
10. Jesse Romine, 1791, died Feb. 16, 1855; age 64 yr., 4 mo., 6 da.
11. Andrew Ebbert, 1812, died Sept. 14, 1858; age 46 yr., 11 mo., 27 days.
12. Mary, wife of A. Ebbert, 1814, died June 8, 1864; age 50 years, 6 months, 8 days.
13. Jacob H. Shank, 1799, died May 30, 1874.
14. Catherine Shank, 1818, died March 9, 1879.

* DEER CREEK CEMETERY

Five and one-half miles south of Marion public square, on Harmon St.

1. Abigail S. Coats, 1832-1898.
2. Wife of Dr. Charles, 1830-1869.
3. Samuel Ladd, 1828-1856.
4. William Ladd, 1797-1857.
5. Isabelle Ladd, 1805-1851.
6. Sally Coleman, 1791-1864.

7. T. C. Jones, 1840-1863.
8. Zilpha Whitson, 1824——.
9. Susan Carter, 1821——?
10. John Shugart, 1795-1853.
11. Lewis Wooton, 1800-1850.
12. Martha Wooton, 1801-1863.
13. Elijah Jackson, 1798-1868.
14. John Douglas, 1838-1849.
15. Irene Shugart, 1833-1837.
16. Mrs. Geo. Shugart, 1825-1867.
17. Lydial J. Lowery, 1839-1882.
18. Thomas Harris, 1796-1870.
19. Mary Harris, 1799-1862.
20. Joseph Thomas, 1835-1860.
21. Geo. Harris, 1825-1846.
22. Davis Harris, 1830-1851.
23. Andrew Jackson, 1761-1859.
24. Mary Douglas, 1811-1849.
25. Bennie Coleman, 1830-1861.

* TINKLE CEMETERY

One-half mile south of Landessville.

1. Alexander, husband of Hester Campbell, born Jan. 1, 1826, died March 6, 1882; aged 56 yr., 2 mo., 5 da.
2. James Love, died Oct. 30, 1875; aged 45 yr., 5 mo., 28 da.
3. Lydia A., wife of James Love, died March 4, 1916; aged 80 yr., 5 mo., 9 days.
4. Enos R. Johnson, 1830-1911.
5. John Baker, died Jan. 28, 1892; aged 81 yr., 3 mo., 21 da.
6. Mary, wife of J. M. Baker, died Dec. 30, 1903; aged 90 yr., 4 mo., 25 days.
7. Martha V., wife of Christopher Baker, died Dec. 1, 1892; aged 52 yr., 11 mo., 4 days.
8. Christopher Baker, March 17, 1840—May 1, 1906.
9. Wm. B. Pulley, July 5, 1832—Jan. 25, 1913.
10. Susanna, wife of Daniel Tinkle, June 29, 1836; April 13, 1910.
11. A. Endsley, died Feb. 7, 1897; aged 73 yr., 1 mo., 25 da.
12. Mary A. M., wife of A. Endsley, died Jan. 7, 1870; aged 61 yr., 8 mo., 7 days.
13. Catharine J. Tinkle (nee Shinholt) died April 6, 1883; aged 59 yr., 9 mo., 18 days.
14. Eliza, wife of Henry Tinkel, died March 30, 1896; aged 85 years, 29 days.
15. Nancey Endsley, wife of Wm. W. Hewitt, April 30, 1858—Aug. 1, 1902; aged 44 yr., 3 mo., 1 da.
16. Freeman E. Ballard died Dec. 22, 1899; aged 60 yr., 17 da.
17. William Cochran, 1831-1911.
18. Moses H. Miller, died Nov. 28, 1898; aged 85 years.
19. Margaret C., wife of M. H. Miller, died June 19, 1901; aged 84 yr., 1 mo., 7 da.
20. Simeon Line, born Oct. 17, 1814, died April, 1895.
21. Ann C., wife of Simeon Born, Feb. 9, 1822, died Feb. 2, 1898.
22. M. E., wife of J. L. Pope, June 2, 1839; Nov. 7, 1908.
23. Nancy Whitmer, 1822-1910.
24. Sarah, wife of John Endsley, died Oct. 10, 1893; aged 56 yr., 2 mo., 18 days.
25. Sarah Bantham, died April 20, 1921; aged 84 yr.
26. Joseph W. Lee, Oct. 4, 1829—Oct. 23, 1916.
27. Lucetta Lee, April 14, 1831—Feb. 26, 1904.
28. Jacob Tinkel, Sept. 7, 1840—July, 1889.
29. Mary A., wife of Jacob Tinkel, Dec. 15, 1842—Jan. 29, 1908.
30. Martin Whiteneck, Sept. 19, 1830—June 3, 1913.

FLETCHER CHAPEL CEMETERY

Three miles south of Hanfield.

1. Hannah J., wife of J. T. Veatch, died April 6, 1878; aged 40 years, 5 months, 25 days.
2. John J. Veach, Jan. 16, 1817—Feb. 18, 1879.
3. Clotilda, wife of John J. Veach, Feb. 23, 1829—July 31, 1914.
4. Christopher C. Fields, Feb. 25, 1828—Aug. 30, 1905.
5. Mrs. Christopher C. Fields, July 16, 1833—May 9, 1919.
6. Sally, wife of A. R. Munns, Feb. 9, 1827—May 1, 1908.
7. James Dillon, died May 7, 1824; aged 54 yr., 5 mo., 7 da.
8. Joseph Marsh, died March 5, 1888; aged 61 yr., 10 mo., 26 da.
9. Mary M., wife of Joseph Marsh, died Feb. 2, 1903; aged 79 yr., 3 mo., 4 days.
10. Elizabeth Evan, 1826-1871.
11. George W. Wine, 1823-1852.
12. Joseph Lugar, died Aug. 24, 1853; aged 49 yr., 27 days.
13. Mary Lugar, died Sept. 9, 1887; aged 76 yr., 10 mo., 24 da.
14. William Booler, died Nov. 30, 1882; aged 67 yr., 10 mo., 19 da.
15. Keziah, wife of William Booler, died Dec. 18, 1882, aged 67 yr., 7 mo., 17 da.
16. Sarah J., wife of William D. Boller, died Feb. 14, 1879; aged 81 years, 8 months, 27 days.
17. J. W. Lawyer, May 12, 1823—June 25, 1909.
18. E. A., wife of J. W. Lawyer, Sept. 19, 1823—Dec. 14, 1875.
19. John M., son of Wm. and P. Cranston, died Dec. 8, 1857; aged 23 years, 4 months, 25 days.
20. Phebe, wife of Henry Shanhulser, died Aug. 18, 1880; aged 77 years, 7 months, 23 days.
21. William Cranston, died Oct. 14, 1852; aged 43 yr., 3 mo., 15 da.
22. Benjamin Marsh, died Sept. 11, 1876; aged 59 yr., 8 mo.
23. Mary, wife of H. Shanhulser, died Feb. 27, 1883; aged 66 years, 10 months, 3 days.



KNOX CHAPEL

Two and one-half miles southeast of Point Isabel.

1. Cordelia Lane, died Dec. 5, 1867; age 50 yr., 8 mo., 26 da.
2. Samuel Lane, died April 8, 1875; age 63 yr., 9 da.
3. Nancy Keever, born Aug. 10, 1821, died May 5, 1903.
4. George Keever, died Oct. 25, 1879; age 60 yr., 6 mo., 23 da.
5. Wesley Keever, died Nov. 21, 1866; age 36 yr., 4 mo., 16 da.
6. Joseph H. Pyle, died Aug. 30, 1881; age 52 yr., 3 mo., 1 da.
7. Abraham Downs, died May 27, 1874, age 74 yr., 1 mo., 17 da.
8. Barbara A. Downs, died July 29, 1887; age 72 yr., 9 mo., 27 da.
9. Wm. S. Dickey, died Feb. 21, 1878; age 52 years.
10. Wm. Legg, born Oct. 7, 1822, died Oct. 12, 1899.
11. Clarissa Legg, born Aug. 23, 1827, died May 16, 1907.
12. James E. Hinton, 1827-1911.
13. Ruhania Hinton, 1833-1875.
14. Willis Hinton, died July 22, 1878; age 72 yr., 2 mo., 5 da.
15. Mary A. Hinton, died Aug. 2, 1879; age 63 years, 1 month.
16. Wm. Patterson, died April 4, 1881; age 58 yr., 3 mo.
17. Samuel Stiers, died Jan. 15, 1917; age 80 yr., 7 mo., 22 da.
18. Hannah Stiers, died Aug. 16, 1875; age 68 yr., 6 mo., 18 da.
19. Alva Stiers, died Oct. 12, 1878; age 70 yr., 4 mo., 21 da.
20. Nancy Jones, died Dec. 5, 1876; age 82 yr., 2 mo., 12 da.
21. Ebenezer D. Covalt, died May 30, 1865; age 41 yr., 10 mo.
22. Ann Covalt, died Jan. 2, 1875; aged 80 years.
23. Abraham Covalt, died 1886; age 88 years.
24. Alive Stevens, died 1870; age 36 years.
25. Christian Lane, died 1873; age 27 years, 10 months.
26. Elizabeth Jane Houston, died June 3, 1888; age 65 yr., 2 mo., 24 days.
27. Matilda Wilson, died Sept. 22, 1876; age 69 years.
28. William H. Pinkerman, 1829-1880.

29. Rebecca Pinkerman, 1833-1911.
30. James Titus, 1862-1876.
31. Lydia Titus, 1814-1901.
32. Mary Leer, 1803-1885.
33. Ambrose C. Miller, died July 8, 1895, age 69 yr., 11 mo., 20 da.
34. Belinda Miller, died Jan. 11, 1869; age 52 yr., 7 mo., 2 da.
35. John Knox, died Dec. 12, 1874; age 75 yr., 11 mo., 8 da.
36. Margaret Spell, died Feb. 12, 1873; age 39 years.
37. Spencer Spell, died July 13, 1874; age 43 yr., 1 mo., 23 da.
38. Wm. S. Lightfoot, died April 11, 1879; age 69 yr., 23 da.
39. Wm. S. Lightfoot, died Oct. 14, 1877; age 71 yr., 8 mo., 8 da.
40. Jane, wife of Eli Butler, died Sept. 22; age 86 yr., 1 mo., 8 da.
41. Sarah John, born April 12, 1818, died July 27, 1876.

ROWLAND CEMETERY

One and three-fourths miles southwest of Sweetser.

1. Ruben Rowland, died Nov. 2, 1867, born Nov. 2, 1797.
2. Almada L., wife of J. J. Street, died May 3, 1872; age 43 years, 6 months, 20 days.
3. Leonard, husband of Julia A. Allen, died June 15, 1869; age 38 years, 3 months, 24 days.
4. Phoebe J., wife of J. Harrell, died Oct. 23, 1850; age 33 years, 1 month, 14 days.
5. Elizabeth, wife of John Wood, died Nov. 1, 1862; age 76 years, 4 months, 22 days.
6. Elizabeth, wife of Wm. Sharp, died Oct. 1, 1862; age 66 years, 7 months, 9 days.
7. Ellen Wood, died April 10, 1863; age 25 yr., 11 mo., 9 da.
8. Elizabeth Wood, died Nov. 1, 1862; age 76 yr., 10 mo., 22 da.
9. Lewis F. R. Morgan, died March 1, 1877; age 76 yrs., 3 mo., 15 da.
10. Louisa, wife of August Herbst, died Feb. 21, 1875; age 48 years, 10 months, 15 days.



JONESBORO CEMETERY—LOCATED IN GAS CITY

1. Jacob Candy, 1820-1907.
2. Hannah Jacobs, 1824-1902.
3. Ann Lewis, 1829-1897.
4. Jesse Cummins, 1827-1908.
5. Lois Ann Cummins, 1827-1908.
6. ——— Futrell, 1829-1875.
7. Cynthia Stewart, 1838-1874.
8. Sarah Whitson, 1809-1892.
9. Samuel B. Houck, 1825-1905.
10. Mary A. Houck, 1825-1905.
11. Edward Bird, 1804-1870.
12. Elizabeth Bird, 1808-1893.
13. Elizabeth Hastings, 1814-1889; 7y years, 10 months, 1 days.
14. Lucinda Overman, 1840-1902; 62 years, 5 months, 16 days.
15. John Smith, 1809-1888; 79 years, 9 months, 8 days.
16. Mary Ann Smith, 1814-18-90; 76 years, 7 months, 17 days.
17. Elizabeth Dowling, 1814-1901.
18. William Dowling, 1829-1910.
19. Caroline E. Hubert, 1827-1895.
20. Sarah Havens, 1806-1878.
21. James H. Lark, 1789-1873.
22. Sarah H. Clark, 1796-1885.
23. Charles Smith, 1813-1879.
24. Beulah Haines, 1823-1879.
25. Moses Luce, age 91 years, 5 months, 14 days.
26. Hannah Arnett, 1818-1904.
27. Isaac Roush, 1813-1896.
28. Mary Roush (wife) 1817-1897.
29. S. G. Hoover, 1835-1902.
30. Wm. Ellers, 1836-1907.

31. John T. Howard, 1838-1901.
32. Chas. W. Gift, 1836-1902.
33. Wm. Smith King, 1830-1902.
34. Anna R. King (wife), 1839-1907.

*
HOG CREEK, OR JEFFERSON CEMETERY

Two and one fourth miles west of Upland and one-fourth mile north, near Upland-Cas City road.

1. Elizabeth, wife of I. Ballenger, born Dec. 13, 1827, died Sept. 14, 1892.
2. Catherine, wife of Robert Wright, died Nov. 28, 1885; age 76 years, 8 months, 18 days.
3. Robert Wright, died Feb. 12, 1895; age 79 yr., 27 da.
4. Jeremiah Jacks, died March 11, 1896; age 70 yr., 7 mo., 17 da.
5. Hester, wife of Jeremiah Jacks, died Dec. 6, 1897; age 74 years, 5 months, 26 days.
6. David Ballenger, died May 5, 1842; age 28 yrs., 9 mo., 12 days.
7. Sarah, wife of Wm. Graves, died April 16, 1860; age 40 years, 4 months, 20 days.
8. Mary, wife of G. M. McCoy, died Aug. 4, 1859; age 43 yrs., 7 mo.
9. Elizabeth, wife of Chas. Looker, died Sept. 18, 1887; age 73 years, 5 months, 16 days.
10. Isaac Ballenger, born Feb. 29, 1820, died Aug. 2, 1881.
11. Rachil, wife of Wm. Looker, 1788; died July 30, 1854.
12. Noah Bowers, 1794; died Sept. 15, 1854.
13. Phoebe, wife of N. Bowers, 1787; died June 11, 1855.
14. Samuel H. Bowers, 1819; died June 6, 1892.
15. Sarah, wife of Samuel Bowers, 1830; died Feb. 3, 1902.
16. James Ballenger, 1796; died May 24, 1874.
17. Benjamin Fuller, Feb. 4, 1815; died Dec. 28, 1882.
18. S. C. Fuller, Nov. 29, 1833; died July 22, 1901.
19. Eazzell Shoemaker, 1812; died Dec. 23, 1881.
20. John W. Ballenger, Nov. 1, 1825; died Feb. 25, 1901.
21. Malinda, wife of J. W. Ballenger, July 9, 1835; died Jan. 20, '01.
22. Geo. W. Leonard, 1805; died Dec. 24, 1871.
23. Jas. Morris, 1819; died May 18, 1876.
24. John Johnson, 1819; died Sept. 24, 1845.
25. John Walker, 1809; died July 24, 1845.
26. Emily, wife of Wm. Mitchell, 1809; died July 21, 1888.
27. David Troxell, 1813; died March 8, 1851.
28. James Smith, 1804; died April 30, 1859.
29. Mary, wife of James Smith, 1788; died Sept. 2, 1863.
30. Martha Ann, wife of Peter Niccum, 1790; died Oct. 18, 1853.
31. Rubin Kidner, 1809; died March 28, 1870.
32. Daniel Keever, 1819; died March 18, 1895.
33. Eliza, wife of D. Keever, 1189; died Sept. 12, 1876.
34. Samuel Hodson, 1801; died Oct. 12, 1866.
35. Hester, wife of S. Hodson, 1802; died July 30, 1872.
36. John Jacks, 1778; died March 20, 1869.
37. Phoebe, wife of John Jacks, 1782; died Dec. 30, 1853.
38. Phoebe, wife of John Adamson, 1822; died Feb. 10, 1866.
39. James S. Currens, 1806; died Aug. 2, 1869.
40. Wm. Hoffman, 1829; died May 6, 1879.
41. Christina, wife of W. Oliver, 1821; died Sept. 6, 1886.
42. Winburn Oliver, 1816; died Feb. 4, 1885.
43. Thomas Myers, Feb. 24, 1818; died Nov. 27, 1902.
44. Lucinda Myers, May 9, 1829; died June 9, 1907.
45. Jessie Johnson, Aug. 8, 1824; died June 17, 1914.
46. Elizabeth Johnson, 1826, died Jan. 25, 1902.
47. James Johnson, Nov. 2, 1821; died Dec. 1, 1910.
48. Henriette Fisherback, April 20, 1820; died July 11, 1881.
49. Christian Fisherback, July 24, 1819; born Aug. 3, 1801.
50. Frederick Fisherback, 1817; died Jan. 5, 1892.

51. William Mitchell, died Jan. 6, 1871; age 63 yrs., 6 mo., 11 days.
52. Charles S. Cimens, 1806; died Aug. 2, 1869.
53. Elizabeth Currens, 1800; died July 8, 1872, age 71 yrs., 8 mo., 4 days.
54. Elizabeth C. Jadden, 1812, died Sept. 30, 1883; age 71 yrs., 2 mo.

* BETHEL CEMETERY

Three miles southeast Jonesboro on Muncie-Jonesboro Pike.

1. Mary Ann Clark, wife of C. Clark, died Aug. 26, 1858; aged 34 years, 7 months, 21 days.
2. Abraham Reeve, born June 6, 1803, died Dec. 20, 1870; aged 67 years, 6 months, 14 days.
3. Elizabeth, wife of Abraham Reeve, died Jan. 23, 1858; age 49 years, 3 months, 15 days.
4. George W. Lucas, son of Thomas M. and M. M. Lucas, died Dec. 15, 1870; age 11 years, 8 months, 23 days.
5. Johnathan Levens, died June 30, 1863; aged 43 yrs., 8 mo., 13 da.
6. Lucinda, wife of Rufan Garrison, died Jan. 3, 1870; aged 46 years, 5 months.
7. Sarah, wife of J. E. Allen, died Feb. 12, 1871; age 70 yrs., 28 da.
8. Joseph B. Allen, died Feb. 14, 1854; aged 58 yrs., 1 mo., 25 da.
9. Nancy Selby, born Nov. 10, 1776, died Oct. 8, 1852.
10. Geo Selby, b. b. 18, 1881; age 75 years, 4 months, 22 days.
11. Jane C. Selby, Oct. 5, 1896; age 75 years, 5 months, 15 days.
12. Thomas D. Duling, Sr., born Nov. 22, 1811, died Jan. 4, 1891; age 79 years, 1 month, 12 days.
13. Nancy, wife of Thomas D. Duling, died Jan. 16, 1877; aged 62 years, 9 months, 7 days.
14. Matilda, wife of Elijah Lucas, died April 19, 1856; age 53 years, 1 month, 8 days.
15. Mary L., daughter of John and Matilda Lucas, died Nov. 19, 1853, age 15 years.
16. Mary Ann Lucas, born Feb. 11, 1824; died Nov. 16, 1853.
17. John McWilson, died Nov. 12, 1865; aged 56 years, 3 days.
18. Wm. Bates, died Sept. 12, 1853; age 83 years, 10 days.
19. Elizabeth Bates, wife of Wm. Bates, died Aug. 20, 1831; age 55 years, 10 months.
20. Elizabeth, wife of Wm. Bates, died Aug. 19, 1853; aged 73 years, 4 months, 29 days.
21. Hannah, wife of Wm. Bates, died Sept. 1, 1843; aged 63 years, 10 months, 3 days.
22. David Bates, died 1853; aged 34 years, 6 months, 27 days.
23. Elizabeth Bates, wife of David Bates, died Feb. 16, 1857; aged 37 years, 10 months, 27 days.
24. Michael Mason, died Oct. 18, 1886; aged 53 yr., 3 days.
25. Thomas W. Winans, died Sept. 11, 1860; aged 84 yr., 18 da.
26. Elizabeth Toodd, died Jan. 15, 1883; aged 59 yr., 8 mo., 25 da.
27. Adrial Todd, died Oct. 20, 1877; aged 67 yr., 5 mo., 15 days.
28. William Stout, Sept. 6, 1828, Nov. 8, 1907.
29. Elizabeth Stout, Sept. 10, 1833; April 26, 1875.
30. Eliza Duling, March 1, 1887; aged 68 years, 8 months, 3 days.
31. Edmund Duling, Feb. 10, 1901; aged 83 years, 10 months, 2 da.
32. Johnathan Marine, born May 26, 1831; died Dec. 7, 1913.
33. Mary Marine, Sept. 26, 1834; April 9, 1867.
34. Rachel Norton, July 4, 1876; age 63 yrs., 2 mo., 19 days.
35. Louisa Norton, died Nov. 4, 1858; aged 38 years, 7 months.
36. Geo. Nose, died Sept. 25, 1872; age 55 years, 10 months.
37. Joseph Jones, died Sept. 16, 1856; aged 40 yr., 5 mo., 1 da.
38. Catharine Jones, died Dec. 4, 1889; aged 73 yr., 11 mo.
39. Ellis Jones, died March 18, 1863; aged 82 yr., 2 mo., 28 da.
40. David Moreland, died Sept. 16, 1860; aged 59 yr., 11 mo., 16 da.
41. Cynthia M. Larkin, July 8, 1830—Nov. 27, 1911.
42. Moses Larkin, Dec. 27, 1824; Sept. 17, 1898.
43. Jane, wife of M. F. Larkin, died Nov. 5, 1858; age 30 years, 8

months, 20 days.

44. Mariah, wife of M. F. Larkin, died May 22, 1865; age 30 yr., 14 days.
45. Nancy Greer, March 27, 1880; age 83 years, 11 months, 26 days.
46. Thomas Reynolds, age 73; died 1868.
47. Rebecca Reynolds, age 67; died 1867.
48. Nancy Johnson, age 33; died 1863.
49. Gabriel Johnson, born Nov. 28, 1797, in Alleghany County, Md.; died Oct. 17, 1867.
50. Nancy Johnson, died Feb. 14, 1856; aged 57 years.
51. ISAAC SUDDATH, NOV. 27, 1854; AGED 99; OLD REVOLUTIONIST.
52. Sarah M. Nottingham, died July 24, 1853; age 39 years.
53. Jane S. Duling, died Nov. 4, 1880; age 64 years.
54. Solomon Duling, May 27, 1871; age 58 years.
55. Daniel Duling, Feb. 16, 1879; age 42 years.
56. Piner Evans, died Oct. 27, 1889; age 76 years.
57. Jerusha Moore, July 20, 1863; age 77 years.
58. Edward Moore, Sr., March 25, 1864; age 79 years.
59. Enoch Druley, Oct. 20, 1849; age 20 years.



CURTIS CEMETERY

Four miles north of Marion Public Square, on Lagro road.

1. Lydia Curtis, 1826, died Aug. 17, 1844; age 18 years.
2. Aaron Curtis, 1817, died July 13, 1845; aged 28 years.
3. Leurenda, daughter of Henry and Phoebe Eyliert, 1836, died Oct. 20, 1848; aged 12 years, 9 months, 14 days.
4. Martha J., daughter of B. and Malinda Boots, 1839, died April 6, 1855; age 16 years, 6 months, 14 days.
5. Caroline, wife of R. T. Shilling, 1833, died Aug. 10, 1862; age 29 years, 8 months, 24 days.
6. Phebe, wife of B. M. Hamaker, 1824, died Aug. 13, 1855; age 31 years, 3 months, 24 days.
7. Jacob Maggart, 1792; died Sept. 27, 1858.
8. Isom Lauson, 1777; died Sept. 1857.
9. Anna J. Badger, 1831; died Oct. 1845.
10. Anna, wife of Job Curtis, 1794, died Oct. 10, 1879; age 85 years, 7 months, 20 days.
11. Job Curtis, 1797, died Jan. 24, 1880; age 83 years, 12 days.
12. Elizabeth Ann, wife of W. H. Ellis and daughter of Boots, 1812, died March 2, 1862; age 50 years, 8 months, 23 days.
13. Eli F., son of W. H. and E. A. Ellis, 1829, died Jan. 17, 1851; age 22 years, 18 days.
14. Elizabeth Smith, Aug. 8, 1811, died Dec. 29, 1897; age 86 years, 4 months, 21 days.
15. John H. Smith, Dec. 6, 1801, died Oct. 16, 1863; age 61 years, 10 months, 10 days.



A FAMILIAR CEMETERY

On Salem Pike, one mile east of North Marion.

- Catherine Martin—Born 1824; died 1895.
- Almarinda Massey—Born 1833; died 1898.
- Rebecca Massey—Born 1796; died 1885.
- Robert Massey—Born 1793; died 1860.
- Stephen Nicewanger—Born 1801; died 1873.
- Asenath Nicewanger—Born 1805; died 1886.
- Benjamin F. Myers—Born 1838; died 1872.
- John Parlett—Born 1822; died 1896.
- Mary Ann Parlett—Born 1827; died 1859.
- Rev. James Paxton—Born 1810; died 1859.
- Sarah Price—Born 1835; died 1890.
- John Rockhill—Born 1812; died 1855.
- Jesse Swift—Born 1783; died 1855.

John Shinholt—Born 1826; died 1863.
 John A. Solver—Born 1830; died 1880.
 Amos Sears—Born 1839; died 1857.
 William Woolman—Born 1854; died 1875.
 Ruth Woolman—Born 1806; died 1877.

FAIRVIEW

One mile north, two west of Mansfield.

1. Mary, wife of Moses Bond, 1810; died Feb. 15, 1900; aged 90 yrs., 1 mo., 23 da.
2. O. H. Coe, 1826-1919.
3. Hamilton Hix, June 16, 1832; died Sept. 14, 1908.
4. Mary Ann, wife of Hamilton Hix, July 13, 1832; died Feb. 1, 1885.
5. George Bradford, Aug. 21, 1773; died Dec. 14, 1855.
6. Elizabeth, wife of George Bradford, Nov. 3, 1797; died Dec. 17, 1847.
7. Noah S. Bradford, 1839; died Aug. 24, 1878; aged 39 yr., 8 mo., 16 days.
8. Lydia J. Sears, Nov. 15, 1815; died Jan. 9, 1898.
9. Christopher Sears, Aug. 3, 1811; died Feb. 23, 1900.
10. Lucy J., wife of Jessie T. Bradford, May 2, 1849; died March 5, 1877.
11. Joseph Bradford, 1824; died April 23, 1902; aged 84 yr., 5 mo.
12. Sarah, wife of Joseph Bradford, 1829; died May 21, 1872; aged 43 yr., 6 mo., 26 da.
13. Velely Allen, 1819-1897.
14. Rachel Allen, 1811-1895.
15. Solomon Allen, 1817-1880.
16. Ruth Allen, 1840-1914.
17. John Ellis, 1825; died June 20, 1856.
18. Enoch W. Butler, 1817; died Feb. 13, 1868; aged 50 yr., 11 mo., 11 days.
19. Edmund P. Gains, 1799; died Sept. 5, 1877; aged 78 yr., 6 mo., 17 days.
20. Alice, wife of Wm. Williams, 1811; died June 13, 1881; aged 70 yrs., 6 days.
21. Mary, wife of E. P. Gains, 1798; died April 4, 1875; aged 77 yr., 7 mo., 18 da.
22. William Williams, 1797; died April 14, 1883; aged 86 yr., 29 da.
23. Benjamin Gains, Feb. 20, 1823; died June 8, 1888.
24. Frances Gains, April 1, 1838; died July 2, 1896.

BARLEY CEMETERY

Located three miles east of Marion on Montpelier Pike, and one-half mile south on Troyer road.

1. Jacob Barley died at the age of 21 years, Jan. 18, 1856.
2. Louisa Barley, age 20 days, died April 28, 1845.
3. Matilda Barley, died Sept. 9, 1847, at age of 8 mo. and 27 da.
4. Catherine Snyder died April 7, 1860, age 72 years.
5. Mary Barley died Oct. 25, 1860, age 41 years.

A few other graves, unmarked. This cemetery is located in an old orchard on Charles Troyer's farm.

OVERMAN OR MAPLE GROVE CEMETERY

One and one-half miles north of Sweetser, on Sweetser Pike.

1. Isaac Renbarger, died July 1, 1864; age 43 yr., 6 mo., 27 da.
2. Isiah Owings, died August 17, 1897; age 76 yr., 9 mo., 19 da.
3. Ruby, wife of D. Arthur Hults, born Feb. 21, 1823; died Sept. '89.
4. John P. Campbell, Sr., died Jan. 29, 1892; age 94 yr., 9 mo., 26 da.
5. Emilia, wife of John P. Campbell, died Nov. 29, 1818; age 77 yrs.
6. Phebe, wife of Stephen Brach, born 1834; died Jan. 7, 1878.
7. Amelia, wife of Samuel Galbreath, born 1809, died Feb. 20, 1876.
8. Isaac Beeson, Dec. 14, 1802; died Oct. 12, 1875.

9. Isabella, wife of Isaac Beeson, 1806; died Nov. 4, 1874.
10. Hezekiah, son of I. and I. Beeson, 1831; died Feb. 15, 1864.
11. Martha A., wife of G. M. Young, 1835; died Jan. 20, 1875.
12. Joseph Newell, 1794; died Aug. 21, 1854.
13. Susanna Middleworth, 1839-1871.
14. Thomas Burson, 1807; died June 14, 1882.
15. Anna Larson, 1782; died Oct. 4, 1867.
16. Margaret Burson, 1807; died April 4, 1889.
17. Harrison Lugg, 1824; died Jan. 12, 1873.
18. Jonathan Berry, 1805; died May 28, 1874.
19. Nancy Miller, Nov. 10, 1824; died April 2, 1877.
20. Henry G. Miller, July 6, 1866; died July 18, 1894.
21. Sarah Fertle Raypholtz, 1810; died Nov. 7, 1822.
22. Rose Grant Raypholtz, 1813; died Oct. 25, 1822.
23. Stephen L. Raypholtz, 1840; died Oct. 4, 1877.
24. Charles Leming, 1789; died Nov. 20, 1857.
25. Mary Leming, wife of Charles Leming, 1816; died Dec. 25, 1888.
26. William Parkes, 1800; died April 9, 1864.
27. Ora Philander Durb, 1815; died April 10, 1861.
28. Jackson White, 1828; died Feb. 22, 1894.
29. Angeline Erger, Feb. 28, 1891; died Feb. 22, 1910.
30. Elizabeth, wife of A. L. Dooley, 1827; died Jan. 20, 1899.
31. Jacob L. Bechtel, May 21, 1814; died Aug. 31, 1863.
32. William Raypholtz, 1816; died Sept. 18, 1874.
33. Amy, wife of J. A. Dawson, Aug. 27, 1833; died March 19, 1889.
34. Moses Harter, 1822; died Dec. 29, 1904.
35. Thomas Prickett, Nov. 1, 1826; died March 20, 1897.
36. Eliza L., wife of Peter Passage, 1838; died Sept. 19, 1875.
37. Diantha, wife of C. J. Smith, 1812; died Feb. 11, 1880.
38. Calvin J. Smith, 1806; died April, 1894.
39. Mary R., wife of W. R. Buffington, 1821; died Nov. 8, 1877.
40. W. R. Buffington, 1822; died March 30, 1889.
41. Dorsta Jacobs, 1827; died 1892.
42. Henry Miller, 1820; died Dec. 24, 1882.
43. Ellen, wife of A. M. Wolfe, 1818; died Aug. 31, 1892.
44. Julia Ann, wife of Jonathan K. Prickett, Nov. 17, 1835; died Feb. 17, 1884.
45. Jonathan K. Prickett, Sept. 3, 1836; died May 2, 1913.
46. Sarah J., wife of A. M. Heath, 1817; died April 6, 1884.
47. Hudson J. Lorine, 1831; died April 19, 1889.
48. David Arthurhults, Dec. 16, 1826; died May 13, 1894.
49. Harriet, wife of J. O. Bechtel, March 10, 1812; died April 2, 1873.
50. Susan, wife of George Raypholtz, 1837; died April 3, 1863.
51. Sarah, wife of I. Raypholtz, 1812; died Jan. 17, 1881.
52. Isaac Raypholtz, 1808; died March 29, 1862.
53. W. W. Loring, 1829; died Dec. 9, 1850.
54. James Heshill, 1832; died Jan. 22, 1858.
55. Catharine, wife of A. W. Miller, 1822; died March 4, 1897.
56. Julian, daughter of T. and M. Benson, 1835; died Nov. 2, 1850.
57. Nancy, daughter of T. and M. Benson, 1834; died June 9, 1850.
58. Sarah, wife of James B. March, 1824; died April 16, 1888.
59. Diantha, wife of C. J. Smith, 1812; died Feb. 11, 1880.
60. Calvin J. Smith, 1806; died May 20, 1894.
61. Amos Smith, 1839; died Nov. 15, 1852.
62. Mary, wife of James Rhonds, 1824; died March 7, 1849.

THPAUKUL CEMETERY

One-half mile south of Mier.

1. Roben Clanin, March 1, 1816; died July 9, 1897.
2. William Gown, May 14, 1826; died Feb. 24, 1904.
3. Elizabeth, wife of Wm. Gown, 1830-1886.
4. Jackson Snencer, Nov. 20, 1819; died Nov. 22, 1881.
5. Peniamin Harden, Feb. 20, 1819; died Oct. 3, 1871.
6. Willis Zirkle, Jan. 1, 1831; died Feb. 14, 1881.

7. Amanda, wife of Willis Zirkle, Sept. 1, 1836; died July 27, 1915.
8. Noah M. Spancler, 1837-1919.
9. John Pearson, 1830-1913.
10. David Barton, born 1825; died Nov. 28, 1901.
11. Eliza Davis, 1831-1907.
12. Aerriitt Williams, 1820-1903.
13. Elizabeth, wife of Aerriitt Williams, Aug. 4, 1824; died Aug. 30, 1918.
14. Rev. Francis Smith, Dec. 19, 1821; died Oct. 5, 1909.
15. Elizabeth, wife of Francis Smith, Feb. 26, 1826; died March 17, 1902.
16. James P. Collins, 1823-1894.
17. Martha Ann, wife of James P. Collins, 1826-1907.
18. Sarah J. Braffet, 1830-1909.
19. S. Thraillkill, March 4, 1832; died Oct. 6, 1901.
20. M. C., wife of S. Thraillkill, July 18, 1832; died Feb. 8, 1898.
21. Catharine, wife of Nathaniel West, Dec. 20, 1829; died April 8, 1899.
22. John T. Morgan, Feb. 7, 1819; died Feb. 28, 1898.
23. Delilah Miller, Nov. 20, 1834; died June 12, 1908.
24. Martin Miller, Oct. 20, 1820; died April 23, 1902.
25. Nancy A. Lillard, 1840-1918.
26. Grief Matthews, 1830; died Jan. 22, 1903.
27. Elias Burns, June 8, 1821; died May 28, 1909.
28. Minerva J., wife of E. Marks, May 13, 1824; died July 28, 1899.
29. Daniel Landis, 1830; died March 11, 1861.
30. Massey, wife of Francis Smith, 1785; died Sept. 11, 1855.
31. Francis Smith, 1781; died April 6, 1865.
32. Euphemia, wife of Azor Bagley, 1809; died Jan. 10, 1857.
33. Ruth, wife of John Snider, June 23, 1816; died March 28, 1885.
34. Joohn B. Jumper, born 1826; died Nov. 21, 1855.
35. Margaret, wife of John Coffman, 1803; died Aug. 28, 1877.
36. Nancy Goodrick, 1821; died Feb. 22, 1864.
37. Mary, wife of John Parker, 1869; died Sept. 4, 1899.
38. Mary E., wife of N. G. Barngrover, 1839; died May 3, 1866.
39. Solomon Barngrover, 1810; died Aug. 14, 1876.
40. Stephen Hayden, 1817; died Oct. 28, 1868.
41. Mary A. Hayden, 1818; died Nov. 23, 1836.
42. Mary Parker, wife of John Parker, 1792; died Sept. 4, 1869.
43. Michael L. Wilson, 1818; died May 7, 1862.
44. Julia A. Skinner, 1818; died Aug. 20, 1892.
45. Wm. A. Retherford, Jan. 19, 1837; died June 19, 1907.
46. Elizabeth, wife of Wm. Galbreath, 1838; died Sept. 2, 1862.
47. Mathew Taylor, 1827-1916.
48. Catherine Taylor, 1836-1911.
49. John Clair, Nov. 12, 1836; died Nov. 25, 1876.
50. George W. Miller, Sept. 18, 1829; died Jan. 27, 1909.
51. Purnel Peters, 1813; died Aug. 3, 1884.
52. Cyrus Nesbitt, 1825; died Jan. 1917.



WEAVER CEMETERY

This old cemetery is the burial place of the colored people. It is about seven miles southwest of Marion, near the little town of Weaver.

Matilda Weaver born 1820.
 Julia Fountain, born 1824.
 Jane Daniels Burden, born 1818.
 George Robinson, born 1812.
 Mary E. Burden, born 1823.
 Halianda Weaver, born 1838.
 Robert Green, born 1789.
 Squire Young, born 1817.
 Mary E. Young, born 1823.
 James Pulley, born 1804.
 Benjamin Peters, born 1824.

Another cemetery for colored people is located in a field about a mile

and a quarter northwest of the Weaver cemetery. There was formerly a Little Baptist church located near the cemetery but it has fallen to decay. There is but one aged negro yet living who attended this church, Nathan Jones. The inscriptions are almost obliterated on the old stones.

Jerry Schucreft, born 1770.

William Jones, born 1759.

Charles Jones, born 1821.

REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS BURIED IN GRANT COUNTY

Isaac Sudeth, buried in the old Bethel cemetery three miles up the river from Jonesboro, at Wilson's ford. The stone records:

ISAAC SUDETH.

OLD REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER,

AGED 99.

Barnabas Vandeventer, Revolutionary soldier, aged 103 years, 9 months and 10 days. Buried in the abandoned Friends' cemetery on the Paxton farm, two miles east of the Soldiers' Home.

James Campbell, Revolutionary soldier, age 96 years. Buried in Maple Grove cemetery (sometimes called the Raypholtz cemetery), two miles north of Sweetser.

County Song

Dear old Grant County,

I love you.

Finest county in the State,

Everything right up to date;

O, but I do think you'r great!

Dear old Grant County,

I love you.

Dear old Grant County,

I love you;

You have mothered noble sons

Van de Vanter,--others come,

Steele and "Joaquin"--Some big guns

Dear old Grant County,

I love you

Dear Old Grant County,

I love you;

Here's a tribute to your wealth,

Here's a prayer for your good health;

Here's a challenge into death!

Dear Old Grant County,

I love you.

Words by Cora Straughan

Music by Melody Class, M. H. S.

1876

